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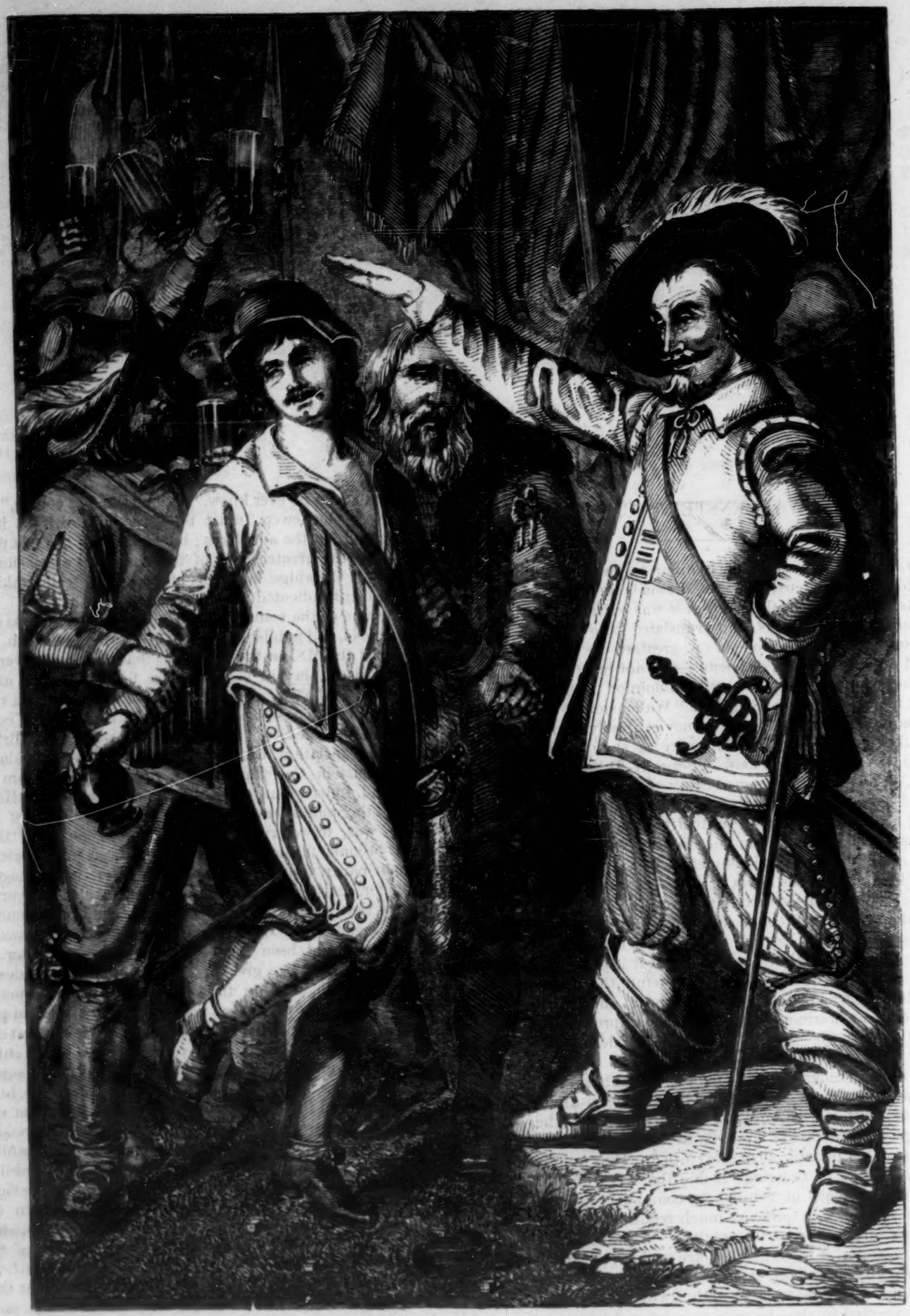
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WALLENSTEIN'S CAMP

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

WALLENSTEIN'S CAMP.

No German drama is so familiar to the British public as Schiller's "Wallenstein." The drama is memorable for many reasons, chiefly for these—that it was written by one of Germany's greatest poets, and translated into English by one who might have been one of our greatest. As a rule, books—and especially books of poems—are not improved by translation; but certainly the general opinion is that Coleridge not merely translated Schiller's "Wallenstein," but very materially improved it. De Quincy expressly declares this to be the case, and to the authority of such a distinguished critic we all gratefully bow. Serjeant Talfourd thus wrote of Coleridge—"In various beauty of versification he has never been exceeded. Shakspere, doubtless, in liquid sweetness and exqusite continuity, and Milton in pure majesty and classic grace—but this in one species of verse only; and taking all his trials of various metres, the swelling harmony of his blank verse, the sweet breathing of his gentle odes, and the sibyl-like flutter with the murmuring of his wizard spells, we doubt if even these great masters have developed so fully the sources of the English tongue. He has yet completed no adequate memorial of his genius, yet it is most unjust to say he has done little or nothing. To refute this assertion there are his Wallenstein—his Love Poems, of intensest beauty—his Ancient Mariner, with his touches of profoundest tenderness amidst the wildest and most bewildering terrors—his holy and sweet Lute of Christabel, with its enchantments and richer humanities; the depths, the sublimities, and the pensive sweetness of his tragedy; the heart-dilating sentiments scattered throughout his Friend, and the stately imagery which breaks upon us at every turn of the Golden paths of his metaphysical labyrinth." Thus quietly it is assumed—that to Coleridge is due the merit of Wallenstein, and the existence of Schiller is completely ignored. Coleridge, indeed, won quite as much reputation by the translation as Schiller did by the original. Some of the most beautiful passages, it is contended, are exclusively from the pen of Coleridge, of whom it may be said, that if he did not do what he might have done—what with his great powers he was expected to do—he gave to inferior works a polish and a beauty which we should not have expected. Wordsworth said that many men of his age had done wonderful things, as Davy, Scott, Cuvier, &c., but that Coleridge was the only wonderful man he ever knew. "Something of course," says a Quarterly Reviewer, "must be allowed in this, as in all other cases, for the antithesis; but we believe the fact really to be, that the greater part of those who have occasionally visited Mr. Coleridge have left him with the feeling akin to the judgment indicated in the above remark."

The fate of the translation was remarkable. It was done in six weeks, and published in 1800 by Messrs. Longman, who purchased the MS. on the condition that the English version and Schiller's play in German were to be published at the same time. The play, as is well known to all German readers, is in three parts—the first part, the camp, being considered by Coleridge as not sufficiently interesting to the British public to translate it, was not attempted. When translating the Wallenstein Coleridge said it would fall dead from the press, and, indeed, but few of the copies were sold. His advice to the publishers, whom he had forewarned of this failure, was, to reserve the unsold copies, and wait till it might become fashionable. They, however, parted with it as waste paper, though, sixteen years after, it was eagerly sought for, and the few remaining copies doubled their price; but now that the German language has become more general, and the merit of this translation been appreciated, it has, we need scarcely add, been reprinted times without number.

The engraving we give, by W. J. Linton, after a design by W. Kaulbach, is from the camp. The camp forms an introduction to the celebrated tragedy, and by its vivid portraiture of the state of the general's army, gives the best clue to the spell of his gigantic power. The blind belief entertained in the unfailing success of his arms, and in the supernatural agencies by which that success was secured to him; the unrestrained indulgence of every passion, and utter disregard of all law save that of the camp; a hard oppression of the peasantry, and plunder of the country; have all swollen the soldiery with an idea of interminable sway. Schiller considered the camp as a necessary introduction to the right appreciation of his drama. Hence, very properly, in the complete edition of Schiller's Historical dramas, published by Mr. Bohn in his Standard Library, a translation of the camp by Mr. James Churchill is added. Upon the whole, as a writer in Blackwood says, "There can be no doubt that this tragedy forms, in its original tongue, one of the most splendid specimens of the tragic art the world has witnessed." Nor can any one doubt that no German artist is better fitted than Kaulbach to do justice to the creations of Schiller's genius.

SIR BULWER LYTTON.

A PARLIAMENTARY SKETCH.

BY. J. EWING RITCHIE.

WHAT wonders can be wrought by time, and patience, and energy! Like faith, they can remove mountains. In what walk of life has not Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton succeeded? Who writes better novels? who has published more popular poems? who has penned smarter essays, or delivered more eloquent speeches? Without being a genius, by steady industry he has outstripped genius itself. It is true his position has been very favourable to success. He has never been a poor author. He has always been able to dine his critics. From the first he has mixed in what is called good society, and such as he never toil for fame in vain. There are some people who maintain that virtue is always rewarded, even in this life. Be that as it may, a gentleman of talent, and learning, and wealth, can never fail as politician or writer. The late Mr. Henry Drummond, who abused everybody and everything, whose speeches always pointed in one direction while his votes went in another, was a success, as wit and statesman, because he was a partner in the banking-house in Charing-cross. For the same reason Sam Rogers got the public to buy so many editions of his "Pleasures of Memory." For the same reason, going back still further, were the verses of the Hon. William Robert Spencer—now rescued from oblivion merely by his being pilloried in the "Rejected Addresses"—in demand. We may go back still further. Swift's song, by a person of quality, indicates how, even in his Augustan age, the position of the writer was a very important consideration. But the subject of this sketch has done more than merely achieve the success always achieved by his class. His pluck, and perseverance, and brilliant qualities would have made him a marked man had he been born in a garret—in a kitchen bred. We like to sympathise with success, especially when that success is won by one of the "upper ten thousand." A good man struggling with adversity may be a sight dear to the gods, but certainly not to the British public. That august body is apt to vote such a one a bore, and infinitely prefers the contemplation of a good man residing on his own unencumbered estate, and well endowed with this world's goods. We are all of Pope's opinion—

> "'Tis from high life high characters are drawn,
> A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn."

It is the night of a great debate. The men out of office are trying to drive out the men who are in, and everything betokens that a crisis is at hand. The whippers-in in the lobby are counting up their men; the telegraph boys are hard at work; the Irish patriots have had things made pleasant, and popular M.P.s are quietly being sold; a few fierce patriots from Finsbury or Marylebone are gazing wildly at the gas and the door-keepers, while treachery is being done before their very eyes. The strangers in the gallery are vastly excited, and wonder how it is the leading characters should look as weary as actors on any other stage. It is early yet, and the House is very full. The first speech of the adjourned debate has scarce commenced when a tall, ghostly figure glides on to the opposition bench, and places himself by the side of Mr. Disraeli—nearest to the strangers' gallery. His eye glistens like that of the ancient mariner, and his hand is almost as skinny. All the flesh on his face seems to have run into hair; and his aquiline nose is as much a feature as was that of *the* Duke, or as is that of my Lord Brougham. He stoops forward, places his elbow on his side, makes an ear-trumpet of his hand, and turns his face to the speaker for the time being, as if unwilling to lose a single word. Perhaps he may take a note or two; rejoice, if he does, for that is a sure sign that he will speak next, and if he does you will have, indeed, a treat. As a dramatist, the man before you has won fitting fame; as a novelist, the world is familiar with his name. The voice of woman, quivering with emotion, has sung his choicest songs. The hard man of the world, the scholar in his cloister, the idler in Belgravian saloons, have alike to be grateful to him for many hours of real joy; and therefore is it that not in vain does the author of "The Caxtons," and "My Novel," and "The Pilgrim of the Rhine," rise to catch the Speaker's eye. Sir Bulwer Lytton does not often address the House; when he does, his speeches are carefully prepared, and have the questionable reputation of reading well. He is artificial throughout. His voice, which is weak, is studiously modulated; his action, which is exuberant, is the same; his moustache, and dress, and deportment, have an equally elaborate air. Though a wealthy baronet, and a leading statesman, there is something of the author of "Pelham" hangs about him; yet all that art and knowledge can do for him he has received. If reciting an essay were debating, Sir Bulwer Lytton would achieve no mean place in the annals of parliamentary eloquence; but he lacks the true secret of oratorical success—the genius for speaking, which nothing can buy, which no art can give, no industry secure—for the absence of which nothing can compensate, and the presence of which makes low-born, half-educated men principalities and powers. You see at once that the orator is on stilts; but he has a name, his composition is perfect, and he is, besides, immensely rich, so cheer after cheer greets him as he delivers, one after another, his well-prepared thrusts. Vivian Gray tells us—"In this country, to achieve distinction, a man must have a genius, or a million, or blood." Sir Bulwer is favoured by the gods, and has all three, and now the tall and still handsome baronet would win yet another triumph—he would be a statesman as well as a novelist—he would act a part in history as well as imagine one—he would live in Downing Street as well as in Paternoster Row.

Sir Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer Lytton was born at Heydon Hall, Norfolk, in 1805, and educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he gained the Chancellor's prize medal for the best English poem. The lines have fallen unto him in pleasant places, and he has had a goodly heritage. That he has worked so hard for public favour as he has is, consequently, all the more to his credit. He sat for St. Ives in 1831, and for Lincoln from 1832 to 1841, and was then supposed to be an advanced Liberal, and eager for the repeal of the taxes on knowledge, on which question he founded an annual motion, and which, on one occasion, it is supposed he would have carried, as

there was a large majority in his favour; but Mr. Spring Rice appealed to him, and the motion was consequently withdrawn. At that time, also, he was in favour of the ballot, but now a large landowner, and seeing its utter inefficacy in France and America, he can no longer defend that theory. Altogether, he has very much altered his opinions, in common, I believe, with the rest of the British public, since he first started in life as a public man, and edited that respectable but long defunct publication, the *Monthly Chronicle*. He now concurs with the general policy espoused by Lord Derby—would readjust the income-tax, and mitigate on malt and tea. Yet the Whigs made Sir Bulwer a baronet. I am told Sir Bulwer's maiden speech was by no means over effective; but Sir Bulwer is a man not easily daunted, and he tried again. He obtained a committee to inquire into the laws affecting the drama, and introduced and carried a bill to grant stage copyrights to written dramas. One of his best speeches was that for the immediate emancipation of the West Indian slaves. O'Connell described it as one of the most vigorous efforts of impassioned reasoning he had ever heard in that House, and the speech was printed at the request and expense of the delegates from the societies in favour of immediate emancipation. Some of his political pamphlets, especially one called "The Crisis," have been very effective. On Lord Melbourne's resumption of the reins of power, it led to the offer of a place as one of the Lords of the Admiralty, an offer which Sir Bulwer very wisely declined. Of the "Letters to John Bull" I can only add that they plead for protection, and that the cause was already lost ere the baronet ventured into the field. On this question, however, he was consistent, as, so early as 1839, we find him resisting the repeal of the Corn Laws; and when he returned to public life the old bonds of party had been in some degree broken up. He pronounced himself in favour of a fair trial to Lord Derby's Government, and, shortly after his return to Parliament, delivered his sentiments to this effect in a speech applauded by Disraeli as one of the most masterly ever given to the House. He spoke again once in the session of 1853 upon his own motion against the enactment of the income-tax on its former footing; and when the Aberdeen Administration drifted into war, and broke down beneath the unaccustomed load, more than once was the voice of the baronet heard uttering what all England thought and felt. When the Coalition Cabinet fell, and Lord Derby assumed the reins of power, Sir Bulwer, then as now member for Hertfordshire, passed with his party from the barren benches of the Opposition, and to him were intrusted the cares of the Colonial Office. Altogether, the literary baronet is a great catch for the county party;—an intellect equal to that of Disraeli, and a name how much more English and racy of the soil!

As an orator he carries us back to old times. The last time I heard Sir Bulwer Lytton reminded me of the last time I heard Macaulay. In more senses than one they resembled each other. They both laboured under physical disadvantages: they were both prepared speakers rather than debaters; and they both sustained similar relations to their party. It is the fashion of the baronet, as it was of the peer, to speak early in the evening, and what a rush was there to hear them! how the House filled! how the gallery opposite the Speaker filled! how keen was the enjoyment of the audience, and how sincere and enthusiastic the applause! The occasion to which I more particularly allude was the adjourned debate on the second reading of the Reform Bill. Sir Bulwer Lytton spoke for nearly two hours, and certainly never did the hon. baronet make a more effective speech. Unfortunately, he is very deaf, and, as he cannot tell when he is audible or no, at times he elevates his voice—which is very clear and shrill—and at times he drops it so much as to be utterly inaudible; and then he has so vehement and forcible gesticulation as, at times, excites the apprehension quite as much as the admiration of the hearer. His spare, wiry, weird appearance; his thin, outstretched arms; his figure, one moment thrown back to the imminent danger of the spine, and anon reaching as far as possible forward, in an opposite direction, is scarcely English, and one feels as if witnessing the feats of some foreign professor of legerdemain, who has made the round of the principal Courts of Europe, and has condescended, for pecuniary reasons, to abide awhile in the more aristocratic regions of the metropolis. But this feeling soon vanishes as the accomplished rhetorician proceeds to invest even the commonplaces of party with an original and classic air. One great merit Sir Bulwer Lytton has, and that is, he is never dull. As a rule, M.P.s are dreadfully dull. Dulness—if I may judge by what I hear and see every day, especially in the Church and in the Senate-house—is much appreciated by the English public. We seem quietly to assume that a dull man is never either a rogue or a fool. In vain we take the taxes off knowledge, and teach people to read and write:

> "Still her old empire to restore she tries,
> For, born a goddess, Dulness never dies."

One word as to Sir Bulwer Lytton's Parliamentary position. The House of Commons every day becomes a more plebeian assembly. One cannot be surprised at this, for its saving virtue is, that it is the People's House (in reality, it is not what it is in theory); but, of course, every day we are told that it is less and less an assembly of orators. This is a very old complaint: Wilberforce made it in 1809, when Canning and Brougham were in the House. Sir Samuel Romilly made it yet earlier. As soon as the Reformed Parliament met, all the rejected M.P.s and Anti-Reformers said the same. Yet in 1819 Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton wrote, that in the House of Commons the *sine qua non* essential to success was, that a speaker should command "an easy flow of sterling, forcible, plain sense." This, he assured us, combined with great powers of sarcasm, gave Brougham his station; Canning beguiled the House of its austerity, but yet it was by language "so wonderfully happy," by manner "so exquisitely elegant," and by wit so clear, so pungent, and so unpremeditated. Otherwise, then as now, plain speaking was the order of the day. The truth is, the House meets for business, and the leaders and most successful men talk about business. Now, Sir Bulwer Lytton belongs to the old school, and does the oratorical on a grand scale, while Disraeli and Lord Palmerston speak for power, and are indifferent as to display. Sir Bulwer seems to consider himself merely "as a living apparition, sent to be a moment's orna-

ment;" and hence it is that he has never taken first rank in an assembly which is jealous as a mistress of a divided homage. The grand field nights are merely oratorical exercises; the real business of the country is carried on in a much less pretentious manner. I almost wonder how M.P.s can sit out such occasions; they know their mockery. Excuses may be made for verdant and enthusiastic strangers in the gallery.

SUNDOWN.

A NOVEL.

By EDWARD COPPING, Author of "*Aspects of Paris*," &c.

[*Concluded from vol.* viii. *p.* 314.]

CHAPTER XXXI.

EARLY that afternoon Ruth was left all alone again, for as soon as Lanfrey appeared the whole of the excursionists began to prepare for their departure to Creteil. Fred had become somewhat calmer during the last half-hour which preceded the arrival of the young doctor, but directly he set eyes upon his rival all the wild excitement and boisterous gaiety he had previously manifested returned in full force. Lanfrey was startled when he saw that flushed face and flashing eye; but he was still more startled by the reckless words and the grating laughter which met his ear.

"What is the matter with your cousin this afternoon?" he asked George in an under-tone; "he looks just as he looked on the day I first saw him ill with fever. I must attend to him, or he'll certainly have another attack."

And he straightway went to Fred and began playfully to question him about his health. The step, though really well meant, was inopportune. Agitated as he was, Fred felt in no mood for condolence or sympathy, least of all from the man who had addressed him, and replied therefore to Lanfrey much as he had replied to Ruth just before.

"Ill! feverish!" he exclaimed in that harsh tone of merriment so disagreeable to hear; "nonsense! Why I never felt better in my life! Ask Hester if I have not been full of spirits all the morning. Come! I'll tell you what it is, Lanfrey: when we get to the Marne I'll row against you for a trial of skill, and undertake to beat you by twenty lengths. What, you refuse?" said Fred sarcastically, as he heard no response to his invitation. "I thought a true Frenchman never refused a challenge, especially if it came from an Englishman."

There was something so offensive in Fred's manner as he spoke these words that all Lanfrey's feelings of nationality were fired in an instant.

"Don't be alarmed, M. Fred," said the young doctor with a politeness that rarely failed him, "I will accept your challenge. As soon as ever we reach the ground we will measure distances and fire."

"All right," said Fred, "it's a match, then. But where's George—where's everybody? Why don't we start at once?"

George entered at that moment, looking rather pale and disturbed. He had just been speaking to Ruth, and something in her manner appeared to have troubled him.

"Now, George, George," said Fred, "we are all waiting for you. Lanfrey and I are going to have a rowing match upon the Marne. Make haste, do, there's a good fellow!"

But George did not reply with much animation to his cousin's importunities.

"I've half a mind not to go this afternoon," he said hesitatingly; "Ruth has been so much alone lately that I think I should like to stay with her to-day."

"Oh no! Stay with her to-morrow. She won't mind being at home by herself this once. There—come along! come along!" and, hurried away by Fred, the little party proceeded at once to the open remise waiting at the door to receive them, and drove off to Creteil.

It was not an agreeable drive. George was absorbed in painful reflection, and thought only of the neglect with which he had lately treated Ruth, so that again and again, as he recalled her altered manner, his heart smote him for his unloving conduct. Lanfrey was troubled and dejected, not liking the undue warmth of Fred's demeanour towards him, or the cold reserve of Hester's. But Hester herself was the most disturbed of all.

Alarmed by Fred's wild excitement, a feeling of vague apprehension mingled with one of remorse took possession of her mind as she incessantly recalled the scene of the morning, and the part she had played in it. For once she was ill at ease, without being able to explain to herself the reason of her disquietude. Had she not acted aright, she asked herself, in confessing to Fred that the love she bore him was merely such as a sister might feel for a brother? Assuredly. And yet she was dissatisfied with herself—and yet accusing voices whispered in her ear that she had played a heartless, treacherous part, fostering sentiments she was bound by every womanly consideration to repel and discourage.

How odious Lanfrey appeared to her that afternoon. She did not love him—she had never loved him. She had been gratified by his flatteries; she had been charmed by his talent and good breeding. Now, his gallantry, his wit, his cleverness, all seemed simulated and theatrical. She almost despised herself for having at any time been impressed by them.

It was a weary afternoon for Ruth too, as she sat in her own little room, looking sadly out upon the garden and listening to the faint rustling of the leaves. What a long and dismal time she had just passed through! As she looked back upon the events of the last few months it seemed to her as though a whole life of pain and sorrow had been crowded into the brief period which had elapsed since Hester's arrival in Paris. And still the shadow was deepening, deepening, and casting a darker gloom before her.

She was yet pensively gazing upon the garden, her mind hushed at last into a kind of sad tranquillity by the stillness of the scene, when there came a gentle tap at the door, and upon her invitation Mr. Watts entered.

"I beg your pardon, miss," said the groom, who was almost especially polite to Ruth, "but Mr. Radcliffe sends his compliments, miss, and begs to know if you would be well enough to go out with him for a drive this afternoon?"

She hesitated for a few moments before giving her reply, and then said, "No, I cannot go out this afternoon. I am not strong enough."

Mr. Watts bowed his acknowledgment, and was about to depart, when Ruth checked him.

"Stay!" she said. "Do you know Creteil? and is it far from here?"

"About six miles or so there, or thereabouts, miss," he replied. "It 's right out east, past Charenton. Good deal of boating and fishing there. I know it well, miss."

"Drive me there, then; and tell Mr. Radcliffe that I will go out with him."

It was a resolve formed only that instant, yet Ruth wondered why she had not thought of it before. Yes! she would go and join the excursion party—join it for a few moments, and then return. Long confinement indoors had filled her with morbid thoughts, she fancied. She had begged Fred not to go out that afternoon; she had spoken coldly to George when he told her he was going. She would prove now that she had risen superior to the silly fears which had oppressed her; she would atone, as it were, to her cousin and her brother by appearing amongst them in the midst of their enjoyment with a smile of approval and sympathy.

Thus did the affectionate little being lay heavy blame upon herself, and determine to trample upon her timid apprehensions and foreboding alarms.

Mr. Radcliffe, who had not been out with his darling for some weeks, was filled with childish ecstasy at the prospect of a pleasant ride into the country with her, and he brought tears into her eyes by the earnestness and warmth of his affectionate greetings. As they passed from the house into the carriage, John Plumber, who had scarcely seen his young mistress since her illness, stepped forward to pay his respects to her. The heartiness of the old fellow's manner, tempered though it was with infinite respect, deeply affected Ruth, who felt her firmness giving way before all this kindly feeling.

"You were going out with William, I suppose," she said as soon as she had recovered herself. "Would you like to ride with him on the box?"

John, who had grown greatly attached to Mr. Watts ever since they had become fellow-servants in the same household, was delighted with this invitation, and accepted it with much eagerness. In a moment more they started off on their excursion.

It was one of those lovely days at the close of summer when the sunlight, losing something of its scorching heat, gains a more golden hue, and is rendered richer and deeper in tone by the autumn haze then beginning to fill the air. As she looked out upon the busy bustling streets through which they passed, and then upon the wide open fields they afterwards reached, Ruth felt a lightness of heart to which she had been a stranger for many weeks, coupled with a sense of throbbing joy which became almost painful by its intensity.

"How surprised they will be to see me," she said to herself; "I dare say they 'll scold me for coming out so soon after my illness; but I shall tell them I am quite strong again now, and that by the time we get back again to Sundown I shall be able to join in all their parties."

They soon reached the banks of the Marne, and then, as they were nearly at the end of the journey, Ruth suggested to her uncle that they should get out and walk the rest of the way. The old man was only too delighted to accede to whatever his darling proposed, and they accordingly alighted, proceeding on foot a little in advance of the vehicle. The river was close at hand, though at some distance beneath, and as they walked along they could trace its course some distance and observe both banks with equal distinctness.

They had proceeded but a very few paces when they saw on the opposite shore a group of persons engaged, as it seemed, in animated conversation. A moment's scrutiny showed Ruth that Hester and George were of the party, but the rest were unknown to her. Presently the little group seemed stirred by sudden excitement. Exclamations arose on every side, and all eyes were directed towards a small island, some short distance up the river, beyond which two boats could be discerned rounding a curve, which hitherto had hidden them from sight.

Ruth stopped now, and looked at the scene, which was rapidly acquiring a new interest beyond that which its picturesqueness imparted. On came the two boats, each occupied by a single rower, who strove with impetuous energy to outstrip the other. Ruth looked more closely. Fred was in one boat, Lanfrey in the other, and they were evidently engaged in the trial of skill which it had been arranged was to take place that afternoon. There could be no doubt as to who would be victor. Fred, filled with a nervous force he did not ordinarily possess, had distanced his antagonist by many yards, and already the shouts of the party on shore accorded to him the honours of victory. Ruth herself raised a little cheer, so pleased was she with her brother's success.

Suddenly cries of warning and alarm arose. The island, which the boats had now reached, was formed by the separation of the river into two channels—one broad, the other narrow. Of these, the former alone was navigable. The narrow channel was dammed up at the end, and there was a fall, partly natural and partly artificial, which in winter, when the river rose, was scarcely appreciable, but which, during the dry season, counted several feet in depth. It was the narrow channel Fred had entered, and along which he seemed to be hurrying to his certain destruction.

"Back—back!" shouted George, who saw only too plainly Fred's danger, and quivered as he spoke. "Back—back!" he repeated in agony, "the other way—the other way!" And the whole of the party, now thoroughly alarmed, joined their voices with that of George, and strove by their gestures to warn Fred back. Even Lanfrey stopped his course and cried aloud with the rest.

But it was all in vain. Fred was deaf, as it seemed, to the warnings issuing from every voice. He had seen the fall before starting, he had himself remarked that only the broad channel was navigable, and yet it now appeared as though he had utterly forgotten these facts, or that, desperate and reckless, he was determined, from bravado or despair, to brave the danger which stood before him.

On, on came the boat, swifter and more swift, as it now rushed into the full whirl of the hurrying current; and still Fred continued to row with unabated energy,

as though no suspicion of impending peril had crossed his mind. Louder and louder grew the cries from the shore, and then came a throbbing silence, for intensity of apprehension had reached its climax, and not a single voice had power of utterance left.

For a moment it seemed as though Fred had yet a chance of safety. The boat was advancing with such rapidity that its mere momentum would perhaps carry it uninjured over the fall; but at that very moment Fred appeared for the first time to comprehend his peril, and, under an impulse of sudden terror, stood upright in the boat. Escape was impossible now. In another instant the boat was hurried almost sideways over the fall, whirled round by the rushing waters, and upset. Twice was Fred seen struggling manfully amid the boiling foam—a third time he came to the surface passive and exhausted, then sunk to rise no more. It was almost an hour before the body was found and brought to land.

When at length it was laid out—gently and sadly laid out upon the river's bank, brother and sister were once more clasped in a fond embrace, though the living now pressed to its bosom the dead. They could not restrain Ruth, for a strength like that of the angels was in her heart, and she tore herself from the hands that would have held her.

But it was piteous to hear how she spoke to that clay-cold corpse. He was not dead, she said, he did but sleep. Hush, hush, or they would wake him! And then she toyed with his damp hair, and kissed his clammy lips, and fondled his hand as she had fondled it many times before.

"You will stay with me always now, dear Fred, will you not?" she said so sweetly and so calmly that her voice sounded like that of a happy child. "You will not leave me as George left me, will you, my own brother? You will be kinder than he has been; and we will go back now to Sundown, and never leave it again. Kiss me, Fred, kiss the poor little sister!"

The scene was too painful even for the by-standers to look upon any longer. George turned away, and wept bitterly, unable to listen to that gentle voice, every tone of which entered his heart with the poignancy of a reproachful accusation. Hester alone, of all present, maintained something like composure, and stepped forward to lead Ruth away from the lifeless body.

"Come, dearest Ruth," she said very softly, "let us go home now. Rise up, and we will go away."

Ruth lifted up her eyes vacantly, as though the words addressed to her had made no impression upon her mind, and in doing so fixed them full upon the speaker. In an instant the calm and smiling expression her face had worn until then gave place to a look of anger—almost of vindictiveness.

"Stand aside, cold-hearted girl!" she cried with sudden energy; "it is you who have killed poor Fred! it is you who made him mad, and drove him to this dreadful death; shame on you! shame on you!"

And then she turned again towards the corpse, but wept over it this time and cried with ungovernable anguish, for she knew now she was addressing the dead, and that the dear brother she so much loved would never look upon her more.

"Oh, Fred, Fred, Fred!" she cried, "my dear good brother!" and she kissed his lips again, and clasped him to her bosom, until her sobs one by one died away, and she lay as motionless as the dead itself.

"You may raise her now," whispered Lanfrey to George and Hester a few moments later; "the paroxysm has exhausted itself, and rendered her insensible—she will offer no resistance."

They lifted her from the ground and bore her to the carriage, as though she herself were a corpse. Then George and Hester placed themselves by her side, and they drove off on their mournful journey home, leaving Dr. Lanfrey to discharge the sadder duties of which they were incapable. But as they looked back they saw, in the full light of the setting sun, a figure sitting by the side of the dead, and watching over it as a mother might watch over a dying child.

It was poor old Plumber, who, smitten down with heavy sorrow, was mourning in speechless affliction over the young master he had so much loved in life.

CHAPTER XXXII.

For many weeks after the dreadful day on which poor Fred met his death, it seemed as though brother and sister would ere long repose in the same tomb. The shock had fallen upon Ruth when she was least able to bear any sudden excitement, no matter of what character, and its results for a time assumed the most alarming aspect. Her mental and physical strength had at once given way, and many a day and night did she seem to be hovering on the very confines of death, loth to rest longer in a world where she had suffered so much pain and sorrow, and yet loth to pass onward into the unknown world beyond.

For a whole week, indeed, Ruth lay like one from whom life has already departed, with only the faint movement of pulsation to indicate that the vital stream still flowed through her being. Heavy and dark were the curtains that shut out all daylight from the sick chamber, but more heavy and more dark were the curtains that shut out all consciousness from her mind. God was merciful to her during those sombre days, and spared her the deep agony of sensation and intelligence.

But who is this sitting by the sick bed through the long silent watches of the night, and the bright gladdening hours of the day?

A young girl, still in the first pride of an almost queenly beauty, and with a figure that stands out firm and erect as though proudly defiant of the withering touch of age. There is nothing of scorn in her glances, her gestures are gentle and kindly, her whole bearing is that of penitential calmness and heart humility. And is this Hester Radcliffe? Is this the Hester who but a while ago sneered at the fond being she is now watching so tenderly, and mocked at the affection offered her in such simple good faith?

Ah no! It is another Hester,—another, yet the same. There is no false pride in her nature now; no bitter contempt in her heart; no treacherous smiles upon her features; no alluring words of deceit upon her tongue. She, too, has been struck down by this heavy blow. Her spirit has been chastened by this dread calamity, and now as she sits by the sick pillow, so humble,

so penitent, so resigned, soothing pain and ministering to affliction, she seems but a remembrance of her former self, a pale reflection of the haughty beauty whose life —but now a triumph—is henceforth to be a punishment and an expiation.

Lanfrey is not here now. Another physician has been found, and to his care the patient is confided. The young doctor will never see his English friends again. Hester has spoken, and he has obeyed. They were but a few words which fell from her lips, but they were words of determined purpose, so that against their rude force simulated affection on both sides has crumbled into dust, to rest there for all time.

And George never asks for his old friend Lanfrey. He has but a half-perception of what has occurred, but this knowledge, imperfect as it is, satisfies him. All his thoughts now are of Ruth. How bitterly does he regret the neglect with which he has treated her! Ambition has outstripped Love, and what has it gained by its swiftness? George no longer sees now those golden visions of glory which dazzled his eyes by day, and crowded his dreams by night. He has been faithless to his own heart; he has deviated from his own fair standard; he has deserted the quiet by-path he was steadily pursuing, and now when he looks back he sees that he is farther than ever from the true goal of life, and that, with wasted energies and impoverished strength, the journey must be commenced anew. It will be a sad and cheerless journey now.

But a ray of light begins, by slow degrees, to penetrate into the darkened chamber, dissipating one by one the death-shadows flickering on the wall. Little by little the heavy curtains are raised, and as the sun-beams timidly enter, the gladness of day follows after, with a bright rejoicing influence.

Ruth is better now; so she sits by the window and looks out upon the garden, and listens to the birds that still sing their autumn songs, though the dreary winter is coming on apace. The darker shadow has passed away from her heart, and she is once again cheerful and calm, though her face has wasted away, and her eyes have grown lustrous with a strange brilliancy.

In the evening George is always by her side, and the hours fly with swift feet that he passes in her presence. He does not care now for the insincere flatteries of new-made friends, or the excitement of ever-changing society. He labours steadily at his easel, vanquishing difficulty by laborious toil, not leaping over it in too hasty eagerness to go forward. The ambitious work upon which he has recently been engaged he has definitively abandoned; for, with a juster comprehension of his true position in relation to others, has come a more modest estimate of his ability. So, he works now upon a subject as simple and as homely as that he previously developed with so much force and feeling.

Ruth is so happy that she wonders when she sometimes hears George utter a troubled sigh, and sees Hester turn aside to hide her tears. Why are they thus disturbed? she asks herself. And the question puzzles her; for George now is even more tender and affectionate than in other days, and his sister has grown gentle and loving as a mother with her new-born babe.

"Why do you turn away, Hester?" Ruth asks in her pretty plaintive manner; "have I done anything to make you angry? I'm very sorry if I have vexed you. You are so kind and good to me now that I would not offend you for the world. I used to be afraid of you once, but that was before I knew you. You are not angry with me, are you, dear cousin?"

"No, no, Ruth," and Hester stoops down and kisses that fading cheek, and then hurries away, that she may sob unheard and unperceived in another chamber.

Thus the days wore on, and the autumn sunlight faded slowly, while the yellow leaves fell and the flowers drooped their heads. But Ruth grew more happy as the season passed away, and the strange lustre of her eyes shone out with deeper brilliancy.

"Do you think we may make the journey yet?" said George one morning to the English physician who was now Ruth's medical attendant. He had asked the question many times before, but a shake of the head was the only reply accorded him.

"Yes, I think you may; at all events with less danger to Miss Selwin than before. What we have to guard her against is sudden excitement. You would do well perhaps to ask her if she would like a little trip without mentioning where you are going. You might break the truth by degrees, or even let her find it out for herself."

George acted upon the suggestion, and it was soon arranged that the little household should leave Paris on an early day. Ruth displayed no emotion of any kind when the trip was proposed to her. She did not ask where they were going, or when they would return. She was content to leave all to her cousins; nay, it was evident that she entirely reposed upon their guidance and support.

"I would go anywhere, dear George, with you and Hester," she said, "for I know you both love me fondly, and we are sure to be happy in any place. Let us start at once if you like."

So they set out for England, travelling gently that the journey might not fatigue Ruth, or excite her by a too rapid diversity of scene. But she was quite calm throughout, and scarce took notice of the changing panorama passing before her. Even when they crossed the channel she was still the same, and if her eyes glistened as she looked upon the leaping waves and the overhanging cliffs, it was with an almost childlike feeling of delight, undisturbed by any other emotion. Had she not George and Hester for ever by her side, and did not their love fill her heart and colour all her thoughts?

At the close of the third day after that on which they left Paris the little band of travellers reached a small wayside railway station, where they alighted,—the end of their journey being almost reached. A carriage was in waiting to drive them to their destination, and into this they quickly mounted, leaving John Plumber and William Watts to secure the luggage, and bring it on by another conveyance.

Ruth had taken no special notice of the railway station, or of the view which opened out before her immediately they quitted it. Now, however, that they were moving onward through the country she began to look around on all sides with an expression of half-awakened consciousness and timid surprise. Hester and George watched her changing features with an anxious interest not unmixed with alarm; but they said no word that

might interfere with her thoughts, or give additional impetus to the emotions by which it was only too evident she was already agitated. It was Ruth who at last broke the silence, after it had been painfully maintained until her agitation was visibly greater than before.

"And so we are going to Sundown!" she exclaimed with childish delight. "Oh, I am so happy! And this is the old Four-stile Lane, and there is Rosefield Church, and I can see Topton Hill in the distance between the trees."

As she gazed upon the old familiar spots memory brought back to her mind a thousand happy incidents with which they were associated, until her eyes seemed dazzled and bewildered, and she momentarily closed them, confused by the light of too much happiness.

"You are pleased to return to Sundown, are you not, dear Ruth?" said George softly.

"Oh yes, I am very, very pleased. It makes my heart beat with joy to see the old places once again."

She made no mention of the dear brother who was linked in her recollection with every spot through which they passed, whose form seemed blended with the moving outlines of every bush and tree, whose voice rang out in every sound that broke the stillness of evening. But George knew she was thinking of the lost one when he saw her lips move, and a smile that was ethereal in the divine purity of its expression rest lightly upon her face. He would have been less pained had he seen the tears streaming from her eyes, and her bosom torn by irrepressible throbbings.

They soon reached Sundown, and alighted at the garden gate. The boy Bill came forth to meet them there, with many bows and blushes, and afar off they could see a kindly face smiling forth a loving welcome home. In another moment they had passed into the dwelling, and Ruth was in Aunt Susan's arms.

And now all the deep feelings which the sight of so many well-remembered objects had already aroused were even more violently excited as Ruth felt the warm pressure of that fond embrace.

"Oh, aunt, aunt!" she cried in a broken voice, and then burst into a passionate fit of weeping.

Hester gently motioned to George that it would be better for him to leave the room, and accordingly he went out into the hall. In a few minutes afterwards the sobbing ceased, and a dead silence followed, broken by occasional whisperings. George was startled by this sudden change, but he patiently waited where he stood until his sister should summon him.

Presently he heard his name called with hurried agitation, expressive of terror and alarm, and before he had recovered from the shock it occasioned him Hester appeared at the door, pale and trembling. Ruth had fainted. Neither Aunt Susan nor Hester had noticed it at first, so gradual was the transition from violent excitement to calm insensibility. Now, however, they had applied restoratives, but without effect.

And it was even so. Ruth was already beyond all human aid. The physician's fears had been only too quickly realised. Sudden excitement, acting upon a delicate and enfeebled organisation, had caused a rupture of one of the heart vessels, and the result was instantaneously fatal. Ruth had passed away without a word, without a sigh, at the very moment when sorrow seemed to have lost its last hold upon her heart, and suffering had no more pangs in store for her. Her face even yet wore such a loving smile, and had such a look of heavenly calm, that it seemed impossible to believe she was not in a sweet sleep.

Alas! it was a sleep from which there was no awakening on earth.

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Sundown seems cheerless now, and even in the bright and joyous summer-time a heavy shadow of sorrow and affliction still rests over the dwelling. Youth no longer fills it with lightness and gaiety; and age droops and withers as it mourns over those who have departed. How often does Aunt Susan look upon that little mound in Rosefield church-yard where Ruth lies sleeping, and long for the time when she also may set out on the unknown journey. In the sunny days she leads Mr. Radcliffe to the grave, and tends the flowers she has planted there, while the poor old man by her side wonders why his darling comes to him no more, and plaintively murmurs her name. Death will listen ere long, let us hope, to the prayer of these two mourners, and gently draw around them the curtains that are to shut out for ever the last feeble glimmering of light.

And the two other mourners, what of them?

They still remain in the little Rosefield retreat, and there, amid utter calmness and seclusion, look back upon the past by a light which will serve them as a beacon guide through the future.

George works hard at his easel, and is rapidly taking a high position among contemporary artists. The critics who eulogised his first picture notice, however, with surprise, that none of the passionate warmth of fancy manifested there has been exhibited since; but that, on the contrary, his subsequent works seem to reflect the pensive earnestness of a prematurely serious and meditative mind.

Hester, casting aside all literary vanity with the hollow productions it had shaped into form, has recently given unaffected expression to her talent in a volume of poems instinct with womanly thought and feeling. Some day, perhaps, when father and aunt no longer claim their tender care, brother and sister will quit the Sundown hermitage, and go forth again into the world. And yet, when the day comes, they will be loth, it may be, to leave the dear English home, to which, as time gradually heals the wounds of sorrow, they are growing more and more attached. The old faces, too, are still near to endear them to the spot.

John Plumber, completely shattered when he returned from Paris, and unable to resume his ordinary occupations, is now a pensioner at Sundown, and though he has conceived a grateful affection for Hester and George, the memory of his young master, and of Ruth, still clings to his mind with unwearying tenacity. Strangely enough, he has lost all interest in his former antagonist Tom, and treats him now with callous neglect. But the perverse animal pays no heed to this change, and, true to the aggravating instincts he has always exhibited, makes light of John's altered behaviour, and keeps up the stolid obstinacy of former days.

Mr. Watts, some few months after arriving at Sundown, made Mary Trueman his wife, and they live very happily in a neat little cottage close to Sundown. He has become proprietor of the omnibus which runs between Rosefield and the railway station, driving the vehicle with his own hand. Favoured by the leisure afforded to him in the intervals of this occupation, Mr. Watts has resumed his historical studies, contemporary events, as recorded in the daily and weekly newspapers, principally engaging his attention. It may be noticed as a curious illustration of the mutative influence of locality that, comfortably settled in England, the haven of his life's voyage, he has ceased to animadvert upon France, or the French, and now bestows all his adverse criticism upon the defective political institutions of his native land.

As for Master Bill, he thought fit a while ago so far to disregard parental admonitions as to marry, at the age of nineteen, Eliza, the housemaid, aged nine and thirty! Poor John Plumber was terribly annoyed and indignant, and in the first moments of outraged feeling had some thoughts of inflicting bodily chastisement upon his amorous offspring. But then came prudential considerations associated with the density of Bill's corporeal structure, and the weight of his uncouth fist, and the old gardener, at the earnest intercession of Hester and George, forgave the disobedience which had led to this incongruous union; so that once more there is peace at

SUNDOWN.

FAST LIFE IN PARIS.

WE have had one very fine Sunday this wretched summer. On that Sunday I happened to be in Paris; and as there was a *fête* at St. Cloud that Sunday, of course I went. In England such a thing could not be, nor in Scotland, but in France they manage differently. However, in London we are not so very particular in the matter of Sabbath observance as to be in a position to find much fault with the French. Chalk Farm, within my own memory, was a *fête, à la Francais*, on a small scale; and at Richmond, and Kew, and Greenwich Park, and Hampstead Heath—indeed, wherever the cockneys can get a little fresh air, there is almost as much going on as at a French *fête*. I went down in the middle of the day, and, instead of going by the rail, had the good sense to ride on the top of a 'bus. The ride is a very pretty one. At each side of you are pretty country-houses, park-like scenery, waving woods—all looking clear and bright in the atmosphere of Paris. All along the route—on horseback or on foot, in grand carriage, or decent 'bus, or rickety old market-cart, young or old, rich or poor, were all streaming in one direction. As we crossed the bridge and entered the village of St. Cloud the crowd was dense, and as we descended and entered the gates which opened into the long avenue in which the *fête* was held, locomotion was almost impossible. I dare not trust myself to say how many must have been present. It seemed as if all the French world and his wife and family were there. "What were they doing?" you ask. "Simply amusing themselves," I reply; and amusing themselves in the most childish way. The trees were decorated with flags, bands were playing, and men and women promenading up and down a broad avenue. The number of soldiers present was quite remarkable. Every other man you met was a soldier of some kind or other, and, I need not add, they considerably increased the picturesqueness of the scene. On each side of you were booths and peep-shows, and theatrical exhibitions, and dioramas, and panoramas, and exhibitions of all kinds. There was shooting for trifling articles, and booths with gilt gingerbread, and other questionable dainties, just as you may see in any English fair. The principal amusement was that of the round-abouts and swings; and there was a miniature railway car, which ran down one incline and up another, and then turned round and round like a tetotum, till it made my eyes ache to look at it, but which, nevertheless, was wonderfully patronised; but the favourite performance was riding little wooden horses, which go round and round, and which, wherever I have been—whether as far north as the Tivoli gardens at Copenhagen, or south as Rouen, I have always found to be most decidedly the greatest attraction of the hour. How they did ride, surely! stout old gentlemen, fast young gentlemen, aged females, and big bouncing damsels; little boys and big boys, some sitting stolidly, others rising and falling in their seats as if on real animals, and lashing their wooden sides and tugging at their wooden mouths with might and main.

Well, if you do play the fool do it heartily; and at St. Cloud people did this, I confess, and were wise in their way. Purer enjoyments were to be sought elsewhere—in climbing the hill of the park, in looking across the Seine to Paris, lying at your feet, in treading under magnificent leafy avenues which seemed endless and innumerable, in contemplating the palace before you and thinking of its memories and associations, sad and gay; but the crowd below had not come for that, and there in that hot, and dusty, and crowded walk they jostled each other, and stared at all they could see, and laughed, and flirted, and dined, and drank till the glaring sun went down, and till one after another came the silver stars. I confess an English fair would have ended more disgracefully. You would have seen more tipsy people about. I am sure there was a great deal of drinking—I am sure many that I saw were affected by it—but they were quiet, good-natured, and inoffensive. A drunken Frenchman is different to a drunken Englishman, just as a sober Frenchman is. He has not our rough way, our bullying disposition. Such ways are not tolerated in Paris. That sense of social equality which is so manifest in Paris forbids all this; and even when a Frenchman is drunk he tries to mind his manners. At one place where I was I saw a Frenchman so drunk he could scarcely stand, but his companions led him away as quietly as if he had been a lamb.

Another time I went to the *Bal Mabile*, the Paris Cremorne, situated in the Champs Elysées, and the resort of what in England we should call the swells, and their peculiar class of women. Cremorne has, as regard views and situation, the advantage. There is also, I am inclined to believe, more dissipation at Cremorne; and certainly there are more pretty women at Cremorne than at the *Mabile*, the *Jardin des Fleurs* (a place of similar character with the *Mabile*, and

a description of one will serve for a description of the other), or anywhere else in Paris. On the night on which I was there the terms of admission were extravagantly high. I paid five francs, or 4s. 2d., a very large sum just for walking into a dancing garden. It was about ten when I entered, and the garden was very full. In the centre was a dancing platform, in the middle of which a band was playing dance-music, while a few gentlemen and ladies were dancing with that impassioned vigour of which the untravelled Englishman can form no idea. The energy with which the French dance will never be believed by persons who have not witnessed it, and to describe it properly is a task completely beyond my power. I believe it is Voltaire who describes his countrymen as half tiger and half ape. The description is not flattering, but is truer when applied to the Frenchman dancing than, I hope, with reference to him in any other capacity. We all know by intimate acquaintance, how the monkey can contort his features; and I read in a work of natural history, lying by my side, of the tiger, "that he bounds upon his prey with prodigious force, clearing in his deadly leap a distance scarcely credible." With very little alteration this passage might be taken as a description of a dancing Frenchman. Around the platform was a circle of male and female admirers, for next to dancing himself does the Frenchman love to see dancing going on; and on benches all round were seated gaily-dressed persons, male and female; but the great body of the company was chiefly occupied in promenading, and there they kept going round and round the whole evening. Here and there were little recesses with seats generally occupied; and there were one or two paths lying more remote, but they were but little patronised; for men and women who frequent such places are not fond of retirement, and rather court notoriety than otherwise. There were a few exhibitions and other attractions, such as little games of chance, where the prizes were some trifling articles; but the dancing was the principal attraction. The crowd were remarkably orderly and well dressed. The women were most of them far from being pretty—indeed, you felt certain that some of them would be positively plain; but so well arrayed were the garments—so well laid on was the artificial complexion—so harmonious was the *tout ensemble*—that they looked, I doubt not, much more attractive than they really were. In one part of the garden there was a good deal of drinking—wine, and beer, and grog were very plentifully being partaken of. English pale ale was in great request, in spite of its enormous price; but certainly, while I saw many flushed and excited by wine, I saw no one drunk. At twelve o'clock there was an exhibition of fireworks, and the gardens closed. Another hour or two would have made a great difference. A little more dancing and wine, and the assembly would have been riotous. It closed just in time, and herein it has the advantage over Cremorne, as it has also in respect of the greater purity of the atmosphere. All along the trees are lit orange-shaped and coloured lamps, which gave a peculiar soft and pleasant light. And then the grass is really green, and everything looks fresh. You may be sure that a bad end will be the result of all this—that there is a mocking skeleton even in that gay garden—that in Paris, as London, a fast youth must lead to a premature and miserable old age. But at the Mabile law is strong, and the excesses tolerated at the one are not permitted in the other.

Let me now speak of the *Jardins Chantantes*, or singing gardens without dancing, which form so peculiar a feature of Paris life. The true Parisian seeks all his amusement out of doors. When he is married it is just the same. When an Englishman seeks his home a Frenchman seeks society. To my mind he is very easily satisfied, and I never can believe the Parisian *bourgeois* is very dangerous or unsettled, or revolutionary. Of a summer's evening, after the shop is closed, or business done, you will see him in a *jardin chantante*. There are several of such in the Champs Elysées. As you walk along, on each side of you you see the glare of the gas in such places, and on each side of you resound their vocal harmonies. Their number is very numerous, and they all seem well supported. A large portion of the public indeed participate in their benefits in a way not very remunerative to their owners, for they lie so near to the principal thoroughfare, and are so little shut in by fencing, that you can almost see and hear as well outside the inclosure as you can in. However, let us pass the small crowd collected at the gates and enter. We seat ourselves at a small round table, of which there is a very large number, and to each table there are two or three occupants. At our back is the pavilion where the refreshments are prepared, and from which they are supplied. We are expected to give our orders, for there is no charge for admission, and we call for a cup of coffee and a cigar; they are brought with a small bottle of *eau de vie*, of which we are expected to take a liqueur glass as every one else does; but we do not. Family men and women are sitting all round; some of them have their children with them. We are not a particularly fast lot, though, of course, the young predominate. In England at this time people have a strong objection to sitting out of doors. An Englishman's house is his castle, and there he sits all grim and defiant, asking very few people to visit him, and liking nothing better than being left alone. But here it is different; and as the night is fine, really there seems very little danger of catching cold. Before us is a covered platform on a small scale; it is beautifully bright with gas, and on it there are three or four very elegantly-dressed ladies in very low dresses, and very dazzling to behold. At this moment the comic singer is doing his part. He is taking off the grand foible of the French, their taste for dancing. He is doing the different kinds of dancing, and is evidently an immense favourite. If you cannot understand a word of French, his gestures and attitudes and exaggerated features will make you laugh. He retires, and a pale lady comes forward to sing a plaintive ditty, which, however, has little effect; and the comic singer again appears upon the stage, and sings a song which in parts is very gross, and which I may not translate; but the enthusiasm is very great. Then he and a very stout lady with a slightly Jewish cast of countenance go through a little dialogue. He is supposed to be a green Frenchman—that is, a Frenchman not born in Paris. Of course he falls in love with the beautiful lady, and he makes her an offer of marriage.

"Pardon me, monsieur," she replies, "this is a very serious matter, and requires consideration."

"I am aware of it, madame," says the ardent lover, "and I will give you five minutes for the purpose of thinking it seriously over." He pulls out his watch, and the audience laugh immensely.

And now I need not describe other gardens in this quarter, for these things are all very much the same. They have all a strong family likeness; the people who patronise them are the middle classes, although there is no obstacle, save the expense, to the poorest entering.

Let me now take the reader to the Closeries Des Lilas, in the Quartier Latin, where the student—legal and medical—lives, and which is a dancing place chiefly patronised by them. I find it utterly impossible to describe all the dancing and other places of public resort; they are too numerous and too much alike to require any such attempt. With but very little variation, and for all practical purposes, a description of the one will serve for a description of the other. Paris, you must remember, is a city devoted to pleasure. Frenchmen do not follow business for its own sake. In London you meet hundreds of men who live only for business, who have no taste for anything else—mere money-making machines—and who, to prevent dying of *ennui*, beg to be allowed, like the retired tallow-chandler, to come back to the shop on melting days. You do not meet such men in Paris. Paris is the capital of pleasure, to which city as a shrine do its votaries travel from all parts of the world. Even men in London supposed to be very steady and proper, I have known in Paris become not a little gay. Russian princes, American capitalists, English noblemen, and men of fortune—indeed, all who are given up to pleasure—who have quietly shaken off life's duties—who have sworn

> "In the hollow lotos land to live, and lie reclined
> On the hills like gods together, careless of mankind,"

all come to Paris as the one spot in the wide world most favourable to the display of their magnificence or the indulgence of their passions. You must remember, then, that in the provision thus made for frivolous amusement it is not alone the Frenchman who is to be catered for, but a legion of foreigners as well. You must remember, also, that pleasure, as it is understood in Paris, is elevated into a science. An Englishman, for instance, finding that he is in good company—or what is called such—finding that he is comfortable and getting jolly over a glass of wine, will go on drinking till he becomes drunk, and the man is transformed into something lower than a brute. Well, the next morning he is wretchedly unwell and out of sorts, and his capacity for pleasure, at any rate for that day, is gone. Now the Frenchman won't sacrifice his pleasure in this way, and hence he remains sober. Frenchmen would think such conduct the height of absurdity—not because they occupy a higher moral platform than the Englishman, but because they appreciate pleasure so highly and follow it no keenly. Thus it is Parisian life appears so frivolous to the sober eyes of an Englishman. These remarks all apply to the Closerie des Lilas. When we think of medical students, we think of the rough swaggering blades, dressed in the loudest style, and with vocal powers of a most astonishing description, who were the terror of poor Jullien on an opening night—who from the classic precincts of the Borough, or from the academic seclusion of Gower-street, wend their way to the Haymarket to figure in the refined amusements of that fashionable but slightly dissipated quarter. I admit of late these young gentlemen have very much improved; but still they have a reputation very much in common with that of dogs and bears—

> "Who growl and fight,
> For 'tis their nature too."

Well, the French student, in common with the English one, lies equally outside the pale of society; but he does not drink half-and-half or gin, or run the chance of casual dissipation in the lowest scenes of debauchery. There is no need to mince matters; the French student has a companion—a female one—and she is termed a *grisette*. She keeps his room clean and himself decent, and works hard by day as a bookbinder or dressmaker; and her sole reward is to go out on the Sunday, and to have a dance. It is by such as these the *Closeries des Lilas* is supported. It is a small garden containing at one end a ball-room. Let us pay one franc for admission, and descend. The platform devoted to dancing is crowded almost to suffocation. The dancers are surrounded by admiring groups, and every one is making as much noise—talking, laughing, shouting—as he or she possibly can; the young females chatter with more than usual feminine vivacity and animation; the men do the same. They have come to enjoy themselves in their way. Fathers and mothers in distant provinces are hoarding up their little gains, sisters are denying themselves many little wants, that Adolphe may buy books and attend lectures, and be a clever man; and here, Adolphe, with a cigar in his mouth, and a *grisette* by his side, is dancing away as if he had made his fortune, and had nothing left but to enjoy himself. Well, I am fain to admit that though Adolphe be in questionable company, and spending his Sunday evening as we consider in a very improper manner, still if he studies as well as he dances, must sooner or later be a very distinguished man. But I fear it is not so. He is here to-night, he will be here to-morrow night, he will grow lazier and more dissipated, he will beg or borrow, he will raise money on his books and medical instruments, he will fall lower and lower. Ah! I fear that Adolphe is not what father, mother, sister, fondly fancy; and that the old, sad Hebrew tale of the prodigal in the far-off country is once more being realised. I take up a little French caricature. Adolphe is writing to his father. A female is sitting by his side smoking a cigarette. Adolphe writes: "Dear Father,—I find my books are so expensive that I shall require a little more money." Poor Adolphe! you are beginning to find what I and Solomon, and still wiser men, if such there be, found before you—that such books are very costly to buy; and you might have added—you will, when you reach my years, *non pauvre garcon*—very, very hard to reach. But away with melancholy, and, in spite of the heat and dust, choking and burning us up, let us linger here a little while longer. The dancing is over, and around the little tables, in all directions, the dancers are drinking beer or wine. A great deal of what, in certain circles, is called chaffing, is going on.

There are very few pretty women here, and the men are, most of them, little, and have not (it may be fancy—I think not) our fine, frank, English faces; but who have we here, in silk dress, with gay turban on her head, the gayest of the gay, the admired of all beholders?—but a daughter of the much-oppressed and sorely-wronged class for whom Wilberforce lived, and Harriet Beecher Stowe yet writes. Topsy is almost handsome; she has a fine tall figure, but her features, and her good-natured, broad, grinning mouth are too decidedly negro; but here she is, a woman and a sister, and she carries out her rights to their legitimate extent. Not even at Sutherland House or in Exeter Hall could she have a warmer welcome. See, the dance begins again, and Topsy takes her place. How she enjoys it!—how her blood and muscles keep time to the rapid music! Not even French agility can match her own; and when, as a climax, she actually, in the twinkling of an eye, elevates one leg, and with her toe touches the top of her partner's shoulder, the enthusiasm with which the act is received excuses the condescending smile with which the panting Topsy acknowledges the applause of the audience, and greets all around. After that, reader, I think we need not stay longer. I wander out into the cooler and calmer garden, lit with innumerable lamps and gay with flowers and shrubs. There are many little arbours. They are all full. Stop and look. There sit Jeannette and Jeanot. Oh, they are happy! Yes, but for how long? In another year Jeanot will be far away. I think he has the best of it. I wonder what will become of poor Jeannette! Will she dry up her tears, and find another Jeanot; or will she get a little bit of charcoal, stop up the window, fasten the door, and, with a lock of Jeanot's hair lying by her side, die, only seeking to be

Anywhere anywhere,
Out of the world?

SONNET.

AFFLICTION.

She was our only child, whom with glad heart
I watched three transient years, and who, I thought
And hoped, would in her womanhood have brought
Blessings upon her parents—but I start
As on that form I gaze, and I depart
From that sad scene with sorrow. Could prayers have bought
Thy life, then thou hadst lived; but all was nought.
Much do I grieve with thee, my child, to part!
Yet He who gives in wisdom takes away
At the appointed hour—that hour the best,
He took our little infant to her rest!
And hark! an angel whispers, "Man, to-day
Thy portion is on earth, yet tread the way
God's word reveals . . thou too shalt soon be blest."

Charles W. Bridgart.

THE NINE MAIDENS' WELL.

BY EDWIN GOADBY.

Farmer Hodge was a wealthy and respectable man. His very looks, and the bland oil of universal benevolence that illumined his countenance, showed you it, while his broad portly person drew your mind to a contemplation of those bursting barns that surrounded his quaint, old-fashioned farm-house at Pittempan. In so being he was no exception to his neighbours, or the country folks generally. All had a hale, strong, and comfortable look, and this ages, as our story goes, ere it was sung—

"We 'll up wi' the bonnets o' *bonny* Dundee."

But our farmer was bonnier than the rest, and as he tramped to Dundee over three or four long country miles, when he wanted any article of craftsmanship he could not manufacture for himself, the chorus of the song I have quoted danced in dumb infancy in the hearts of all who beheld his rosy thanksgiving countenance.

Yet, in sooth, he would not have been so happy—perchance he could not have been miserable even—if he had been any one but his own self under his own circumstances. He had married happily a plump country lass, whose only poetry was work, whose only love was ministering attentions. Her accomplishments might be all summed up in a certain adaptive readiness which the Americans have termed "faculty,"—we English "gumption," and a wild ballad or border romance now and then was her only three-volumed novel of sentiment, description, and heroism. One text of Scripture was blazoned before her eyes into a mightier fulness of meaning than her ancestors have found in hundreds of homilies, and numberless volumes of sermons for common life, and that was, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might;"—and she did it.

Sons the farmer himself had hoped for, to help him in his farm labours, and carry to posterity his own name and lands: sons he had none. Blooming daughters were born to him, each one a resuscitation of the comely damsel who looked askance from her reaping at him in the summer of his summer days, until nine clustered round him in his rural home. It would have been ill of him to have complained, as it was foreign to his nature to have done so. There was no field work his Kates and Alexandrines could not do, and they made home so warm and comfortable by the flax they spun into garments, by the butter they churned, the curds they pressed, and the busy clangour of their gleesome voices as they moved harmoniously at their work, that the heart of the father often danced dithyrambically within him. Peaceful were they, rarely wrangling, seldom at sixes and sevens, and altogether as contented and sweet a family as nature ever reared in cosiest of nests, or sprinkled in bunches of hill-side violets, and sent her softest winds to woo the scent from. It was a rare treat to see the portly man, with his countenance "a love-letter to all mankind," as Jean Paul happily describes a friend's, and his string of buxom daughters take their appointed benches at their old weather-beaten church, fixing their eyes stedfastly upon Mr. Preacher through-

out the services, which said man—one cannot call him gentle, because he was a week-day worker—belonged to the ancient race of walking preachers, long since extinct—at least in the establishment, supplied three parish churches with excogitations on the Sunday, and traversed some five-and-twenty miles on his stout limbs. And it is just possible that if you or I had been there we might have been less devout, and divided our attention between the fast running sand-glass on the desk and the lovely countenances of the girls.

Now it came to pass that such really was the case with one young man, who was a good piece of a hero in Pittempan. You see a group of men, young and old, turn out into the flat by the "Dighty Water," that rises in the Sidlaw hills, and babbles along the valley all the queer legends and ghost-tales those grey-beard mountains have poured into its infant ears; and there, in the centre, you cannot fail to observe a middle-sized, square-built youth, with a manly dash about him that pleases you as you run your eyes over him. That is young Martin, the great wrestler, and he is going to try his powers of bone and brawn at the present moment, and will as assuredly make his opponent (by no means a contemptible fellow) wince a bit, as Hodge has nine daughters, and he has a quiet but strong liking for one of them. There is another group on the ice in the keen winter air—ah! I see you know. Well, wherever any pluck, or muscle, or a helping hand is wanted, there you may be sure to find young Martin the smith.

So that whenever the kindly farmer must needs impress a few extra men to help him in harvest times, Martin was sure to be one of them, because, though a youth given to manly sports, he was not, like too many in our days, so gentlemanly as not to be industrious wherewithal. A certain good-humoured familiarity was therefore gradually established between the youth and the farmer, and biding his time, the former waited long and patiently ere he unbosomed himself to father, mother, or daughter No. 2.

One of these impressments, if I may so call the hearty thwack on the back, and the farmer's "Here, I want you, my lad," at length came to his release. Martin covered up his fire, fastened his door, and left the gossips to the undisturbed possession of the floor of his pent-house, and trudged after his friend. The clouds hung low and foreboded heavy rain, whilst the hay, ripe for carrying, lay on the ground, with little chance of being got together. Eight of the damsels turned out with their forks, and winsome bonnets on their heads. Martin felt not a little flustered when, in accordance with the same amiable custom of the country that made poor Burns first fall in love, and by some little trickery on the part of her knowing naughty sisters, he found himself coupled with No. 2 as partner in his labours.

They worked together some time in silence, turning the hay into cocks, and inhaling its fresh odour, with frequent stolen peeps into each other's faces.

Martin, lover-like, was on tiptoe to speak—had prepared in his own mind several nice introductory remarks, but now he was so near he could remember nothing—his mind was an absolute blank, and had not kind nature put very meaning looks into his eyes, and very kind thoughts into her heart, I verily believe there would have been no necessity for me to have recorded his history at all. Quietly, demurely, and with a winning tone in her voice, his companion began—

"You don't like haymaking, do you, Martin? You seem very quiet over it."

"I wonder who would n't like it with such a companion as you. It seemed to me that a word might break the charm, and so I kept silent."

"Charm, indeed!" and the young minx tossed up a forkful of hay to the eddying wind, and laughed again. "Charm, indeed! as if I were some wizard, or witch, and not Farmer Hodge's daughter."

Martin smiled at her pretty waywardness. "You know what I mean, Kate, very well. You girls are such folks to see our meaning asquint. You sit on your bench on a Sunday, and listen quietly to good friend the parson, in what I call a charmed manner. But I 'm no scholard, and that 's what I mean o' myself. I feel I 'm not Martin, but somebody else, when I come near you."

"And pray who 's that? No one else, I hope. I've known you too long to wish you to become any one else."

"You will misunderstand me, I see. I mean I am better and feel better by your side."

"Oh, that 's it, is it? Then I suppose I am a kind of walking sermon to you. Dear me, how good I must be!"

"Oh, no! it 's nothing to do with sermons. I am so happy by your side that I would always be here."

"Well, well, Martin; but see, if you do n't cock better than that I won't haymake with you."

"Will you do something else, then, miss? Will you leave your farm to live with me? We 'll be so happy and comfortable, Kate—eh? Will you keep to my side, and be my partner when we 're not haymaking?"

"Well, well, Martin; I do n't feel exactly miserable when you 're by. I 'll think on it."

And the effort she made to look grave and thoughtful was really comical. If Martin had been looking her in the face then, I verily believe he would have been so unmannered as to laugh. As it was, he sprang over a heap of hay, took her hand and kissed it, and looking all round she said, "Oh, Martin!" in the sweetest possible shocked-tone a woman can assume, and put her pretty lips in such nearness to his that there fell a salute there also. Both were narrowly watched by the rest of the haymakers, but love is blind, and these two were shut into a world by themselves, seeing and caring for no one else.

It is not for me to explain how it was, but somehow, anyhow, Martin was invited home to supper, and although he felt queer—as what young man will not in such a bevy of rosy beauties?—he talked more than was his wont, as we often find ourselves doing when we would not think intensely upon anything, or seem at all pensive in company. The farmer and he told tales against one another—there was no news in those days like unto ours, and I very much question whether the weather came in as a staple topic until the barometer set our thoughts upon it—until the ingle neuk rang again with humour and joviality.

"That 's a fine likely young chap," said Hodge to Kate senior, as they retired to rest; "I would n't mind him having one o' my daughters."

"It 's a good job you 've made up your mind so far,"

she rejoined briskly, "he 's already made up his mind as to which he would like."

"Ah! Is it that sprightly little damsel No. 6?"

The farmer had a way of numbering his daughters, and telling them off upon his fingers. One might have fancied he was a poet.

"Oh, no! Number two is number one with him."

"Well, well—he 'll do. Don't look shy on the young man. There 's many a man had worse sons-in-law."

A similar conversation, with different persons, took place in another room of the farm-house, and similar conclusions were arrived at in a way that was hardly so demonstrative, and as Martin dreamt on his bed, he was in a fair way for keeping side by side with Kate the remainder of his life. But Fate—ah! I am forgetting! I do n't believe in such things.

Pittempan neighbours, like all people in all times, were inclined, hound-like, to run to tongue whenever there was anything to run at. And so, when Martin's smithy was often seen closed at dusk, and he would be seen, clean and prim, wending his way to the Holy Well, not very far from farmer Hodge's house, where Kate was mostly to be found, there was many a gossip's feast held, and many an opinion ventured about every member of the family of Pittempan farm.

"When a man has nine daughters," triumphantly ejaculated one old crone, "it 's of no use thinking to marry 'em; there 's never a one 'll go."

"For my part," put in a second, with a mysterious shake of the head, "I think some on 'em 'il come to no good; not that I means 'em any harm, God knows, for they are n't like other wenches as I knows. They are n't proud, and yet they are, and what 's worse, you never see less nor three o' them about together."

"This Kate o' Martin's a nice girl," benevolently chimed in a third, the palest-faced and most malicious looking of the company, "and I 'm kind o' saddened when I think o' what the Old Woman-o'-the-Hill said in one o' her insperations one day—'There 's old Hodge, there, a wealthy, weal-to-do man, wi' all his "dochters" his name 'll die out as sure as my eyes seed her shroud kivering her half over t' other day. She 'll never be a bride in this world, or I'm desaved."

Martin's mother was amongst the lot, and encouraged the conversation, because she did n't approve of his forming "sich high connections," and thought that by retailing the results she might work upon his fears and induce him to forego his meditated betrothals.

Martin burst in upon them unexpectedly, and gave them a piece of his mind.

"And so ye can't let a fellow please himself, then, but must come out of your holes like tree toads, and croak till you 're black in the face. You 've found the wrong man this time though. Croak away! Here, mother, come away from these silly brewers of gossip thunder—I wonder you ever came here; I 've something important to tell you—come. Good night, witches and crones; and you, respectable friends, keep a sharp look-out after your besoms; I smell brimstone, and Lapland broom-riders are never far away."

Autumn came with its blue skies and sunny days, drinking up the moisture from the dykes, scattering deep fringes of flowers and pattering leaves, and every day giving a deepening, reddening gold to farmer Hodge's corn crops. Labour was scarce, and whenever he was not busy, and very often when he was, Martin closed his smithy and went to his assistance, and to reap by the side of Kate whenever he could we may be sure.

The harvest was nearly all housed, when on the evening of a hot sultry day the old cheery-hearted man came home at dusk, flung himself down upon a chair, and said to his eldest daughter, "Fetch me a drop of water from the spring, I'm dreadfully thirsty." She took up a wooden milking-pail and tripped away in a twink. She was not so quick in returning, for Hodge grew fidgetty and danced his toe after the manner of fidgetty men even in Homer's day. Our Kate observed this, smiled to herself, said nothing.

"Go and see what that girl 's about, Kate," at last came to her great joy. Donning her bonnet, she was off as trippingly as number one. Hodge even ventured to whistle as she slipped out of the door. Foot began to dance again in a very few minutes. No return. He thinks he never was so done-up, so thirsty, so lazy, so seemingly crossed. But he was a patient man, and sent number three to fetch back the errant gossiping damsels. Dance repeated, number four is summoned from her wheel and sent. Still no return. Soon all his nine daughters have gone and his patience too. He tries to rise, never yet did chair pull so hard. He goes to the door, feeling as if he had been asleep and dreaming a terrible dream. A wild light flares from out the sky upon him as he issues from the house. All is silent as the grave. He can hear no laughter, no murmur of voices, not even a trembling-lipped song. A wild numbing fear seizes him. His thoughts gallop about one after the other until he scarcely knows where he is. Are they hiding anywhere? Has any harm come to them? How is it he feels so queer? Where is the path to the well? Why, he is turning quite away from it into the rickyard, with the wild glare coming down upon him once more. Ah! he sees the way now, and there was the faintest stir as of dry crisp leaves in winter. The well, yes, the well. He 'll be there soon. What is it, that dark curled thing that looms near him so terribly? Nothing human surely. He touches it. It is cold and slimy, and starts with a suppressed howl and a rattle of coiling and uncoiling rings. Good heavens! It 's a monstrous Dragon-serpent, and there lie his nine daughters dripping with blood, and one of them partially devoured by his insatiate maw. And the monster turns his green baleful eyes upon him, and his heart rises with a gigantic thump almost into his mouth. His knees tremble, and he feels the hot breath of the monster eddying round him. He moves, starts, and the momentary spell is broken.

Swift as the wind he hies to the neighbours and arouses them all. And there they are, see! coming with lanterns and sticks, stones and torches, like a drove of fire-flies, whilst the huge monster goes on undisturbed with his precious meal. A ring is soon formed round him and various missiles flung at him. The fiery brands and arrows tipped with flaming flax make him hiss like water poured upon hot coals, and a terrible steam ascends from his nostrils. Flap goes his tail in

the air, and then down again with a noise and bellowing as of thunder, widening the ring of the by-standers, and increasing their fiery hail. At this juncture up comes Martin, fresh from the anvil, with his huge sledge-hammer swung on his shoulders, or, as one account has it, a club, and a terrible depth of purpose in those cold glittering eyes of his. "Make room! make room!" cried a score voices at once, as they saw Martin advance and take up his position at the mouth of the well where the head of the monster lay. Then the vast crowd, momently increasing and once more compact again, cried out, "At him, Martin! at him, Martin!" And he did.

With one seeming careless look at the mangled and prostrate forms, he picked his way nearer to the monster, and as he came up to the head the whole ring far and near could see his face, clear, firm, and bright, in the horrid green light that glared from the monster's eyes. A moment, a hiss and a rattle, and the dragon is making off for the hills, across the Dighty Water, like the green convoluted flame of some Rosicrucian wizard. Martin was as nimble as he, and overtook him just as he was about to cross.

"Strike! Martin, strike!" yelled the breathless crowd behind. One quick sharp measurement with his eyes, one brave pulse thumping and swelling his frame into a giant's, one terrible swing of the hammer in air, and down it came with a heavy thundering blow on the dragon's head. His eyes gleam from their sockets in sulphury flame, his enormous tail rises and falls as though it would rend the very earth, and out of the mist that robed the grand old hills comes a dim, faint, weird echoing wail. A second and a third blow, and the blood spouts all over Martin and the ground is sobbed and slippery. Blow after blow comes down upon him still, fearful and true, until with one wild demoniac struggle his huge body is convulsed and rent, and the whole air is filled with the noise and tumult as of warring winds, clashing and chariotting in mid-heaven with hot furious hate, and bellowing as with defeat or victory, and the huge coiled monster lies dead and dark and cold on his black scaly back.

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N.B.—Orithyia, a daughter of Erectheus, King of Athens, was carried off whilst fording the river Ilissus, by Boreas, the North-wind.

I.

By the old Ilissus river,
In the amber dawn of day,
Tripped the maiden Orithyia,
Lightly laughing all the way.

II.

Yonder lies her royal city
With its towers all ruby-bright;
Like a giant's crown of jewels,
Flashing to the early light.

III.

From the lark in heaven above her
Airy music ripples by;
Till the dancing reeds and lilies
Seem a-tremble with reply.

IV.

Blithe as she that runs beside it,
Runs the river all the while—
Chiming to her silver laughter,
Sparkling to her sunny smile.

V.

All that 's ever brisk and bonnie,
Now is up throughout the land,
As if Nature's self were walking
With the maiden hand-in-hand.

VI.

"Why so early, winsome lady,
Here upon the plain alone?
Is it that thy pomp and palace
To the heart have weary grown?

VII.

"Is it that thy virgin fancies
Loathe the gilded toils of state;
As the prisoned mavis pineth
For the wild woods and its mate?

VIII.

"Or can love for some brave spirit,
Worthy thee, though lowly born,
Lead thee to some place of trysting
On the threshold of the morn?

IX.

"Lady, whatsoe'er thine errand,
Speed thee—but remember well
What the royal seer of old-time
To thy grandsire did foretell.

she rejoined briskly, "he 's already made up his mind as to which he would like."

"Ah! Is it that sprightly little damsel No. 6?"

The farmer had a way of numbering his daughters, and telling them off upon his fingers. One might have fancied he was a poet.

"Oh, no! Number two is number one with him."

"Well, well—he 'll do. Don't look shy on the young man. There 's many a man had worse sons-in-law."

A similar conversation, with different persons, took place in another room of the farm-house, and similar conclusions were arrived at in a way that was hardly so demonstrative, and as Martin dreamt on his bed, he was in a fair way for keeping side by side with Kate the remainder of his life. But Fate—ah! I am forgetting! I do n't believe in such things.

Pittempan neighbours, like all people in all times, were inclined, hound-like, to run to tongue whenever there was anything to run at. And so, when Martin's smithy was often seen closed at dusk, and he would be seen, clean and prim, wending his way to the Holy Well, not very far from farmer Hodge's house, where Kate was mostly to be found, there was many a gossip's feast held, and many an opinion ventured about every member of the family of Pittempan farm.

"When a man has nine daughters," triumphantly ejaculated one old crone, "it 's of no use thinking to marry 'em; there 's never a one 'll go."

"For my part," put in a second, with a mysterious shake of the head, "I think some on 'em 'il come to no good; not that I means 'em any harm, God knows, for they are n't like other wenches as I knows. They are n't proud, and yet they are, and what 's worse, you never see less nor three o' them about together."

"This Kate o' Martin's a nice girl," benevolently chimed in a third, the palest-faced and most malicious looking of the company, "and I 'm kind o' saddened when I think o' what the Old Woman-o'-the-Hill said in one o' her insperations one day—'There 's old Hodge, there, a wealthy, weal-to-do man, wi' all his "dochters" his name 'll die out as sure as my eyes seed her shroud kivering her half over t' other day. She 'll never be a bride in this world, or I'm desaved."

Martin's mother was amongst the lot, and encouraged the conversation, because she did n't approve of his forming "sich high connections," and thought that by retailing the results she might work upon his fears and induce him to forego his meditated betrothals.

Martin burst in upon them unexpectedly, and gave them a piece of his mind.

"And so ye can't let a fellow please himself, then, but must come out of your holes like tree toads, and croak till you 're black in the face. You 've found the wrong man this time though. Croak away! Here, mother, come away from these silly brewers of gossip thunder—I wonder you ever came here; I 've something important to tell you—come. Good night, witches and crones; and you, respectable friends, keep a sharp look-out after your besoms; I smell brimstone, and Lapland broom-riders are never far away."

Autumn came with its blue skies and sunny days, drinking up the moisture from the dykes, scattering deep fringes of flowers and pattering leaves, and every day giving a deepening, reddening gold to farmer Hodge's corn crops. Labour was scarce, and whenever he was not busy, and very often when he was, Martin closed his smithy and went to his assistance, and to reap by the side of Kate whenever he could we may be sure.

The harvest was nearly all housed, when on the evening of a hot sultry day the old cheery-hearted man came home at dusk, flung himself down upon a chair, and said to his eldest daughter, "Fetch me a drop of water from the spring, I'm dreadfully thirsty." She took up a wooden milking-pail and tripped away in a twink. She was not so quick in returning, for Hodge grew fidgetty and danced his toe after the manner of fidgetty men even in Homer's day. Our Kate observed this, smiled to herself, said nothing.

"Go and see what that girl 's about, Kate," at last came to her great joy. Donning her bonnet, she was off as trippingly as number one. Hodge even ventured to whistle as she slipped out of the door. Foot began to dance again in a very few minutes. No return. He thinks he never was so done-up, so thirsty, so lazy, so seemingly crossed. But he was a patient man, and sent number three to fetch back the errant gossiping damsels. Dance repeated, number four is summoned from her wheel and sent. Still no return. Soon all his nine daughters have gone and his patience too. He tries to rise, never yet did chair pull so hard. He goes to the door, feeling as if he had been asleep and dreaming a terrible dream. A wild light flares from out the sky upon him as he issues from the house. All is silent as the grave. He can hear no laughter, no murmur of voices, not even a trembling-lipped song. A wild numbing fear seizes him. His thoughts gallop about one after the other until he scarcely knows where he is. Are they hiding anywhere? Has any harm come to them? How is it he feels so queer? Where is the path to the well? Why, he is turning quite away from it into the rickyard, with the wild glare coming down upon him once more. Ah! he sees the way now, and there was the faintest stir as of dry crisp leaves in winter. The well, yes, the well. He 'll be there soon. What is it, that dark curled thing that looms near him so terribly? Nothing human surely. He touches it. It is cold and slimy, and starts with a suppressed howl and a rattle of coiling and uncoiling rings. Good heavens! It 's a monstrous Dragon-serpent, and there lie his nine daughters dripping with blood, and one of them partially devoured by his insatiate maw. And the monster turns his green baleful eyes upon him, and his heart rises with a gigantic thump almost into his mouth. His knees tremble, and he feels the hot breath of the monster eddying round him. He moves, starts, and the momentary spell is broken.

Swift as the wind he hies to the neighbours and arouses them all. And there they are, see! coming with lanterns and sticks, stones and torches, like a drove of fire-flies, whilst the huge monster goes on undisturbed with his precious meal. A ring is soon formed round him and various missiles flung at him. The fiery brands and arrows tipped with flaming flax make him hiss like water poured upon hot coals, and a terrible steam ascends from his nostrils. Flap goes his tail in

the air, and then down again with a noise and bellowing as of thunder, widening the ring of the by-standers, and increasing their fiery hail. At this juncture up comes Martin, fresh from the anvil, with his huge sledge-hammer swung on his shoulders, or, as one account has it, a club, and a terrible depth of purpose in those cold glittering eyes of his. "Make room! make room!" cried a score voices at once, as they saw Martin advance and take up his position at the mouth of the well where the head of the monster lay. Then the vast crowd, momently increasing and once more compact again, cried out, "At him, Martin! at him, Martin!" And he did.

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Yonder lies her royal city
With its towers all ruby-bright;
Like a giant's crown of jewels,
Flashing to the early light.

III.

From the lark in heaven above her
Airy music ripples by;
Till the dancing reeds and lilies
Seem a-tremble with reply.

IV.

Blithe as she that runs beside it,
Runs the river all the while—
Chiming to her silver laughter,
Sparkling to her sunny smile.

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All that 's ever brisk and bonnie,
Now is up throughout the land,
As if Nature's self were walking
With the maiden hand-in-hand.

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"Why so early, winsome lady,
Here upon the plain alone?
Is it that thy pomp and palace
To the heart have weary grown?

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"Is it that thy virgin fancies
Loathe the gilded toils of state;
As the prisoned mavis pineth
For the wild woods and its mate?

VIII.

"Or can love for some brave spirit,
Worthy thee, though lowly born,
Lead thee to some place of trysting
On the threshold of the morn?

IX.

"Lady, whatsoe'er thine errand,
Speed thee—but remember well
What the royal seer of old-time
To thy grandsire did foretell.

X.

"Trust not to the treacherous sunshine
(Brightly gleams the slaughtering sword);
And, despite the jocund river,
Maid, beware the fatal ford!"

XI.

So some kindly spirit whispered
Softly on the damsel's ear;
But the air was all so merry
That she scarcely seemed to hear.

XII.

Onward through the laughing meadows,
Onward through the dewy glade;
Still their sweet communion keeping,
Run the river and the maid.

XIII.

See! the ford is now before her,
With its shallows diamond-clear;
Stepping-stones begemmed with mosses
Cannot harbour any fear.

XIV.

Ah! her rose-red foot is trembling,
And her looks are lily-pale;
For the echo of the storm-god
Rings upon the hurrying gale.

XV.

Old Ilissus, lashed to fury,
Headlong tumbles to the sea,
And the heaven, now rent with thunder,
Joineth in the frantic glee.

XVI.

But the sweet maid, Orithyia,
Like some flower that none can save,
All bewrapt in storm and torrent,
Boreas hurries to his cave.

XVII.

Round her wild winds roar and revel
Ceaseless through the night and day;
While she ever sits and sigheth,
"Oh that life had passed away!"

XVIII.

Well the royal seer had spoken,
Never spake he truer word—
"Maid, beware the wily storm-god!
Maid, beware the fatal ford!"

XIX.

Long they sought her, long they mourned her,
By the old Ilissus' shore:
But the maiden Orithyia
Cometh homeward never more!

AN EASTERN VALLEY.

THIS picture of an eastern valley might have been painted as a description of one of Collins' Oriental Eclogues,—or here Dr. Johnson might have planted the youthful Rasselas,—or in such a place, instead of crossing the Atlantic, Campbell might have placed Gertrude of Wyoming,—or Coleridge and Southey sought a home for their pet scheme of Pantisocracy. Our best writers have loved to describe such scenes. Wordsworth rates the following passage from W. Gilbert as one of the finest passages of modern English prose, contrasting the artificial man and the man of mind—the former at home in cities, the latter out of place there. The writer says—"When he measures the long and watered savannah, or contemplates from a sudden promontory the distant vast Pacific, and feels himself in this vast theatre and commanding each ready-produced fruit of this wilderness, and each progeny of this stream, his exultation is not less than imperial. He is as gentle too as he is great; his emotions of tenderness keep pace with his elevation of sentiment, for he says, 'These were made by a good Being, who, unsought by me, placed me here to enjoy them.' He becomes at once a child and a king. His mind is in himself, and from hence he argues, and from hence he acts, and he argues unerringly and acts magisterially. His mind in himself is also in his God, and therefore he loves, and therefore he soars."

THE ASTRONOMICAL CAREER OF SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL.

IN the infancy of the world the first science cultivated with any degree of interest was astronomy. The antediluvian race, situated in a region whose atmosphere peculiarly fitted them for astronomical researches, were in a great measure compelled to investigate the laws which govern the motions of the celestial bodies, in order to fix the proper periods for carrying on the ordinary operations of Nature. Beginning with very small discoveries, they yet, by extraordinary perseverance, were enabled to transmit their knowledge to posterity uninterruptedly through a long series of years, so much so that we, in our day, with the present perfection of science, are sometimes astonished at the great results achieved in that early period of the world's history. Josephus has remarked that the great ages to which the first race of mankind were permitted to attain was for the purpose of perfecting the science of astronomy. Whether or not this was the case, it is certain that a great stride was made by the descendants of Adam before the Flood, and after that great era in the world's history, to obtain some well-grounded facts, which should serve as the basis of all future knowledge of the heavenly bodies. This is sufficiently illustrated by the erection of the Egyptian Pyramids, and the inscriptions at Nineveh. This method of handing down scientific information from one race of man to another has continued from the beginning of the world to the present day. And thus, passing



AN EASTERN VALLEY.

over many centuries, we come nearer to our own times. The study of astronomy, from the time of Ptolemy, alternately experienced various vicissitudes; sometimes it was known only to the learned few; at others it was extensively patronised by the reigning monarch, till the dark ages of superstition had all but exterminated the small stock of knowledge then extant. Then men contented themselves with the opinions of the ancient philosophers, without inquiring whether their doctrines were true or false, until the celebrated Copernicus, after satisfying himself by years of close study of the motions of the heavenly bodies that his opinions were substantiated by successful observation, with a bold hand demolished the mists with which Time had encircled the knowledge of the laws of the universe. His system, received in part by Tycho Brahe, began by degrees to gain ground in the opinions of the learned, and at last received ample confirmation by the invention of the greatest acquisition to astronomical science the world has ever seen—the telescope, and from that time our knowledge has advanced with rapid strides. We must not forget here the valuable discovery of logarithms, by means of which the life-time of the astronomer was, as it were, doubled, by the facility with which difficult calculations may be performed. Galileo, by his discoveries with an opera-glass magnifying 33 times, soon showed the truth of the Copernican theory of the sun being the centre of motion, and exhibited not only the phases of Venus, but brought to light a miniature specimen of the solar system, in the discovery of the motions of the four satellites of Jupiter. Then followed Kepler, Descartes, Horrocks, Gassendi, the illustrious Sir Isaac Newton, Huyghens, Cassini, Hevelius, Picard, Bayer, Riccioli, Flamstead, Halley, Bradley, Keill, Pound, Lacaille, Lemonnier, Lalande, and a host of other illustrious names, who by their discoveries have gradually elevated the study of the heavenly bodies, and placed it by universal consent in the foremost rank of the sciences.

At the close of the seventeenth century astronomy received much improvement by the establishment of the Royal Observatories of Greenwich and Paris. Charles II., on hearing of the inability of Mr. Flamstead to furnish information of the theory of the lunar motions, from the fact of there being no public records of any extent sufficient to enable the computations to be made, at once advanced the necessary funds for the establishment of a national observatory, which has kept up to the present day the high hopes then entertained of its usefulness to the nation at large. It is to this establishment we owe much of our knowledge of what astronomy is, and at which most of the figures which fill the closely-printed pages of the "Nautical Almanack" are calculated, and their exactness verified by numerous revisions. At the same time, while the heavenly bodies are subjected to a close scrutiny by those employed in establishments similar to that of Greenwich, there are other eminent men, not less celebrated for their attainments in practical astronomy, who have had their attention directed rather to the discovery of new bodies than to the critical examination of those which are known. One of the most extraordinary of these explorers of the unknown celestial bodies was the late Sir W. Herschel; and after this dissertation on the various stages through which astronomy has passed, some record of *his* life and labours will claim our attention.

This eminent man was born at Hanover, Nov. 15, 1738, his parents occupying a distinguished station in the musical world. There were four sons, our hero being the second of these. Early giving signs of a very inquiring mind, he was educated with more care than his brothers, and was at one time permitted the privilege of a tutor, whose services, through the circumscribed means of his father, were some time after discontinued. He now determined to seek his fortune in England, and for this purpose sought employment wherever he could procure it, and the earliest trace of his abilities in this capacity is at the period when the Earl of Darlington raised a corps of militia, to which young Herschel was appointed leader of the band. It now appears that he devoted every spare moment to the improvement of his mind, and in the course of a few years attained to great proficiency in not less than six modern and classic languages. Such a man, at that period, must have been a rarity. After many a hard day's exertion at his profession, he would sit up to a late hour to perfect his acquaintance, not only with languages, but even with the attempt to master the abstruse formulæ contained in the then recently published work on "Harmony," by Dr. Robert Smith, without exception one of the most profound mathematical works at that time extant in the English language. At the very outset of his attempt to master the difficulties which assailed him on opening every page of this book, he felt the urgent necessity of making himself a mathematician before he could properly understand it. To this pursuit he now devoted himself with that ardour which was so soon afterwards to receive a greater impetus, and in the course of a few months he made some acquaintance with the sciences of astronomy and optics. All this time he was prosecuting his musical studies, and gradually advanced step by step till the year 1765, when, on the erection of a new organ at the church at Halifax, he entered the lists as a competitor for the office of organist. In this contest he displayed that ingenuity which was afterwards to find its proper sphere in a still greater pursuit; he was preferred before others, and remained here some little time, and finally visited the then fashionable city of Bath, where he gave several musical performances, which were so highly appreciated by the residents of that place that he speedily obtained the situation of organist at the Octagon Chapel. Here he had some opportunity of adding to his income by taking private pupils, which, together with the regular salary attached to his professional labours, placed him in a position still more favourable for the prosecution of his scientific studies.

When we remember the means at that time in existence for the attainment of knowledge, we feel that the man who succeeded in making himself master of such difficult subjects as astronomy and optics from very imperfect sources of information must have been a persevering student. The best works on astronomy at that time was Keill's "Lectures," read at Oxford before the students of the University at the beginning of the 18th century—a masterly treatise, embodying the Newtonian theories of matter and motion as they were known at that time, before they received their full explana-

tion at the hands of Laplace; also, Ferguson's "Astronomy," a popular work, extremely useful, but giving more information on the subject of eclipses, and on the approaching transits of Venus over the sun in the years 1761 and 1769, than any details suitable for a tyro. There were also numerous papers published from time to time in the "Philosophical Transactions;" but the high price at which that work was published prevented any but the most opulent from possessing it.

Nevertheless, with these disadvantages, Herschel felt that interest in the subject of the heavenly bodies which inspired him with the desire of seeing the phenomena of which he had read with so much pleasure. Telescopes at that time were a rarity, found in observatories and in the mansions of the wealthy. Herschel borrowed from a friend a two-feet Gregorian reflector, with which instrument he surveyed the members of the planetary system. This class of instrument, although considered at that time of great value, is utterly ignored at the present day. The telescopes then in use were either of the reflecting kind, or formed with glass lenses whose powers were extremely limited. In 1757, Dollond succeeded in improving the refracting telescope, and caused the utter rejection of those unwieldy instruments that up to that time had obtained favour. Dr. Long, at the University of Oxford, frequently used a sixty-feet refracting telescope to observe the belts of Jupiter and ring of Saturn; such an instrument was entirely superseded by the patent achromatic telescope of Dollond, 3½ feet long, and carrying magnifying powers far superior to one of the ordinary construction 100 feet in length. None but a scientific man, after numerous attempts, could have any hope of succeeding in the attempt to construct a telescope of this kind. In fact, these unwieldy instruments were nothing more than lenses of extraordinary focal length, not mounted in tubes, but fixed at the top of a long pole; by ingenious mechanical contrivances the object-glass could be elevated or depressed to the required altitude at pleasure, and at the focal point of this elevated lens was placed the eye-glass, with which the observer followed the image formed by the object-glass at the elevated end of the pole. When improvements on such clumsy instruments were made, no wonder they were received with delight by the scientific world. The Gregorian telescopes were of a different class to those we have mentioned. They were the most perfect instruments then in existence, of greater power to the ordinary refractors, but inferior to the new "achromatics," just then introduced to the public.

The great pleasure which Herschel experienced in viewing with his own eyes that which he had previously only read of, induced him to order a Gregorian reflector from London of somewhat larger dimensions than the one he had borrowed. The price of this instrument was entirely beyond his means. The best maker of reflecting telescopes at that time was Mr. James Short, an optician residing at Edinburgh, who charged very high prices for his instruments. On looking over his catalogue we see it stated that, for a Gregorian reflector of two feet focal length and five inches diameter, and possessing magnifying powers from 70 to 250, no less a sum than 35 guineas was charged; for a similar instrument three feet long and six inches diameter, magnifying 300 times, 75 guineas; and for a four-feet telescope, 100 guineas, and higher in proportion as the instrument was more elaborately finished. With such difficulties in the way of the attainment of his wishes, Mr. Herschel, who had extensively read the best optical works, determined to put his knowledge to the test, and construct, with his own hands, an instrument equal in power to that he was unable to purchase. A more difficult task cannot be conceived; if not a very easy undertaking for an optician, with every means at command, it was still more difficult for an ordinary individual, who had to commence the work with many misgivings as to the ultimate issue. There was, first, the difficulty of procuring a disc of metal cast to the required size, and next, the working of that surface to the proper curve to produce a focal image. The wearing down of the surface of the metal, by coarse emery powder and water, to the proper thickness, was of itself a problem not easy of execution. Properly speaking, the curve should be formed by the revolution of a parabola or hyperbola round its axis, at one of the foci of which the optical image is formed. Herschel determined to construct a Newtonian reflector, somewhat easier in execution to a Gregorian, and far superior in an astronomical point of view. He chose the principle of the reflecting telescope from the circumstance that, at that time—from the imperfect sources of information as to the proper curves necessary to be observed in grinding an object-glass for an instrument of the refracting kind—so many difficulties would be encountered as to render the successful construction of a telescope on that principle entirely out of the question. Had he lived in our day he would have stood a better chance. Our best optical treatises contain numerous tables of the requisite information for the different radii to which lenses should be ground, besides entering fully into the consideration of that question which in 1773 was so imperfectly understood—chromatic dispersion, and the possibility of obviating it by varying the substances of the combined lenses of the object-glass. As this was the case, Herschel wisely directed his attention to the construction of a Newtonian reflector, in which the errors arising from the different refrangibility of light do not occur, from the fact of the concave mirror uniting all the rays to a point without separation. Many trials were made, and many failures were the result, till at last he was rewarded with a sight of the planet Saturn through a five-feet Newtonian reflector of his own construction. The reflecting telescope is rendered all the more valuable by the circumstance that any magnifying power may be applied, providing the figure of the reflecting speculum is good, whereas, in the instruments with glass lenses—not achromatically formed—only the very lowest magnifiers can be used without distorting the image.

Thus far we have followed Mr. Herschel as a linguist, mathematician, musician, and successful master of the sciences of astronomy and optics. From this period, 1774, we shall have to deal with him as an astronomer, and that one of the foremost rank. Before entering into any details of the extraordinary success he displayed in investigating the laws which regulate the heavenly bodies, it will be well to take a brief review of the state of astronomy at the time he commenced his career as an observer. From Ferguson's "Astronomy," already referred to, a good idea of the state of know-

ledge at that time may be derived. The eminent men who had studied the science up to that time were but the pioneers to herald the way for greater results to be achieved by Herschel. Foremost in the rank was Flamstead, who, during the time he filled the office of Astronomer Royal at Greenwich, recorded and catalogued the places of 3000 stars with extraordinary accuracy, which have served as landmarks to those who have followed in his wake. Bradley rendered great service by the discovery, after many years of anxious research, of the aberration of light—a most wonderful discovery, only surpassed by others on a scale of greater magnitude. Halley had predicted the return of the comet which appeared in 1758-9, and had excited in the public mind some degree of respect for astronomy. Captain Cook, in 1769, successfully observed the transit of Venus over the sun at the island of Otaheite, and from the difference of parallax between an observer stationed on that island and others observing at St. Petersburg, Pekin, and Batavia, the true distance of the earth and other planetary bodies from the sun was arrived at. In Ferguson's work, published before this transit, the distances of the planets from the sun are stated to be—Mercury, 32,000,000 miles; Venus, 59,000,000; Earth, 82,000,000; Mars, 125,000,000; Jupiter, 426,000,000; and Saturn, 780,000,000. When the observations of the transit were compared, the real distances of the planets were found to be in this order—Mercury, 36,890,000 miles; Venus, 68,770,000; Earth, 95,298,260; and Jupiter and Saturn, the two outermost planets, brought up the rear at the distance of 495,817,000 and 900,000,000 miles. The planetary system was thus thought to be almost the universe, and the planet Saturn a fitting object—with the splendour of its rings, and its five satellites—to guard the frontiers of the solar system. We shall soon see that it is but an atom in the vast universe of stars. The fixed stars had scarcely been observed, except as an occasional experiment of the powers of the telescope, when it was in all cases found that the higher the magnifying power, the less the size of the star,—whereas the planets expanded into brilliant disks. Under these circumstances, astronomers were content to observe the planetary bodies, and to construct correct tables of their motions; and this they had scarcely succeeded in doing, when the appearance of Herschel in the field completely revolutionized the established order of things, and enlarged the domain of research by his extraordinaty revelations of the far-off star-dust. We shall now follow him in his various discoveries.

From the period of his success in the construction of a telescope, Herschel prosecuted his labours in the fabrication of instruments of greater size and power, and, after many failures, succeeded in forming a disc of metal for a seven-feet reflector so exquisitely perfect as to bear almost any magnifying power. With this powerful instrument he was placed, as it were, at the head of the astronomical world as regarded the means of observation. But his perseverance did not rest here. He constructed a ten-feet telescope, and his success in this undertaking led him to prosecute his labours, till a twenty-feet mirror followed in succession. A more powerful telescope had never previously been thought of, much more attempted. All this time he held the situation of organist, and employed a large portion of what leisure the cessation from musical concerts afforded him in fashioning the specula for these telescopes. When once he sat down to prepare a speculum, he would work at it till it was completed, without once quitting his employment to swallow food, which his sister was obliged to put into his mouth with a spoon. So much interest did he now take in astronomy and the making of telescopes, that he gradually began to limit the number of his professional engagements and pupils, to afford still more time for the prosecution of his favourite pursuits. He observed the known bodies of the planetary system with great care, and in 1780 examined the ring of Saturn with the view of explaining some divisions visible on the edges of the ring not before noticed. In such observations all his telescopes were employed.

He now commenced a careful review of the heavens star by star, and for a year and a half made close observations and comparisons of the relative situations of the fixed stars. He was thus occupied on the evening of the 13th March, 1781, when, examining the sign of Gemini with his seven-feet telescope, near the bright stars Castor and Pollux, he noticed one star of the seventh magnitude, hardly visible to the naked eye, which happened to fall within the field of his telescope. There were visible at one view several stars; but this one, of the seventh magnitude, appeared unusually large for a fixed star, and excited the attention of Herschel. He directed the twenty-feet telescope to the star, under a magnifying power of 932, when the strange object appeared much larger than the other stars, and caused further observations to be made. Not knowing what the new body might be, he conjectured it to be a comet. There was this peculiarity in the strange star; if it were a comet, it had not that peculiar appendage termed a tail, with which comets are generally accompanied. Having before this time contributed to the "Philosophical Transactions" some results of his various observations, Herschel thought it necessary to acquaint the Astronomer Royal with his discovery, and the new star was observed by Dr. Maskelyne, at Greenwich, on the 17th of March. The Astronomer Royal thought the new star was not a comet, but some new planet. It shone with a faint steady light, somewhat paler than Jupiter. The President Bochard de Saron, of Paris, and Lexel, of St. Petersburg,—the latter of whom was in London at the time,—now attempted to calculate an orbit for the supposed comet, but found in a short time that the parabolic curve in which a comet should revolve was totally unable to reconcile the discrepancies between the observed places of the comet and those indicated by theory. It was now the subject of criticism at all the European observatories; and after many observations had been made, the result was apparent to all, that Herschel had discovered a new planet, revolving in an orbit beyond that of Saturn, very nearly in the form of a circle, the radius of which was about nineteen times the earth's mean distance from the sun. It was then supposed that the time of revolution of the new planet round the sun was not less than 82 years; and subsequent research has placed its distance from the sun at

1,800,000,000 miles, subject to variations in consequence of the attracting influence of the planetary bodies nearest to it. When this fact was determined, calculations were made as to its orbit, and the various star-charts were examined to discover whether the new planet had been observed by any previous astronomer as a fixed star. This was found to be the case. It was recorded by Flamstead on the 13th of December, 1690, as the 34th star in the constellation Taurus; again in 1712 and 1715. It was likewise noticed by Mayer, at Gottingen, on September 25, 1756; and no less than twelve times by Lemonnier, even so late as 1771. When the telescope was directed to those parts of the heavens where the supposed fixed star had then been seen, the region was blank, and thus there could be no doubt of Herschel having added another body to the planetary system. Herschel named the new planet "Georgium Sidus," in honour of the King, but many foreign astronomers continued for many years to call it Uranus, which mythological name, agreeing with those of the other planets, it still retains. If Herschel had achieved no other discovery it would have been a grand effort, as from the detection of this new body among the planetary group, and the investigations to which its discovery gave rise, we are indebted for those numerous additions to the solar system between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, now exciting so much interest by the curious fact of their once common origin. But this was but the beginning of a grand series of future discoveries, one equalling the other in point of magnitude, and each in its turn establishing the truth of what had before been conjectured to be fact.

This discovery now made Herschel's name known throughout the world, and it was not long before the reigning monarch, George III., signified his approval of his genius and scientific talents by appointing him private Astronomer Royal, at a salary of £400 per annum. He now married, and removed from Bath to Datchet, and afterwards to Slough, and commenced his examinations of the fixed stars, and a critical investigation of the construction of the universe.

Herschel, once established at Slough, and enjoying royal patronage, began to turn his attention to the production of still more powerful telescopes. The most celebrated of these was the forty-feet telescope, for a time the admiration of the scientific world. If his seven-feet and twenty-feet telescopes were a great advance in the construction of these wonderful auxiliaries to observation, the forty-feet was still more so. The design for an instrument of such prodigious dimensions was submitted to the King, through the medium of Sir Joseph Banks, and his Majesty agreed to bear the expense of the undertaking. It was commenced in 1785, and, after great obstacles in the way of casting and polishing a mass of metal of such prodigious dimensions, it was completed and ready for use in August, 1789. The "Philosophical Transactions" for 1795 contain a full description of this instrument, extending to 63 pages of letter-press, and illustrated by 18 plates. Some details may be interesting. The speculum—the principal part of the instrument involving difficulty in the construction—was made of a metallic composition of copper and tin, and weighed, when taken from the casting, 2118 lbs.; it was 3½ inches in thickness, and the diameter of the reflecting surface 48 inches. When this speculum was found to be perfect, it was placed at one end of a tube of sheet-iron joined together without rivets, about 1-36th part of an inch in thickness, each plate of which weighed 14 lbs. the square foot: this tube was well coated with paint to preserve it from rust. It took 24 men, divided into sets of six, to move the tube from the place where it was manufactured to its resting-place at Slough. The length of the tube was 39 feet 4 inches, and the diameter 4 feet 10 inches; and on a moderate calculation it was found that a wooden tube of the same dimensions would have exceeded an iron one in weight by at least 3000 lbs. Many contrivances were resorted to in order to preserve the proper shape, and various hoops were fixed within the tube, and longitudinal bars of iron were also placed at certain distances to keep the sheets of iron in their proper places, considering the enormous pressure to which they were subjected. At the elevated end of the tube the eye-glasses were attached, and the observer looking through them viewed the image formed by the great speculum in the air at the side of the tube. The frame-work was of colossal dimensions, and somewhat resembled the machinery for raising the sails of a ship. The observer was stationed on a gallery at the elevated extremity of the tube: this gallery could be easily raised, but to move the great tube required the employment of the main tackle. Various mechanical contrivances were employed to move the telescope when necessary. The whole framework rested upon rollers, and the foundation consisted of brick walls, an outer and an inner wall; these walls were covered with paving-stones three inches thick, and 12¾ inches broad. In the centre was a large post of oak, braced together under ground, and made fast to brickwork for steadiness. Round this as a centre the whole framework moved horizontally, by means of 20 rollers—12 upon the outer and 8 upon the inner wall. The whole of this apparatus could be moved with great facility when necessary, and required, when used for observation, the attendance of three persons—one to work the tackle, another to observe, and a third to note down the observations. The speculum was lifted into the lower end of the tube by a mechanical contrivance, and when not in use was removed to avoid the pernicious effects of the night air. Various magnifiers were applied to the different objects to which it was directed, which will be afterwards alluded to. The framework and timbers having decayed, this telescope was dismantled after the death of its illustrious maker, and another one, of half its size, erected in its place by Sir J. F. Herschel, and this smaller instrument occupied the site of the celebrated forty-feet telescope till the removal of its illustrious proprietor from Slough to Collingwood.

The principal discoveries which have rendered Herschel's name known to all who are familiar with astronomical science are the following:—

In the Planetary System he made a number of observations on the sun at various times, particularly in 1779, when two large spots were visible to the naked eye, not less than 50,000 miles in diameter; and, subsequently, he followed up these observations, from which he concluded that, in the case of this large spot, he viewed the real body of the sun, which at other times is

rarely to be seen through its shining atmosphere. He says—"The sun appears to be nothing less than a very eminent, large, and lucid planet, evidently the first, or, rather, the only primary one of our system—all the rest being secondary to it. It is most probably inhabited, like the rest of the planets, by beings whose organs are adapted to the peculiar circumstances of that vast globe." To the objection that if the sun be a habitable globe, as its heat is so considerable to us at 95,000,000 miles' distance, its surface must be scorched beyond all conception, he showed, from many philosophical facts, that heat is produced by the sun's rays only when they act upon a calorific medium—as the collision of flint and steel will inflame a magazine of gunpowder by uniting with its latent fire, and bringing the whole into action. He also directed attention to another instance in support of his theory: at the tops of mountains, where clouds seldom reach to shelter them from the direct rays of the sun, we always find regions of ice and snow; from this he supposed that the fluids composing the solar atmosphere, and the matter on its surface, are of such a nature as not to be capable of any excessive heat from its own rays. In this age of photographic science great value is attached to the researches of Herschel on the nature and constitution of the solar rays. In 1800 he communicated to the Royal Society a paper on the "Heating Powers of the Solar Spectrum." Previous to this time it was supposed that each ray contributed its proportional share to the intensity of the heat when the rays are concentrated to a focus by a burning glass. Herschel viewed the sun with various telescopes, and used combinations of differently-coloured darkened glasses. In some cases he felt a sensation of heat with very little light; while others gave much light with scarcely any heat. He supposed from this that the prismatic rays had the power of heating bodies very unequally distributed among them, and determined, as the result, that the yellow and green rays afforded the greatest quantity of light, while the violet ray had the least. He even hinted the fact—now so well known—whether the chemical properties of the prismatic colours are not as different as those which relate to light and heat. These suggestions have led to our present knowledge of photography.

The Moon.—Herschel frequently used his powerful telescopes on the surface of the nearest body in the solar system, particularly in the year 1787, when, on the 19th and 20th of April of that year, he fancied he saw evidences of volcanic action going on in the dark part of the new moon. The burning matter was situated very near to the spot Helicón, and appeared similar to a piece of burning charcoal, when it is covered with a very thin coat of white ashes, with a degree of brightness as strong as that with which such a body would be seen to glow in faint daylight. Whether he was right in his conjectures cannot be determined. At all times the surface of the moon presented a magnificent appearance when viewed with the forty-feet telescope, charged with a power of 1000 or more. With 1000 it appeared as though only 240 miles distant. But our astronomer directed his attention more to the distant bodies of the universe than to the object of making any discoveries on the nearest orb.

The Planetary bodies were occasionally subjected to the scrutiny of Herschel's powerful telescopes. *Mercury* shines with such proximity to the overpowering brilliancy of the solar rays, that his large telescopes were comparatively useless in giving a well-defined view of that planet. The same result attended his attempts to obtain some idea of the real time of the rotation of *Venus* on her axis; he endeavoured to determine whether it was 23½ hours or 24 days—at that time an open question—but without success. He was more successful in his observations of *Mars*, and published some interesting facts connected with the rotation of that planet in the "Philosophical Transactions" for 1784. Near the south pole of Mars a large white spot had been observed for years previous to the time of Herschel, which was subject to various changes. His idea was that the occasional disappearance of this luminous spot was caused by the planet being subjected to the influence of a long winter, and, consequently, absence of the influence of the sun. In 1781, the spot was extremely large, when the south pole had been involved in a whole twelvemonth's darkness and absence of the sun; in 1783, it was considerably smaller, and decreased continually for some months, the south pole then enjoying the benefit of summer; while, to countenance this idea, in 1781 the north polar spot appeared extremely small, and the reverse in 1783. He concluded that the bright polar spots were caused by the vivid reflection of light from the frozen regions. In all Herschel's observations on Mars, no moon was visible as an attendant on that planet.

Herschel made frequent observations on the *four small planets* then recently added to the solar system between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, and his estimate of their sizes differed very considerably from those of some of the German astronomers. At that time the attention of the scientific world was less directed to these minute planets than at present. With reference to *Jupiter* he made a long series of observations on the four satellites, from which he inferred that they rotated upon their axes in the time of one synodical revolution round Jupiter, exactly similar to the moon round the earth. He was led to this result from remarking the great difference in the relative brightness of the satellites in different positions, which could only be explained on the above hypothesis. With his superior instruments he made many observations on the belts of Jupiter, and occasionally saw them broken up into numerous smaller belts—a phenomenon extremely rare. With the planet *Saturn* Herschel was still more successful in explaining certain difficulties, which he alone could do with the superior optical assistance he possessed. His idea of this planet was, that it resembled a parallelogram, with the four corners rounded off so as to leave the equatorial and polar regions flatter than they would be in a regular spherical figure. This opinion has since been shown to be erroneous, and probably arose from some optical cause. Herschel frequently saw spots on the surface of Saturn, particularly in the summer of 1780. In 1793 he noticed a quintuple belt, by which he determined the time of the rotation of the planet round its axis, which was before unknown. He was likewise of opinion that Saturn was surrounded by a dense atmosphere, which fact he gathered from numerous observations on the changes in the appearance and number of the belts from year to year, and from the appearance of the closest

satellite when about to be eclipsed behind the body of the planet or the ring, when it was observed to hang upon the disc about twenty minutes longer than it should have done if there were no atmospheric refraction.

The planet Saturn, at the time when Herschel commenced his astronomical labours, was supposed to be attended with five satellites, and surrounded with an immense double ring. Four of the satellites were discovered by Cassini, and one by Huyghens, about the year 1672, with very long refracting telescopes. These five old satellites—Titan, Japetus, Rhea, Dione, and Tethys—can be seen in an ordinary telescope whose object-glass is not less than four inches diameter. On the night of the 28th of August, 1789, when the great forty-feet telescope was first used for observation, the planet Saturn was examined, and six satellites were seen, in such situations as rendered it impossible to mistake them. On the 17th of September in the same year, the closest satellite, Mimas, was detected, shining as a very small lucid point. The last two satellites, Enceladus and Mimas, require a telescope of the largest size to show them distinctly. In 1848 another satellite, Hyperion, was added to the list. Of these seven satellites the largest by far is Titan, and Herschel frequently viewed it with a power of 500, when it exhibited a pretty considerable disc. With his powerful telescopes our astronomer frequently observed eclipses of these satellites, and on one occasion—when the interior of them was seen projected on the edge of the ring, at the time the earth was in its plane in the year 1789—he used the satellites as micrometers, to enable him to estimate the thickness of the rings. Up to Herschel's time the planet Saturn at regular intervals appeared deprived of its rings. The increase of optical power which he alone possessed enabled him to keep the thin edge of the ring always in view, even when it was totally invisible in ordinary telescopes. The double ring is about 30,000 miles distant from the surface of Saturn, and keeps always the same position with respect to the planet, and is carried along with it in its revolution round the sun.

The planet *Uranus* for some years after its discovery was frequently examined by Herschel, with the view of determining whether any satellites revolved round it, but without success, as the planet was then in a region of the heavens where minute telescopic stars abounded. In the year 1787, after making some improvements in the largest of his telescopes, by throwing aside the plane speculum of the Newtonian construction, he found the field of view accompanied by so great an increase of light, that he once more examined his new planet with great care. From that time, up to the year 1801, he was of opinion that Uranus was attended with six satellites, but at the time of his discovery of these distant bodies much uncertainty prevailed as to the correctness of his observations, which doubt the present perfection of modern instruments has been unable to settle. In a few years the declination of the planet will place it in a more favourable position for observation, when the correctness of Sir W. Herschel's discovery will be determined.

The *Comets* were observed with great care both by Herschel and his sister, the latter of whom followed the pursuit of astronomy with the same zeal as her brother, and succeeded in discovering several telescopic comets, which gained for her the reward of membership of the Royal Astronomical Society in 1835. Herschel made several observations on the great comet of 1811, and on the night of the 15th of October he estimated the length of the tail as 100,000,000 miles—a space larger than that which separates the earth from the sun, and the breadth of the tail nearly 15,000,000 miles. He was likewise of opinion that the solid matter of the comet was spherical, shining in part by its own native light, and probably rotating round its axis. He computed the period of revolution of this comet to exceed 3000 years —somewhat less than the results arrived at by contemporary astronomers.

Thus far we have followed Herschel in his discoveries in the planetary system. His additions to our knowledge in that extensive field—grand as they necessarily are—are as nothing in comparison of his successful explorations among the fixed stars. Up to his time astronomers contented themselves with occasional glances at the stellar bodies, and no result accrued to the science from their investigations. At the very outset of Herschel's career, his powerful telescopes enabled him to achieve the most brilliant discoveries in this department, the principal of which we now proceed to describe :—

After the invention of the telescope, and its direction to the heavenly bodies, it was noticed, that as improvements were made in the magnifying power, the sizes of the fixed stars, instead of becoming larger, as was generally supposed would be the case, were diminished in magnitude, whereas the planetary bodies exhibited an enlargement of disc in proportion as the magnifying power was increased. The inference resulting from this fact was, that the stars must be situated at immense distances from the earth, so that the telescopes then in use had no effect when charged with their full magnifiers. This was the idea which prevailed at the commencement of Herschel's career ; and though most of the scientific men previous to his time were acquainted with the fact of the enormous distances of the stars from the solar system, it does not appear that any of them endeavoured to determine that distance, if possible. The Rev. Dr. Bradley, and one or two others, were the exceptions to this scientific apathy. Dr. Hooke, in 1669, endeavoured to discover the amount of displacement of the star marked Gamma, in the constellation Draco, one of the stars visible nearly all the year. Not having instruments sufficiently accurate to measure small angles, the plan failed. The attempt of Flamstead, a few years later, met with the same result, and it was not till the time of Bradley, in the year 1725, that anything like perfection attended such attempts to discover the distances of the stars. For some years Bradley observed the same star as Dr. Hooke had done, and arrived at the conclusion that the motion of light, combined with the progressive motion of the earth in its orbit, causes the stars to be seen in a different position from what they would be if the eye were at rest. This was one of the most brilliant discoveries ever made in astronomy up to that time. With these facts before him, Herschel, finding it impossible—unless by the means of more minutely-divided instruments—to deter-

mine the distances of the stars, proposed another plan. When the earth is at one particular place in its orbit, let an observation be made on two stars very near together in the line of sight: when the earth arrives at the opposite point of its orbit, the two stars ought to appear further apart than in the first case, and thus the angles at which they would appear to us in each of these periods would be different, and the angle of parallax might be computed. In his endeavours to work out this problem, Herschel was led to the discovery of phenomena so extraordinary that it entirely diverted him from the original object he had in view. We now proceed to the consideration of this discovery.

(To be continued.)

VANITY'S REWARD.

BY WM. H. PECK.

A FEW years ago, in winter, James Stoneburn, a rich and miserly lawyer, living in the upper part of the city of New York, rang the bell in his private sitting-room, and summoned his step-daughter, Ellen Grayam, to his presence.

Ellen, a fair and lovely girl of eighteen years, soon appeared before her step-father, with more of dread than affection in her manner.

"Your eyes are red, Miss," said Stoneburn, in a sharp voice. "You remind me of my late wife, your mother; she did nothing but whine and weep until she died. Sit down."

"She had cause enough to weep," said Ellen with much spirit, and indignant that her mother should be alluded to so scornfully. "She never made but one mistake in her life, and that was when she married you, James Stoneburn: so great a mistake, that for ten years she grieved over it, and then died."

"Enough! I have sent for you to know whether you will marry Simon Cline or not?"

"My answer shall be given to Simon Cline, and not to you, sir," replied Ellen.

"Your dignity demands that, I suppose," said Stoneburn, with a sneer. "Mr. Cline!"

As he spoke, a large curtain, hiding an alcove window, was moved aside, and a tall, elderly man, with dark and sinister face, placed himself before Ellen Grayam.

"Simon Cline awaits his doom," said this man, bowing and grimacing.

Ellen started at his unexpected presence, but recovering her natural firmness very soon said to him—

"I inform Mr. Cline that I can never be his wife. Mr. Cline is old enough to be my father."

"The greater your chance of becoming a rich young widow, my dear," said Simon Cline.

"I have given my final decision," said Ellen haughtily. "I will now retire, hoping never again to be insulted by either of you."

"Stay," said Stoneburn. "I will tell you the consequences of your refusal, that, having heard them, you may be inclined to reconsider your decision, and change it."

"Nothing can force me to change it; so let me retire," said Ellen.

"You must listen," said Stoneburn. "Your refusal will make your accepted lover, my young clerk, Henry Tyler, a convict."

"A convict! Henry Tyler a convict!" exclaimed Ellen, growing pale.

"Ha! That touches a tender spot," sneered Stoneburn. "You thought I had not discovered my clerk's presumption, and your folly. You and Henry Tyler have secretly plighted vows. I intend to make you break them."

"Miss Grayam thinks I am too old," said Simon Cline, "but I have been a handsomer man than ever Henry Tyler was. Here is my miniature—taken when I was of his age, twenty-five; and I think I am as presentable now as then."

Simon Cline, vain and villanous, thrust a golden-framed miniature into Ellen's hand as he spoke.

She did not glance at it, but involuntarily her trembling fingers closed upon it, and she felt as if about to faint with terror, as she gazed upon the time-and-sin-hardened faces of the unprincipled men before her.

"Before you retire," said Stoneburn, producing a letter, "read this, that you may see I am not jesting."

Ellen opened the letter, scarcely knowing what she did, and read as follows:—

"New York, Dec. 20th, 184–.

"Dearest Ellen,—I am innocent, yet I am in the Tombs on charges of forgery and robbery. Your step-father is my accuser, and holds strong proofs against me; yet I swear I am innocent. Be true to me, and never doubt Your affectionate lover,

"HENRY TYLER."

Poor Ellen sank into a chair, and covered her face with her hands.

"Oh, this is terrible!" she said. "But he is innocent—I know he is innocent. Poor Henry!"

"A jury shall convict him with my evidence and Mr. Cline's," said Stoneburn. "I intercepted that note on its way to you. Come, come—no more tears. I've been drowned with tears these ten years. Go to your room, and think of all I have said."

Ellen arose and left the room, feeling that she would swoon if she remained to be tortured more.

When she was gone Simon Cline rubbed his hands gleefully, and said—

"It will do—it will do! She will yield."

"She shall!" said Stoneburn sharply. "But, Simon Cline, you are getting the best of this bargain."

"How so—how so?" cried Cline, quickly. "We are to share her mother's estate, half and half. Oh, you need not scowl at me, James Stoneburn. You are very cunning, and can deceive most men, but not me. Ellen Grayam's mother's whole estate now belongs to Ellen Grayam, though you have made the world believe that you became owner of it when you married her mother. But you are not—oh, no! and I am the only one that can prove it. Don't you wish I was dead?"

"I say you claim too much," said Stoneburn. "You have the proofs in your possession, and have used them ever since my wife died, two years ago, to fill your purse by playing on my fears. And now, not content with living at your ease, you claim one-half of the estate, and the hand of Ellen Grayam!"

"No less! One hundred thousand dollars and the lovely Ellen," said Simon Cline.

Cline nodded firmly as he spoke, and left James Stoneburn wishing Simon Cline was under the earth, and hoping that worthy man might break his neck in the slippery streets that night.

"If I dared I would kill that cormorant," said Stoneburn to his pillow that night, and so fell asleep, wishing he was more wicked than he was.

Poor Ellen had retired to her room, and there swooned as she entered.

When she recovered her senses she found herself lying on her bed, and the housekeeper, Mrs. Stevens, bathing her temples with cologne.

"Ah! I am so miserable," sighed Ellen, as she caught the benevolent glance of the housekeeper.

"Will you tell me what is the matter, my poor child?" asked Mrs. Stevens, as Ellen rose and sat up.

"You were always my dear mother's friend," replied Ellen, "and I will tell you all; but I fear you cannot aid me."

She then related all that had passed, and Mrs. Stevens listened with eager attention.

"Henry Tyler is innocent," said Mrs. Stevens, as Ellen concluded. "I know the young man well, and I know his mother—kind-hearted widow as she is. What a blow it will be to her to hear of this disgrace! You could not have given your love to a more worthy young man, my dear child, and be sure that God will not suffer him to become the victim of those wretches. James Stoneburn I believe to be a villain; the manner in which he treated your poor mother is proof enough. But you said Simon Cline had given you his likeness—"

"His likeness when he was a young man," said Ellen; "and here it is in my hand all the time, as if it was worth—that!"

She tossed it from her in disgust.

Mrs. Stevens picked the miniature up, saying—

"I would like to see it, for though I have seldom seen Mr. Simon Cline, when I did he always reminded me of somebody I knew in Alabama nearly thirty years ago. May I look at it?"

"Oh, yes! and then fling it out of the door," cried Ellen.

"Ah!" screamed Mrs. Stevens, as she opened the golden case and glanced at the picture.

"What is the matter?" cried Ellen, starting up in great alarm.

But Mrs. Stevens had fainted, and lay back in her arm-chair pale and senseless.

Ellen knew that the miniature had something to do with the fainting, and secured it before she rang for assistance.

When Mrs. Stevens was restored to consciousness, Ellen dismissed the servants, and begged her to tell why she had swooned.

But Mrs. Stevens was for a long time silent, yet when she did tell, it made Ellen feel much lighter of heart than she had been for many weeks.

"Simon Cline is to receive your answer again to-morrow night," said Mrs. Stevens, after telling Ellen quite a long story, "and now you are well prepared to answer him. Still I must be present."

"You must conceal yourself in Mr. Stoneburn's sitting-room before they go there to-morrow night," said Ellen.

"I will do so, and hope for the best," said Mrs. Stevens, as she left Ellen much relieved in mind as regarded Simon Cline, but still alarmed for her lover.

At eight o'clock on the following night Ellen received another summons to the presence of her amiable step-father, and when she entered the sitting-room she found Stoneburn and Simon Cline drinking wine quite cosily together.

"Well, Miss Ellen," said Stoneburn, flashing his sharp eyes at her as she appeared, "I hope you have reversed your decision. I see that you have not been crying to-day."

"Let Mr. Simon Cline ask for himself," said Ellen.

"Miss Ellen Grayam," said Cline rising, and smiling so as to reveal a magnificent set of false teeth, "my wooing must appear to you in a most disadvantageous light, but circumstances, you know—ah! may I hope to call Miss Ellen Grayam my wife?"

"There is an insurmountable impediment, Mr. Cline," said Ellen.

"Name it—name it! I will crush it! What is it?" demanded Cline.

"We do not live in Turkey, nor among the Mormons," said Ellen, "and Mr. Cline has a living wife now!"

"What—I! Never!" cried Cline.

The same curtain that had hidden him the night before now was displaced, and Mrs. Stevens appeared, saying—

"I am that wife, George Grew!"

Mr. Cline started as if shot, and stared at Mrs. Stevens in wild dismay.

"You call yourself Simon Cline," said she, shaking her finger at him, and backing him to the wall; "but you are my husband, George Grew, of Mobile, Alabama. Thirty years ago you robbed and deserted me, your wife, robbed many others, and fled, leaving me to bear your infamy. I left Mobile and changed my name, that disgrace might not cling to me, George Grew!"

In dismay the detected rascal glanced towards James Stoneburn.

That *gentleman* seemed in ecstasies!

"Ha!" cried Cline, in high wrath, "I must run again, it seems; but you need not think to escape, James Stoneburn. I go—I am this woman's husband; but when I shall have reached security I will forward the proofs of your villany to the proper quarters. Good night all! Miss Grayam, your lover is innocent; tremble, James Stoneburn! You had best release Henry Tyler before *your* forgeries are discovered."

With these words he hurried away.

"Leave me!" cried Stoneburn, when Cline had departed; and when alone, he continued—"That rascal will betray me! I am ruined! Shame—disgrace—infamy!"

Simon Cline kept his parting promise, and when, on the following day, James Stoneburn heard that the estate was secured to Ellen beyond dispute, and that Henry Tyler had been liberated upon bail, and when he knew that his false charges would be exposed, he fled to his sitting-room and shut himself up.

When the officers of the law sought him, they found his ugly corpse swinging by a bell-cord from the ceiling.

Mr. Simon Cline finally died in Sing Sing, but we have never heard Mrs. Ellen Tyler say that Mrs. Stevens shed a tear about his fate.



W. THOMAS.

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

Sir Joshua Reynolds was not merely one of the best men, but one of the best painters, of his time. This little sketch of his we may suppose was one from real life, and is very pretty and natural, though, in our humble opinion, of the two the boy is by far the most knowing-looking. But, as we learn in the Beggar's Opera—

"'Tis woman that seduces all mankind,
By her we first were taught the wheedling art,
Her very eyes can cheat,"

and this little innocent-looking fortune-teller may turn out an artful little schemer after all.

I'LL THINK OF THEE.

At close of day, when twilight dews
Embalm the scented lea,
And tinge the west in golden hues,
Then I will think of thee.

I'll think of thee when moonlight beams
Athwart the deep blue sea;
And zephyrs 'mid the rustling leaves
Disport in wanton glee.

I'll think of thee in winter's gloom,
When Nature's beauty dies;
I'll think of thee, when spring time comes,
And flowers around us rise.

I'll think of thee 'mid summer beams,
When joy birds sweetly sing;
I'll think of thee when autumn leaves
Lie strewn and withering.

I'll think of thee when music falls
Upon my listening ear,
And every silvery note recalls
The time when thou wert near.

When fancy strays to elfin bowers,
And comes love's witchery,
I'll dream again of vanished hours,
And fondly think of thee.

J. C. D.

THE GREAT SQUARE, ALEXANDRIA.

If you will take my arm we will have a stroll round the Great, or Frank, Square of Alexandria, and observe how it is laid out, &c. As regards the Square itself it is a thousand pities that Said Pasha, amongst his numerous improvements, has not introduced a good stream of water, to cause the fountain in the centre to throw up a cool jet of water; and the fountain itself might be covered over with a light and elegant kiosk, supported on iron colonnades, and affording a delightful promenade for the residents during the heat of the day. At a very, very small expense also, either in pots, or tubs, or artificial parterres, a choice collection of flowers might be reared. Then, again, on either side, along the whole length, an avenue of trees might be planted, which would be the greatest boon the Pasha could bestow upon Europeans, and be only a trifling acknowledgment of the wealth and traffic they bring into his dominions. Such a scheme now would be just as agreeable, and vastly more feasible than the Suez canal business. At least, so we think as we stroll along, and suffer not a little inconvenience, sometimes from the sand, and sometimes from the sun, noting such little incidents as are worthy of note.

If we were to come here between seven and eight in the morning (any day excepting when the Overland Mail is in transit), we should, as a matter of course, pass over to the shadier side of the Square—the one nearest to the sea-shore—and there promenade to and fro. Even at this early hour most of the owners of the various shops which occupy almost the whole range of ground-floors, are here, and their shops are open. Many of them live a considerable distance away, but the greater number have apartments in the khans, which constitute the greater mass of the buildings here.

There can be nothing more deceptive to the eye of the stranger than the outward aspect of this Square, many of the frontages being consulates, or magnificent-looking hotels, with the ground-floor, as before said, converted into shops, some of which are arranged with taste, and have an inviting display of Italian and other nic-nacs in the window. Pass through the main gateway, however, and a very different scene presents itself. You find yourself standing in a dirty, rubbishy old Square, surrounded by porticos, under which are vile dens where camel-drivers, &c., repose. Over-head is a ricketty old balcony, extending to every side of the Square, and accessible by mouldy brick steps. You pass round that balcony, and at every corner you find additional and separate corridors, every one of which, as well as the balcony itself, will conduct you to at least a dozen doors, opening into the homes of large families who have as many rooms, kitchen, &c., included, as they require for domestic purposes. The origin of these extraordinary and intricate buildings was essentially Arab, each khan, when the sole entry-door—which is a stout one—is secured and barricaded, constituting a fortress in itself; and I am positive that in some of the khans about Alexandria a thousand souls could assist to resist an invading foe. I include, of course, women and children old enough to be useful. As may be conceived, the atmosphere about these regions is anything but invigorating; and therefore let us congratulate ourselves that it is our good lot to be promenading outside, and inhaling what morning freshness there is to be inhaled.

The first shop we pass is on the Post-office side of the Square, only at the very opposite extremity, and this is kept by a Polish Hebrew with a barbarous name that would almost crack an alligator's jaws. The contents are chiefly stationery and trashy pictures, mirrors, toys, &c., and a small Arab boy is dusting the counter. The Herr himself, or whatever his title be—he may be a baron for all we know to the contrary—is enjoying himself on the pavement in front of his shop, smoking his morning weed, sipping his morning coffee, and intensely interested in the columns of a newspaper printed in a type that looks like a swarm of black ants suddenly crushed. Next to the Jew is a Genoese—apt companion in traffic—and his shop is entirely devoted to wines, sausages, cheese, and maccaroni. Unlike his next-door neighbour in every respect, except perhaps in cunning, he is assiduously arranging his own shop with his own hands—it would be dangerous to trust a hungry boy with such good things to tempt him. As his time is precious, the Genoese, at the lapse of every two minutes, pauses opposite a goodly-sized bottle of French wine, beside which are cheese, bread, and sausage, and here he breakfasts *sans facon*, an oyster-knife and a cork-screw being the only implements in service. Next comes the Cairo Post-office, which is open, although there will be no business there till the end of the week. Still the old man who is post-master has a notion that he is perfectly bewildered by the multiplicity of his occupations, and so he sits here smoking pipes and writing imaginary despatches from sunrise to sunset. Then there is a shop with ready-made French shoes, and a shop with jewellery; a shop also where carpenter's work is carrying on briskly, and where they will undertake anything in the cabinet department, from a cheffionier to an inlaid coffin. But all the padrones (the owners) are absent; they are gone to the morning levee, which is held at the apothecary's a few doors lower down—for the apothecary is a great man amongst the small fry about the Square, learned in decocting drugs, learned in literature, a great politician, a tremendous orator, and a prophet of all the dreadful evils and massacres which are about to be perpetrated (according to him) upon unoffending virtuous Christians. He has predicted the same terrible event for the last ten years, but there is, nevertheless, something so ghastly and enthralling in the emphatic way in which he dives into all the horrors of fanatical emeutes (and how he revelled in the Indian mutiny, and pointed exultingly to the commencement of what he predicted would prove the dreadful end!), that timid little Levantine ship-brokers and shop-keepers felt irresistibly drawn towards and fascinated by him, till they positively shook in their shoes, and lived a wretched life of suspense and dread. As we pass we find some twoscore men sitting on stools in front of the apothecary's shop; they are all smoking, but listening intently to him whilst he expounds to them, in a voice of thunder and with much gesticulation, the fulminating leading article in the last number of the *Portfolio Maltese*—a paper that his audience secretly attribute to his own pen.

So does the Consul-General of France, who occupies the magnificent palace next door; and this accounts to

you and me for the fact of the four cawasses and the two chancelliers being all here at this early hour, seated under the eagle and the tri-colour drapeau, smoking also, but listening with ears and eyes "as big as saucers," as the French say, and ready to grab at anything that would afford a handle for a little theme to the Sardinian Consul-General, for the apothecary is a native of Sardinia. We have passed the Peninsular and Oriental Hotel without noticing it, firstly, because it extended over most of the shops, and was above the immediate range of survey; secondly, hotels in every part of the world are as like as two peas.

Past the French Consul's, and immediately to the left is a short broad street, which leads from the centre of the Square away to the ramparts on the sea-shore. These ramparts might constitute a most agreeable evening and morning promenade if some attention were paid to cleanliness, and the back of the khans and other buildings were decorated with something more picturesque, or at least less offensive to the eye, than the squalid filth of the people living in huts hereabouts. Half-way down this street, so a board at the corner of the Square tells us, is the shop of Phillips, shoe and boot maker, from Hoby's, London. This man's career is another proof of what constant perseverance and industry may accomplish. Originally he was a private in the 10th Hussars at Bombay, and was, I believe, saddler to the regiment; even there his prudence, &c., enabled him to buy his discharge, and though a married man with a family, he contrived to get home, perfect himself in the trade to which he had been originally apprenticed, and then had the immense moral courage to venture out to this place, leaving his family behind, merely supplied with the tools requisite for his trade, and not more than half-a-sovereign he could call his own in the world. The struggles he had to encounter and overcome would have crushed an ordinary spirit, but he is now one of the most respected tradesmen in the place, has his family living with him, and has accumulated an ample sufficiency against a rainy day.

Passing further down the Square, we pass more small shops, with more hotels and billiard-rooms over them; then our friend the Broker's, already visited; then an open space, and here carefully hedged in, and as carefully planted, is the plot, on the centre of which rises the truly pretty little Protestant Church, consecrated by Bishop Gobat, of Jerusalem, in April, 1855. The land was the gift of the Pasha, and is a lasting monument to his tolerance. The inside decorations of the church are simple but neat, and it has a very fine-toned organ, on which lady amateurs play during divine service. Yonder old gentleman, thickly shod and hot, is the incumbent; he has been for his regular constitutional, which extends over some ten miles, and is now hurrying home to his house opposite, with a keen-set appetite for breakfast. There away to the left, and close by the ramparts, is the British Consulate, where "*the flag that braved a thousand years*" dangles occasionally from a very paltry little affair of a flag-staff.

The Post-office brings us to the further end of the Square. Before us is the road to Kumlah, on either side of which rise new and handsome edifices, and by following which we should be conducted to the magnificent villas of some of the gentry by the borders of the Mahmoudiak Canal. We shall visit them when we have time to look about the suburbs; at present we devote our inspection to the Square.

Turning to the right, and crossing over, we have to our left a large, but not very handsome, edifice (the private residence of some Egyptian dignitary) which extends across the whole breadth of the Square. Reaching the opposite side we can discern, through the arched vaults, on which almost all the buildings on this side are supported, another open space—a kind of inferior square, surrounded by unpresuming buildings, and containing the grounds of the Roman Catholic Church and Schools. Here also is situated Wood's Victoria Hotel, and beyond these are the Public Baths, so much frequented by travellers, and the Hospital, which is also, unfortunately, often frequented by strangers, but which is an admirable institution, and a credit to the Church that originated the plan. The sisters that wait as nurses are patterns of patience and kindliness. The whole establishment is conducted upon a system of cleanliness and discipline, which would be a credit to any city in Europe, and the charges to such patients as can afford to pay are exceedingly moderate.

Keeping, however, within the Square, we turn our back upon the Egyptian dignitary's house, and proceed to retraverse it, only on the opposite side, and in an opposite direction. To our left now rise a pile of dwelling-houses and offices occupied by the wealthiest merchants in the land—British as well as foreign—and this is decidedly the aristocratic portion of the Square. About midway and nearly opposite to the fountain is a fine broad road, only recently constructed, and called the European road. About here there are numerous well-constructed houses and small shops, which we shall pass when we visit the Mahmoudiak Canal one of these bright mornings. Up here, also, within the pale of my memory, came a spectacle, such as made my British blood thrill with pleasure, and my British heart leap with joy. Up here, one fine morning during the Crimean war, there came old familiar notes—the martial clang of distant music, and the Square, now so solitary and deserted, was densely packed with thousands who had never dreamt of, or never witnessed, such a spectacle before. And high up in the balcony were fair ladies and gallant gentlemen, all waiting anxiously also. And then there drew nearer and nearer the familiar notes of "Partant pour la Syrié," and suddenly there rode through the Square, with as much order, and, apparently, as little fatigue, as though they were only returning from parade, the gallant 10th Hussars, just arrived all the way from an up-country station in India; and the natives—Greeks included—involuntarily applauded at the sight. So also there passed here, at a later period, the equally gallant 12th Lancers, and since then Egyptians have become familiar with the British soldier, and the sailor too, during the recent Indian mutiny. So also, though a very different spectacle, we have paused sometimes to let pass the columns of Egyptian infantry, the men clad in dirty white and besmeared with dust far above the knees; rank and file carrying their muskets just as the inclination of the moment led them. The officers, all with a heavy stoop in the back, and shoes that have ever been ignorant of Warren, and these warriors preceded by a meet band of musicians with fifes and ket-

tle-drums, playing the same eternal rat-tat-tat through hours of space and over miles of time. But, to do the Pasha justice, the cavalry are in far better order, being mostly commanded by Europeans, and the band of the Egyptian Guards is composed of really good performers, that it is quite a treat to hear.

Crossing this European Road, and continuing towards the bottom of the Square, we have more brokers' offices, more apothecaries, the Peninsular and Oriental Company's offices, the hatter from Paris, the Hotel d' Europe, and a German banker's. Above these more Consuls and private residences. Opposite to us, occupying the corner leading to the Market-place, is a well-known café, celebrated for villainous wines and spirits, and as being the resort of cut-throat renegades. Across this end of the Square extends a rather handsome row of buildings, terminating in what is called the Exchange Coffee-house.

At this hour of the day we have nothing going forward. A little later, and it will be swarmed with business people and donkey boys; a little later, and all those old hack carriages drawn up in front of the P. and O. Hotel will disappear for the benefit of pleasure-seeking captains or strangers; later still, and the place will be a desert of Jehara—every shop shut up, and every one gone away to dinner or to sleep. Come here late, say about half-past 5 p.m., and the Square is alive with fashionable promenaders, dressed in the height of Parisian fashion; splendid carriages, not to be surpassed in Hyde Park, rattle by in quick succession; equestrians, that would do credit to Rotten Row, prance by on exquisite Arabs, conveying them to their pleasant ride by the Canal-side—many of the best-mounted gentlemen and ladies being sometimes the colour of an exceedingly well-polished boot, the complexion set off to black advantage by snowy garments well starched and stiff as anything could make them. When all these are coming back again and going home to dinner, then the Arabs and the night watchmen hold little reunions amongst themselves, chattering like a parcel of insane apes, and rendering night hideous with unmelodious ditties, at which the very street curs howl in despair.

OUR BRUNO.

BY MARY ORME.

Our Bruno was my brother Fred's pet bear. I can't tell why we called him *our* Bruno, for everybody in the house hated him, except Fred. When my brother was sixteen, he said one day to father—

"I want to go hunting with Uncle Wareham Mason."

"Uncle Wareham" was a famous hunter, a sort of second Nimrod. It was a high ambition to aspire to go hunting with this veteran.

"You are a smart youngster," said father. "How will you bear camping out? How will you relish a wigwam, and a bed of spruce boughs, with plenty of soft snow beneath?"

"Oh we shall have fires, and blankets, and snow, and spruce, and Uncle Wareham knows how to keep comfortable. He can make a snow blanket do more good than some folks could get out of a buffalo-skin. He's grand, and no mistake, and he would not take another fellow of my age in town. He told Art Wheeler he would not."

"And you expect to be a man when you have camped out three weeks," said father.

Fred blushed—

"I think I shall not be any younger when I come back," said he.

"But you may be a bigger boy," said father. "However, I will give you leave to try the woods, and see if you don't come home cured."

Mother was full of fears, but she did not like to say anything about it, and Fred went to the backwoods with the veteran hunter. He came home, to my mother's surprise and delight, without the rheumatism, or consumption, but with an increased vigour, and a flow of spirits that was really remarkable.

I noticed when I told Imogene Marston, a beautiful icy flame of Fred's, that brother was going hunting, she turned very pale, and that her red lips were blue and pallid, but she did not say a word. I almost thought it was because she cared for him, but I was soon undeceived, for she remarked a good while after—

"I love Uncle Wareham more than all my other uncles, and I am always frightened when he goes hunting in the deep snow and terrible winter weather."

I had forgotten that Mr. Mason was her mother's brother. Everybody in town called him Uncle Wareham. So this was the cause of her pale lips when I spoke of Frederick's going hunting.

Several matters of importance were achieved in that three weeks' hunting. A boy's ability to camp out twenty-one nights, and come home all the better for it, was demonstrated, and he brought home besides his improved health, a good pack of skins of small animals, such as mink, muskrat, and one young otter. It was a great triumph for a boy of sixteen to do what Fred had done, and there was no end of evenings to relate his adventures. Even Imogene listened with a cold complacency to the exploits of the young Nimrod. But Fred got a taste for the woods, and their inhabitants, that turned out a great trial to all of us.

In one of his expeditions he captured a young bear, not as large as a month-old Newfoundland pup, and a good deal uglier. To Fred he was a pet, having first-rate recommendations.

Everybody else was afraid of him. This was recommendation "A No. 1" to the "plucky boy." Then he became very soon greatly attached to his master. If he had been an old bear, the cub could not have been more attached to him, and brother returned his affection with a warmth that was very surprising, especially as Imogene had a horror of Bruin, and could not be induced to enter our house on account of him. She was now fourteen years old, and so beautiful that she was the observed of all observers. Her strange unkindness to poor Fred continued, and was even augmented. I could by no means account for it, as a more manly, noble, and handsome young man did not live in our small town. Fred was a scholar, too, and was going in a few months to college. What in the world did he want with a pet bear then? Could anybody else manage "the varmint," as Uncle Wareham called him?

That bear! What a curiosity he was to be sure. I could fill many pages with his capers. He slept with Fred, he coiled himself up at his feet, and he waked him early in the morning, by coming to light at the top of the bed, and rubbing his nose under brother's chin. Very lovingly he waked him, very lovingly he did everything for his master. He would resign his basin of milk to Fred, and when he had robbed the table of a plate of honey, he would deliver up the spoil to his master, though he would look everybody else out of the house, if they ventured to hint towards depriving him of his greatest luxury. We could not set the table with butter or honey upon it, unless Fred were present. The table would be robbed in a twinkling, and though my mother could drive him out of the house with a broom-stick, she could not reclaim the lost edibles.

"That pest; that nuisance—" were mild words to express our sense of his misdemeanors.

"How can you endure that horrid creature?" said I. "Nobody will come near us, by and by, from fear of him."

"No one comes now," said Fred, with a heavy sigh.

I saw how it was—no one came, because Imogene never came.

"How can you expect Imogene to come?" said I, answering his thought. "She is in terror of her life, if she passes the house."

"Nonsense, sister. Bruno is harmless, everybody knows that, and she *never* came before I brought home the bear. He is all the comfort and all the company I have now."

I looked reproachfully at Fred, but I could not find it in my heart to scold him.

"A novel consolation for slighted love," said I laughing. "You have a singular taste."

"I am a singular boy," said Fred. "I will never love anybody but my family and Bruno."

A few days after this my brother went to the next town, and was gone over night. The distress of Bruno, when bed-time came and his chum was missing, was ludicrous and painful. He went upon the bed, and putting his nose under the clothes at the head, he went down and out at the foot, and then returned and went under the clothes and out at the foot of the bed, in precisely the same way; and this he kept up for aught I know till morning, for I left him making this vain quest for my brother when I retired. When I rose next day, I found Bruno lying on a coat of Fred's, that he had got at by scratching open the wardrobe door. He had pulled down the coat and laid himself upon it, and no one could dislodge him till his master returned. The next Sunday Fred locked the wardrobe and went to church. Very soon Bruno became uneasy, and as there was nothing of brother's in reach, he was very unruly. Finally he climbed to the top of an old-fashioned high chest of drawers, and threw down brother's great Bible. He then descended, and complacently lay down with his nose on the sacred volume till Fred returned. He then seemed overjoyed, he leaped upon his beloved master, he gambolled about him, he licked his hands; he jumped up to his face, and inflicted many kisses upon it with his wet tongue, and finally went and lay down with Fred's hat between his two paws.

My brother Frederick was a noble boy. He was the delight of the family and the neighbourhood, and there was no boy in the district so popular as Fred Carswell. All the boys boasted of his courage—of his *pluck*, as they called it. Boys and men delight in pluck, but women dote on it; and all the girls in our school, with one exception, were devoted to Fred. And who was this exception? Just the girl of all others whom my brother delighted to honour, just the one whose good opinion, to say nothing of affection, he would have given more to win than the approval of the whole world. He was now seventeen, and had a pet bear. And why had he taken this ugly, shaggy beast to his bosom? Because his ambitious love had been thwarted, I fully believe. You may tell me that ambition and love are very distinct passions. Very true. But whoever loved Imogene Marston must have ambition as well as love.

Poor Fred! How he loved and admired the little girl, who cared nothing for him. Imogene Marston was the loveliest girl in our school. She was but fourteen years old, and yet she was the finest scholar we had, and was always "captain" at the spelling school. When I was "captain" of the other side, I always gave up beat as soon as her name was announced. Fred was now seventeen, yet he did not seem older than that young queen.

I wish I could describe her—but the charm of the girl could never be prisoned in words. She had dark, dreamy, liquid eyes—hazel, people called them, and long lashes, that lay on her cheek. They always made me think of Byron's lines—

"As a stream late concealed
By the fringe of its willows,
Now rushes revealed
In the light of its billows.
As the bolt burst on high,
From the black cloud that bound it,
Flashed the soul of that eye,
From the long lashes round it."

Her hair was auburn, that ripe chesnut colour that has so much of golden sunshine in it, that you are never weary of admiring it. Her complexion was a dazzling whiteness—no rose vied with the lily, but the lily reigned supreme o'er brow and neck and cheeks. Only the lips were ruddy as ripe cherries. Beautiful Imogene! Well might my brother go wild and moody about you, and have a famishing feeling of ambition, that told him he would die if he could not conquer your love. I was my Fred's confidant. I was twenty-five, a very mature age to a boy seventeen.

"Imogene," said I, one day, "why don't you like Frederick? Has he done anything to displease you?"

Her face and neck became crimson, as she said, "Oh, Jane, don't ask me; I don't wish to speak about Frederick. He has taken it into his head that I don't like him. It is only a notion. I am sure I am very friendly to Frederick." Still I could see that she was embarrassed, and it was plain to me that she either did or did not love Frederick. As the boys say, "there was no two ways about it." He was not indifferent to her, she either loved him or greatly disliked him. So much was plain to my womanly perception. Something more I was determined to learn, but I was destined to be disappointed. We met at school and at spelling

school during the winter, and at the sugar camp in the spring. Our little queen came with the rest at the parties which our folks gave when they "sugared off," but I could never make out what Imogene's coldness to my brother meant. The little Miss kept her secret, and Fred his love and his ambition to win the more than regal beauty, who had wound herself into every filament of his youthful but manly affections. What a brave young heart had my brother, and how he took that big brute to his bosom, when he failed to win a tenderer love. What a rival had Imogene Marston—or, rather, what a strange consolation had Fred!

I believe we all hated Bruno heartily. I think no one had any patience with him, except brother, and the more we disliked him, the more Fred petted and spoiled him. But, the end approaches. I can't write all night about a tame bear, and the disagreeable reason why Imogene never came to see me. She always shuddered when I asked her to come, and said she would not see Bruno for anything.

I promised to lock him into Fred's bed-room if she would only come. I had some choice flowers that she loved in the garden, and I longed to see her among them. She was the most charming person to me that ever was. I never wondered that Fred worshipped her. I did wonder at his consoling himself with a horrid great bear (Bruno had now grown an awful fellow) for his failure to win Imogene's love.

At last the dear girl consented, in spite of Bruno, to come and see me. We shut up the monster—for to her he was one, though essentially harmless, except in the honey and butter department. For three hours Bruno was a prisoner in brother's room, and we had a very pleasant time. Just at night, Fred and I and Imogene had gone into the garden, and had gathered some flowers, and then we had seated ourselves on the settle, under the prettiest clump of laburnums that ever anybody saw. Imogene had treated Fred with a degree of coldness and hauteur that nearly drove him mad. I knew he wanted her to go home, that he might console himself with Bruno, well as he loved her. I knew she would go very soon, and I went into the house to make some little preparation, that I might go a part of the way with her. I had hardly entered the door when I heard a terrible scream from the garden. I ran out to see what was the cause, and there I beheld Imogene clinging around Fred's neck, with the bear. Fred was trying to support the almost fainting girl, and free himself from the joyful embraces of Bruno at the same time. My father had accidentally set the imprisoned beast at liberty, and in his joy he had run to his master, and jumped upon him, giving him a dreadfully affectionate hug. Imogene thought the bear was killing Fred, and the assumed coldness of years melted in the white heat of her terror, and she sprang to my brother, clasping him about the neck, and vainly striving to protect him from what she supposed, for the moment, to be the infuriated bear. She discovered her mistake when she recovered her senses, but it was too late. Fred knew who loved him, and Bruno had to be shut into the bed-room again, more securely; and brother went home with Imogene instead of me; and on the way he promised his sweet friend to build a pen for Bruno. He kept his word. Bruno had a very small house, with a roof held in place by large rocks laid on the boards. The first night he slept in it he undertook to raise the roof, and get out, and return to his beloved master. He did raise it sufficiently to get his head out, and was caught by the neck, and choked to death. We all rejoiced at Bruno's death, except brother, who shed some tears over the body of his pet. He could not mourn very deeply, for he and Imogene were lovers for all time, from the evening when she undertook to save Fred from the dreadful grasp of a bear. Poor Bruno! Happy Fred and Imogene!

THE LATE HENRY DRUMMOND.

LORD LOVAINE has devoted two volumes to a republication of the speeches of his relative, the late Henry Drummond.* We can scarce prophesy for the volumes an extensive demand. Mr. Drummond was a clever man, and gifted in many ways, but he did but little to be remembered after he had served his day and run his race.

"To waive all considerations of personal friendship and esteem," wrote Edward Irving, in a preface to a volume of occasional discourses, "no one whom the religious stir and business of the last thirty years hath brought conspicuously before the Church hath so strenuously served her best interests, through good and bad report, or doth so well deserve her thanks, as doth the man who brought forward, from their obscurity and persecutions, both Burckhardt and Wolff, and upheld their way against the sharp tongues of prudential and worldly-wise Christians; who laid the foundations of the Continental Society, and hath built it up in the frown and opposition of the religious world; who detected and dragged to light the false reports concerning the state of religion on the Continent, with which the Bible Society in its palmy times had closed the charitable ear of the Church; who has stood forth as the friend and patron of every society which hath any show of favour for the Jews; and, finally, who hath taken us, poor, despised interpreters of prophecy, under your wing, and made the walls of your house like unto the ancient schools of the prophets."

The reader will scarce guess for whom this dedication was composed. Perhaps he will think the subject of it was some wealthy clergyman or zealous bishop for a wonder trespassing beyond conventional limits, and showing himself a man earnest in matters of religion. It will save some trouble if I declare at once the eulogy was addressed to no other than the gentleman whose name heads this sketch—Henry Drummond, M.P.,—a man whose plain mission seemed to be to teach that all is humbug under the sun. The Egyptians at their feasts placed a skeleton to remind them of their mortality. We are told the Sultan Saladin had the same message proclaimed to him day by day, lest, in the flattery of courtiers, and in a career of military successes, he should forget so terrible a truth. Drummond performed a similar duty in Parliament. In his eye we were all morally dead; all virtue was gone clean out of us. Under the mask of patriotism he saw the grovelling

* The Speeches of Henry Drummond, by Lord Lovaine. (Bosworth and Co., London.)

soul of the placeman; in the love of liberty the desire of license; in the people an untaught mass, the prey of charlatans and quacks. Drummond reminded you of the

"Grey and tooth-gapped man as lean as death,"

whom Tennyson describes in his "Vision of Sin," and like him, he poured out a strain so sad and atheistic you would fain hope it false. Yet Drummond was an angel of the Irvingite Church, not as the result of a sudden whim, but as the proper climax to a long professional religious career.

But I beg the reader's pardon for keeping him so long out of the House of Commons. Let us suppose it is a debate on any serious subject—the abolition of death punishments, for instance—a question embracing the whole range of subjects connected, not merely with the lives of wretched criminals, but with all the defences by which society would guard itself against crime. We will take the last debate on this subject as an illustration. Mr. Ewart has of course defended his motion with his usual ability. Mr. Hadfield, a Manchester attorney, but representative of Sheffield, with a querulous, unpleasant voice, like that of a man who deserves to be in a minority if he is not in one, has seconded Mr. Ewart, and immediately there rises from the gangway—the first bench on the floor on the left—a tall, clerical-looking gentleman, who at once makes the House laugh. Listen to him—"The proposition was for a select committee to inquire into the operation of the law imposing the punishment of death. Now he should have thought the operation of that law was simple enough." (Hear, and a laugh.) Again the hon. gentleman extracts another laugh on a subject at the first glance certainly not very facetious. The speaker continues—"But the hon. gentleman called upon them to abolish the punishment of death on the ground of its uncertainty. Now, what punishment could be more certain than that of death he could not conceive;"—(hear, and a laugh)—and thus at any rate the amusement of the evening is heightened. Now on almost all subjects this eccentric M.P. thus spoke, invariably as much as possible in opposition to every one else.

In the memoirs of the Brothers Haldane, we read, in the early part of the present century, of the arrival at Geneva of a gentleman whose "pleasing manners and aristocratic bearing, finely-chiselled features and intellectual forehead, bespoke his breeding and intelligence, whilst in his acute and penetrating glance, wit, sarcasm, and the love of drollery, seemed to contend with earnestness, benevolence, and an ever-restless Athenian craving after novelty." To this young man, just entering into life, it seemed that all the world could offer was within his grasp. As the grandson of the first Lord Melville, the high offices of state were fairly within his reach. With wit and boundless wealth, what a life of pleasure, such as Alcibiades might have envied, was within his reach! yet, while other men were climbing up the steep hill of fame, or dimming their lustre in the search after gold, or following the phantom pleasure far over hill and dale till, weary and way-worn, she left them in utter darkness and despair—Henry Drummond was drawing around him a select circle to study the dark sayings of the prophets, and to gather from them the weapons with which to turn to folly the wisdom of these latter days. Three curious volumes in octavo, entitled "Dialogues on Prophecy," written by the host himself, and much subsequent confusion in the Christian Church, evinced that these bewildering conferences were not altogether without influence in their day. But one can't go on studying the prophets for ever. Englishmen especially cannot get rid of their inborn propensity to break away from cloudland into practical life. Not merely do such as he of "Locksley Hall," with strong hearts torn and bleeding with the bitter agony of a manly love wantonly trifled with, or basely betrayed, exclaim—

"I must nerve myself to action, lest I wither in despair;"

but all men, whatever be their inward sorrows, recognise the truth, not merely as a universal law of humanity, but as a blessed means of escape from entanglements of the heart, or difficulties of the head. Another reason may be urged—(the mighty master dead—the eloquent tongue, that, like the voice of a trumpet, terrified our Modern Babylon with the certain coming of a millennial day, silent in the grave—the brain become dust that had to contend, not merely with the wit and wisdom of the world, which in its higher light it would see to be folly, but with the keen and cruel enmities of the Church)—silence in the halls of the prophets, and they

"Scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold,"

what was there to forbid Drummond laying down his spiritual pursuits and betaking himself to others more congenial with human weakness and the claims of actual life. Thackeray sings—

"Ho! pretty page with the dimpled chin,
That never has known the barber's shear,
All your wish is woman to win,
This is the way that boys begin,—
Wait till you come to forty year."

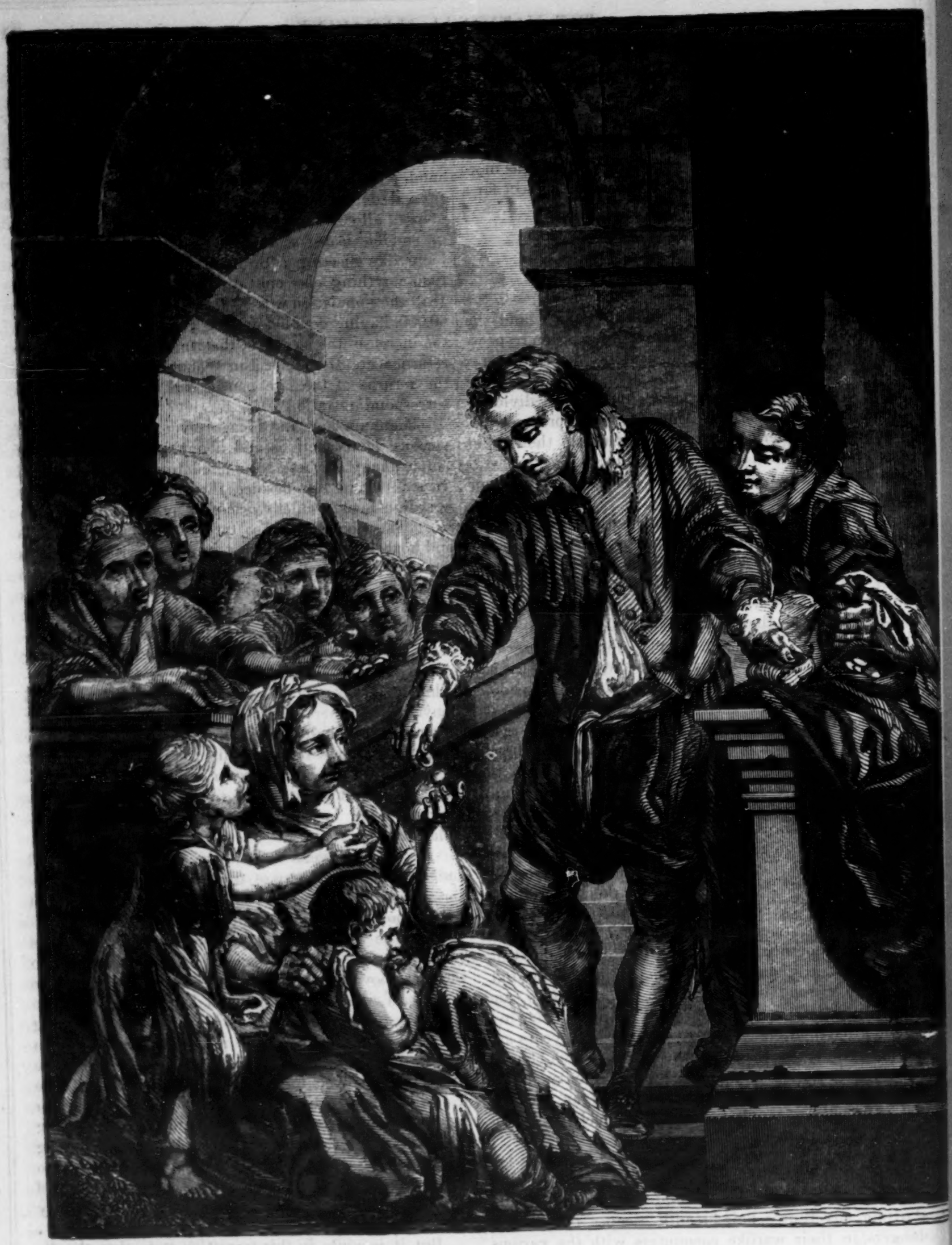
By the light of years one reads things differently to what one does in one's earlier days; or if that be not the case possession cloys the appetite, and we find in change relief. Just as the elegant *roué* subsides into fat and matrimony, or the spendthrift becomes penurious, so Henry Drummond left the fathers for the senators, and forsook the school of the prophets that he might become one of the mob that fills St. Stephen's with voices almost as obscure and unmeaning as those of prophecy itself. West Surrey contained the country-house of Henry Drummond—what more natural than that it should return him as its representative? West Surrey belongs to a few lords, and was not Drummond lordly by connection with wife and mother? In West Surrey at any rate such logic is not unpalatable, and accordingly, in 1847, Henry Drummond, a country gentleman of a sanctimonious turn—a theologian and a banker—a wit, yet a member of the *haut ton*—became its M.P. The man who combined all these characteristics—who could tell a scandal with a relish one moment, and the next plunge many a fathom deep into the millennial controversy—who could talk in the true bucolic vein to the Tyrrells and Newdegates, and at the same time could say a good thing, worthy to be told at the clubs with the last epigram of Moore or the newest sarcasm of Rogers; who could uphold the sacraments and

yet abhor the pope; who could abuse the Church and yet spurn dissent—was not an ordinary man.

Austere and crotchety, elderly and cynical, Henry Drummond was an extraordinary man merely to look at. He was tall and thin, with an oval head, a calm, passionless face, and short, scant grey air. There was an air of the recluse about him. One would expect to find him at Oxford or Cambridge rather than in the House of Commons. Yet not only did you find him there, but he was a favourite with the House. When he spoke there was always a rush from the smoking-room and the lobbies. In the first place, he was what all Englishmen like—rich; in the second place, he had the good sense never to bore you, and never to be long; in the third place, he was often witty, and invariably crotchety and odd. There are several men who attempt wit in the House. Lord Palmerston does, but his is generally sheer flippancy, and would be insufferable in a man who was not on the pedestal, but had a position to make. Sibthorp did, but his was of an inferior character, yet an enlightened English constituency could return him, and will return his family for ever—at any rate, so long as they keep the estate. One of the Lennoxes, the stout one, not the thin one that hands sherry cobblers to Mr. Disraeli when he is doing the orator on an extensive scale—attempts to be jocose, but his is the tragic mirth of a gay man about town, and has the same effect on you as that of the celebrated peer of whom Tom Moore sang that when

"The House looks unusually grave,
You may always be sure that Lord Lauderdale 's joking."

Then there is the wit of the cynic of the Dean Swift school, but slightly altered and improved, with all the improper passages omitted, with a dash of extra bitterness gathered from the fairest regions of theological controversy—scholarly and gentlemanly. That was the wit of Drummond, uttered in the mildest manner, and with the thinnest possible of voices almost inaudible in the gallery, so that the House was kept in a state of the utmost soul-harrowing quiet and suspense, till he got to the end of a sentence, when it occurs to every one that Mr. Drummond had been uncommonly funny, and the House relieved itself by a hearty laugh—a laugh generally heralded by a few preliminary explosions from the more impulsive members, as the orchestra tunes up previous to a grand overture, or as a few random shots may be heard ere rank and file on the battle-field may begin their murderous fire; and when you read the *Times* next morning you are not surprised to find that "laughter" is reported after most of Mr. Drummond's remarks. I cannot find that the debate gained much by Mr. Drummond's speeches. I do not imagine he intended it should. His object appeared to be simply to amuse and mystify the House. He seemed to assume that the House had made up its mind how it should vote long before the discussion commenced, and therefore in a quiet, unostentatious way Mr. Drummond merely uttered a few sentences and attained his object. I need scarcely observe then that he was an original; no other definition of him can be given. He was neither Whig, Tory, nor Radical. I believe the author of "Who is Who" would be puzzled to describe to what class the member for West Surrey belonged. In the early part of Disraeli's career, a pamphlet was published, with the title "What is He?" I could imagine a pamphlet having such a title, with reference to Mr. Drummond, would have a very fair sale among his constituents. In 1847 Mr. Drummond walked over the course unopposed, yet I much question whether his constituents could have told what he was. Dodd tells me Mr. Drummond was a Conservative; that he was a member of the Royal Academy of fine arts in Florence; that he founded the Professorship of Political Economy at Oxford—feeling, I suppose, his own deficiency in this respect; I learn also that he was a magistrate; and as he always sneered at the present age, I am not surprised to find that he was the president of one of the literary institutions (the Western) so peculiar to the present age. He believed people cannot live without good beer, yet he only knew one house in Surrey where they can get it good. He said that the food of the people should be as free from taxation as the air they breathe, yet he derided the free traders. He was opposed to all measures for taxing one sect for the support of the clergy of another, yet he always wrote against the abolition of church rates. He believed in God's goodness, and yet rolled as a sweet morsel under his tongue—and would propound it unhesitatingly in the House of Commons, where, of all places, theological dogmas should have no leave to enter—the utter depravity of infants at their birth. He borrowed from Rome the idea of a Catholic and Universal Church, and then abused the Pope. All men are rogues, and therefore it is folly to expose honesty in politics or in the administration of state affairs. He thought so meanly of his constituents that he told them they do every day what the Czar did when he originated the late war. He was an author, yet he abominated the press. But time fails me, and I give up the task of attempting to chronicle the opinions of the eccentric member for West Surrey. All his speeches are strange—some are clever and some are new. Once or twice the *Times* was guilty of the folly of attempting to write him down; but in this country you cannot write down a statesman with an aristocratic connection and a good estate. Mr. Drummond was more than the *Times* imagined, and hence its ridicule was thrown away. Mr. Drummond was not a statesman in the common acceptation of that term. You could never fancy him, with a penitent air, tying up red tape, and doing the work of the Circumlocution office. Still less was he a party man; for if he sat on one side of the House, he generally voted on the other, and his speech was no index to his vote. Nor was he a worshipper of public opinion, nor did he stand forth as its representative in the House. He was merely a country gentleman, cultivated into a paradox—at all times consistent in his aim at originality in politics and theology—with a tone of extravagance caught in the prophetic conferences of his earlier years; a man with a keen perception of the vanity of practical politics, and yet not strong enough to attain unto something purer and better.



ST. GREGORY DISTRIBUTING ALMS.

ST. GREGORY DISTRIBUTING ALMS

Is the subject of a picture by C. Vaubn, engraved by W. J. Linton. Almsgiving has been one of the most precious rites exercised by the Roman Catholic Church, and the munificence of her popes and prelates has more than once suggested to the artist a fair subject for a painting.

AMERICAN CITY MAKING.

The visit of the Prince of Wales to Canada and the United States renders every item of information respecting those two countries of unusual interest at the present time. There are many towns on the shores of the chain of lakes, those great natural boundaries dividing Independent and British America, and more particularly on the American borders, which from their rapid rise scarcely find a place on our atlases, and are still less known, even by name, to a great majority of our readers.

Indeed, in order to keep pace with American geography, our maps must be revised at least once in ten years; for our transatlantic cousins form a party as if for a pic-nic excursion, and sally forth to select a site and *lay out a town*, without expending on the undertaking one half the time and consideration an Englishman would bestow on his plan for a new garden, and long before the conservatories and summer-houses of the latter were erected, whole streets in Yankeedom would be built and inhabited.

Of all the cities in the United States that have risen from the face of the desert, like mushrooms after a shower of rain, Chicago, "the great metropolis of the west," the "Granary of the world," as its people delight to proclaim it, is one of the most remarkable.

Situated at the extremity of the chain of lakes, the head of a vast inland navigation from the north and east on the one side, and connected by its numerous railroads with all the large towns on the Mississippi in the opposite direction, it possesses that grand and all-important recommendation "*a most desirable business locality.*" Americans have not hitherto considered the subject of healthfulness of sufficient importance to outweigh their great business of life, *Dollar-making*, and therefore if the "desirable locality" happen to be in a swamp, that matters little; so about thirty years ago Chicago began to rise from the morass which characterises a large portion of the prairie country in the state of Illinois, bordering on lake Michigan, low and flat as far as the eye can reach, and scarcely above the level of the water.

For some years Chicago consisted only of a few log huts, inhabited by fishermen and "squatters," who, together with the farmers around them, could relate startling adventures, hair-breadth escapes, terrors and dangers, in their warlike encounters with the various Indian tribes then overrunning Illinois.

But it has been only within twenty years, and particularly the latter half of that time, that Chicago has increased at a rate astonishing even to Americans themselves, accustomed as they are to growing communities, and it now presents the strangest medley of palaces and hovels, fine broad pavements and disgusting ditches; on one side of a street a magnificent "block" of buildings elaborately ornamented, *vis-à-vis* to low mean tenements almost buried in the ground, wooden "side-walks," terraced pavements, and paths of mud, you cannot walk a hundred yards without going up and down half a dozen times, either by flights of steps of all sizes and descriptions, or by slanting planks or sudden leaps, so that to perambulate Chicago is more like effecting a progress over the roofs of houses than anything else one attempts to accomplish. In 1843 the population was 7000; in 1850, 30,000; in 1855, 60,000, having doubled in five years: about that time the increase was so rapid, that in *six months* later the returns were 87,500; and in 1858 it numbered 120,000; the returns of the late census will no doubt exhibit a corresponding ratio.

There are now in Chicago seventy-two churches of various denominations, and about the same number of hotels, many of these accommodating several hundred guests: there are besides three hundred and sixty boarding-houses, chiefly occupied by permanent boarders. The necessity for so large a collection of hotels and boarding-houses will not create surprise when it is remembered that an immense number of families in the United States prefer to make these places their homes in order to dispense with the trouble of housekeeping: besides which hundreds of business men, clerks, students, and railway officials are in the habit of boarding entirely at hotels, where the arrangements of the establishments are conducted with reference to their especial convenience. There is also an almost incredible amount of "transient guests," mere travellers for business or pleasure. It was reckoned about two years ago, that on one single day *nine thousand persons* arrived in Chicago by two only out of the twenty-four lines of railway centering in the city—and that was on no particular occasion.

In the one year 1854 there were two thousand buildings erected, many of them of a first-class character, and all on improved foundations; for in Chicago you may almost decide on the age of a building by its elevation, the ground floor of the modern structures (*twenty years ago being "ancient times"*) is from six to ten feet above the original prairie, and the streets are being fast filled up to a general level. Within a few years the improvement in this respect is so astonishing that the place can be hardly recognised by those who saw it five years ago. Indeed the inhabitants have vigorously resolved to *raise their city*, literally to raise it bodily. Large buildings have been raised eight or ten feet, and you hear people talk of lifting, or "moving off" houses as if they were chairs and tables, and filling up streets like a gardener earthing up his seed-rows, so that if they go on at the same rate, Chicago, instead of being on a level with lake Michigan, will, in twenty years from hence, appear to stand on an eminence.

But it is while in this transition state that the diversity of buildings and side-walks is most remarkable, which will be easily accounted for by those who are aware of the custom in the United States, that the owner of each "Town lot," or property, shall superintend that portion of the pathway fronting his house, which is in fact a portion of his "lot;" also, that from

the original cheapness of land, it is more common to possess than to rent property, which, therefore, in towns is covered by the incongruous assemblage of buildings consequent on the various tastes and circumstances of the owners; or perchance not covered at all.

Therefore, at the corner of two streets, and occupying the space of some half-dozen houses in either direction, we behold a magnificent new hotel of six stories high, built and owned, it may be, by two tasteful Bostonians, embellished with columns and capitals, porticos and balconies, and surmounted by a lofty cupola over-topping the neighbouring houses, while a broad and even pavement extends to each extremity of the building: next come probably two or three "shanties," low in the earth, with their side-walks to correspond, muddy and brickless, reached by a flight of steps from the hotel pavement: beyond is a row of half new and half-way buildings neither high nor low, and then some modern "stores," high, dry, and elegant, which you have to reach by another flight of steps. Sometimes one side of a street is owned by one individual or one company, who agree as to uniformity and elevation; while the opposite side presents a collection of frame-houses and shanties of all shapes and colours, belonging no doubt to some of the Jew and German gentry; you having first to descend several steps to cross the street, several more to get down into their side-walk, and yet another step down into their houses.

Many of the pathways are mere planks lying parallel, and resting on cross pieces of wood, often quite loose, warped, and clattering as you pass over them, and affording beneath them ample retreats for homeless dogs and vermin.

Filth of every description accumulates underneath; drainage, dampness, refuse, rubbish; and poor Chicago is stigmatised for its *unhealthiness;* instead of which, there are fresh invigorating prairie breezes sweeping over and through the town, and imparting life and energy to the inhabitants, who but for them would long ago have been carried off by an epidemic arising solely from malaria.

But these evils are being rapidly removed, and in a few years all will no doubt be remedied. During the last two years upwards of two hundred buildings in Chicago have been exalted from their original level, one of which, the 'Matteson House,' a very large first-class hotel, covering an immense area of ground and making up some three or four hundred beds, was lifted bodily a whole storey, people passing in and out, eating, drinking, and sleeping during the time, apparently unconscious of their gradual exaltation.

This process of raising buildings seems simple enough in Yankee hands, and occupies several days, or several weeks, according to the magnitude of the undertaking. As the foundation is gradually laid bare, huge piles and timbers are arranged like a frame-work supporting the structure. Powerful screws are attached to these, and the whole almost imperceptibly raised; then the new foundation is supplied as room is made for it, and you have at last a whole series of new kitchens, halls, and offices, while the inhabitants above have only to descend an extra flight of stairs, and all goes on as usual. "Oh," said a resident, "in two or three years from now we shall have raised all the houses that are worth raising, and the rest we shall move off out of town, or else '*tear them down*' and build better." Are we not tempted to exclaim, "What will brother Jonathan do next!"

And very fortunately there will be room for some time yet on the prairie, "ample space and verge enough" to receive their old houses for some years to come, but let us advise them this time to set them on good foundations.

Among the objects of interest in Chicago is a street of iron buildings, chiefly devoted to wholesale stores. They are uniform in height and style, presenting an extremely handsome frontage of five or six stories. The tiers of windows throughout are embellished with cast-iron columns and semicircular arches, which, being painted stone colour, resemble beautiful Saxon architecture. Window-frames, shutters, doors and door-steps, walls, ceilings, roofs, and floors, scarcely an inch in the edifices that is not solid iron. Nor would we forget the wonderful grain elevations, visible twenty miles off.

Another very striking iron building is the Illinois central railway "depôt" (station), the huge dimensions of which, with the extensive accommodations for passengers, the magnitude of the waiting-rooms, book-stalls, and refreshment saloons, inform you without doubt that travellers must be numbered by thousands in those localities. There are besides twelve other railroad depôts, large harbours, and extensive wharfs, where there is a constant arrival and departure of steamboats both for passengers and freight (of which the Lady Elgin was a fair example). Two dozen fire companies are stationed in various parts of the city. An abundant supply of water always available facilitates the extinction of fires, which the predominance of wooden buildings renders a very frequent occurrence.

Street cars, or horse railroads, run through the principal streets, and you can ride from one end of the city to the other for five cents (about two pence half-penny). There will also be a "Park" for recreation and exercise as soon as the trees are of sufficient size not to belie the name so conferred on a small square of land in the chief private street,—"Michigan avenue," which, by the way, consists chiefly of terraced houses fronting the lake, trees not being indispensable to *avenues* in America.

The new Court-house is deservedly a great ornament and glory of Cook county, of which Chicago is the capital. It is built of stone, marble, and iron, in the middle of a large square which is surrounded by substantial iron pallisades. On each side is a handsome entrance opening into a spacious hall, from which arches, doors, and passages conduct you in every direction to public offices. Ascending the many marble steps of a fine wide staircase, you come upon another floor, where are more arches, doors, and passages, conducting you to courts, offices, and libraries. Here you find all the offices of all the public institutions, civil, criminal, and political; all the courts of all the judges of all the sins and difficulties of all Chicago, Cook county, state of Illinois. The Supreme Judge, Deputy Judge, Probate Judge, District Judge; Judge of the court of equity, and Judge of the court of common and uncommon pleas; Judges of the present, and Judges of the past, and Judges *for the future;* for a man once elected to this office, be his reign annual, biennial, or sexenial, even though at the expiration of his judge-

ship he may have betaken himself to banking, farming, or storekeeping, yet he is Judge for ever after in the eyes of his fellow-townsmen, who delight to congratulate themselves and their community by including in their society so many distinguished individuals. Though perhaps it is in part owing to this somewhat pardonable ambition and very commendable resolution to uphold each other's dignity (would that the dignity would stoop to no dishonourable action) that has engendered in Americans the courage to be what they are, and make their country what it is: they invest themselves with the honour due to their title, and carry an erect deportment which demands the deference of the poorer classes; and however it may be opposed to the Republican creed of "All men are free and equal," distinctions of rank are thus created and upheld.

Thus it is, however, that titles abound in the United States, so much to the astonishment of foreigners, who are introduced to a wine merchant as Col. Soanso, and to a miller as Judge Suchanone.

And because every member of the House of Representatives at Congress elected for two years, and every Senator elected for six years, becomes immediately "honourable" (that is to say, in *name*) on their election, that is no reason why, at the expiration of their membership, when they return to their several States and counties, and sensibly resume their former avocations of lawyers, farmers, and merchants, they should not continue "honourable," be it in name, or deed, or both: therefore why should an Englishman be surprised to hear of the *Hon. Van Buren Washington Tomkins, wholesale grocer and provision merchant?*

Escaping from the innumerable offices, an elegant cast-iron winding staircase carries you after a toiling ascent, into the cupola, and out upon its surrounding balconies, where a scene awaits you singularly strange, and beautiful in its strangeness. A boundless prairie, only rendered more striking from its proximity to the lake, with which in the distance it so entirely blends, that one continuous unbroken horizontal line meets your eye whichever way you turn. You look down into the city, and trace the river by the forest of masts, the harbour by its shipping, the iron blocks tall and conspicuous, hotels and private dwellings by their ornamental cupolas. Wabash Avenue, the street of churches, the highest points of whose lofty spires scarcely vie with the elevation from which you see them; the line of railroad skirting and protecting the shore of the lake till lost in the distance; other railroads stretching like threads over the wide-spreading plain; Michigan Avenue, the Belgravia of Chicago, bridges, buildings, gardens, streets,—you look down upon them all, and then away into the clear far space one uninterrupted view, an even flat, a boundless plain: the scattered villages are mere specks in its expansiveness; for a time you trace a road, distinguish trees, fields, houses; then your eye grows weary with its endeavours to peer into the far, far distance, and yet there is no impediment, no difficulty but *space*, land, and lake, and sky all blending into one till you feel dizzy in its indistinctness, and then bring back the focus of your sight to look once more upon the busy scene beneath you, where all is large, decided, definite, and you behold it as if you stood upon a table in a large empty room to examine the pattern of a carpet—you alone so high where all around is flat. It is worth a trip to the United States to gaze upon the prairie from the cupola of Chicago Court-house.

Amongst other public buildings are theatres, lecture and concert halls, and the nucleus of a very promising museum of Natural History. Excepting in the eastern cities, one rarely meets with any public exhibitions to answer the intellectual requirements of the people. No botanical or zoological collections, no galleries of fine arts and statuary. There are the omnipresent photographs, ambrotypes, and machinery artists' "galleries," to be sure; but necessaries must come first, and it would be unreasonable to expect that Americans—who in the space of one man's life-time have already covered an area equal to the whole continent of Europe with cities, towns, and railroads, holding out the right-hand of fellowship to all who come to their shores, the refuse of nations intermingling and clogging them—can in these respects vie with long-ago civilized England with *its* generations of polish and refinement.

Literature of a certain kind is largely encouraged, and reading far more common amongst the lower classes in the United States than in England. It is rare to meet with a person who cannot read and write (unless among the fresh importations of British peasantry), and moreover converse intelligently on what he does read, expressing his opinion without fear or prejudice. Newspapers beset you wherever you go; lying on tables and floors, left in railroad carriages and waiting-rooms, lying and flying about the streets: not the smallest town that does not publish its one weekly paper at least. Indeed, an "editor's office," consisting perhaps of a huge packing-case turned up with its lid for a door and a dry goods' box for a table, is not unfrequently the "first building erected" in a new "city."

But at the present time there are no less than eight daily and about thirty weekly papers published in Chicago, political always, and intellectual by degrees.

C. C. H.

THE SHADOW IN THE HOUSE.

BY JOHN SAUNDERS.

AUTHOR OF "LOVE'S MARTYRDOM," &C.

[*Continued from vol.* VIII. *p.* 305.]

CHAPTER XXIX.

AFTER THE STORM.

AT Mrs. Dell's departure, Grace, who had appeared to be asleep, rose half up in her bed, leaning on her arm, and listened to the footfall as it died away in the distance. Then she got out of bed, locked and tried the two doors, went to a superb-looking Indian dressing-box, and removed one part after another, until she uncovered a secret chamber, cut out of the thickness of the wooden bottom, and which was by various contrivances so perfectly concealed, that not even the most acute or experienced observer could have detected it either by eye, ear, or touch. She took from thence an exceedingly flat glass vial, and poured from it some drops into a wine-glass, and added water to fill up the glass. She then replaced everything as it was before in the

dressing-case—(and which, be it observed, she had been accustomed at times to leave ostentatiously open)—then returned to bed, placing the glass within reach of her hand on a little ledge of the wood-work of her room, hidden by the drapery of the bed. She murmured as she again lay down—

"Even were this discovered, it would reveal nothing—would even mislead or guard me. If I am not better soon, I shall be much worse. Yes, there will probably be fever—delirium—self-abandonment—utter exposure! What I was only beginning to-night, and have just escaped, will then be finely consummated! No, no, that shall never be; I will die mistress of my secret, if of nothing else. They may spare me that knowledge.

"I will, however, wait awhile. I do not think I shall again so far lose myself as not to be capable of drinking this in time; and if I do drink it, and they find me—what this will leave me—they will grieve, and both think they know and can pity the cause. And as to what they may find afterwards—more nearly touching themselves—why should I disquiet myself about it? The life saved and the life struck at made an even balance; what if I now throw my own life into the scale besides? But I am weary of thinking and speculating.

"Ah, well I may be! I did not reckon upon this. What! are not even the waking hours of actual life, and the dreaming hours of actual sleep, full enough of separate torture for me, body and soul, but they must combine together, into some new, monstrous, and most horrible shape, belonging to neither waking nor sleeping life, and inflict upon me all this intolerable misery and despair! I know, I know. Oh, you need teach me no more how utterly weak and worthless I am! How given up as prey to I know not what petty demons, who are too cowardly to meet me in the open light, yet too resistless in their own peculiar warfare, when they attack me under the shield of sleep. Oh me! I can never again willingly trust myself to my one sole worldly refuge—not even to sleep! that constant goal to each day's dreadful journey. Oh me! sleep does not even abandon me—no, she treacherously woos me to destruction! But if there remain yet one spark of courage or strength in my soul, I will conquer this miserable traitor-body—it *shall* obey me. No more sleep-walking, if I never sleep again! No more revelations, even if these drops be the cost of silence.

"But I think I shall sleep now. I know not what angel or devil possesses her that she can thus influence me—body and soul! Though the one raged against her, the other grew calm under her touch. I feel even now overpowered. All, I think, is safe. Yes, no one can enter, till they waken and warn me. . . . . ." Grace slept.

And whether it was the natural force of that almost unconquerable will—unconquerable while attacked only by the weapons it understood and was prepared for, or some inner strength springing from critical change, and giving new hope—that kept off the dreaded fever and delirium, and produced simply a slight immediate illness, Grace knew not when she waked late in the day; but she knew she was better, and for a moment the feeling checked the inexpressible dreariness and anguish of soul with which she always now met the first beams of morning, and it even caused a kind of partial restoration of her old spirits and vigour, as she was able to understand it—measure it—and, in a kind of dull way, enjoy it, while moving about in her chamber during the operations of dressing.

But this mood was presently succeeded by another, out of which grew peculiar anxiety and hesitation, which exhibited itself in her aimless and fitful gestures and wanderings. Some thought seemed pressing itself upon her, even to be almost forcibly moving her lips, and it even drew her once to the side of the bed, and seemed to be urging her to kneel there; but she would not—she could not.

"No, no," she at last cried out passionately, though not loudly—the feeling seemed too deep for that—"No more hypocrisy!"

Then there came a soft tap at the door. Grace heard, raised herself to her full height, touched her eyes, shook off, so it seemed, the abstracted mood, and then, with her old graceful sedateness, went to the door and quietly opened it. Mrs. Dell entered with an anxious look, changing quickly to a smile, as she saw Grace already dressed, and looking so much better than she had expected, though her features were strangely pinched and pale. Grace understood and answered her with a half-smile, having in it, however, an unusual tinge of melancholy.

"Yes, I am better. And you?"

"Oh, much better. I think we dispersed, when we seemed only to be wantonly seeking storms last night." Grace faintly murmured something which did not reach Mrs. Dell's ear, and then was silent.

"Come, then, we two will breakfast together this morning," gaily exclaimed Winny; "my husband has long since gone to work, and your mother, five minutes ago, was deep in a new novel, and sitting by a tremendous fire in her own room. Come, I will see all ready for us." And she timidly approached Grace, clasped her arms round her neck and kissed her, as she added,

"Now, be quick, for I really want my breakfast. It is *so* late." Grace watched her departure, but utterly forgot the injunction. That old mood returned with increased agony.

"Oh, what shall I do?" was her despairing, heart-stricken cry, and the hands were tossed wildly in the air, and wrung in a bitterness of agony and remorse that only such strong natures can feel. "Oh, what shall I do?" was repeated in almost a child's tone of pleading and despair. Then there was much pacing to and fro, then a sudden stop, and a sinking upon the floor in an almost lifeless heap, as though body and soul were dropping prematurely and simultaneously to a common and shapeless ruin. This again was succeeded by a revival, a deep and protracted self-communion, a slow rising once more to the feet to go and lock the door, then a spectre-like gliding towards the bed, and at last a clasp of the hands above the head in irresistible grief and remorse, and a collapse, rather than a voluntary bending, of the knees, and lo! she was kneeling, and broken, sobbing tones were rising toward Him who alone then could see and hear her—

"Not for myself, O God! not for myself, but for her! If thou wilt save her do as thou pleasest with me!" No more words were uttered, though the heart was probably

doing its best to say much more, in a kind of despairing hope, that the Divine Heart would sympathise—even if the Divine Justice condemned and punished. And the head gradually dropped on the hands upon the white counterpane, and the whole figure remained for some minutes immovable, in that attitude which it had found so hard to assume, and now found still harder to quit.

Again came the soft tap at the door, and the soft, sweet, though now reproachful smile; but it was answered by one of scarcely less tender or hopeful expression. All that breakfast-time they talked on topics long forgotten, while shutting out those which had been but too recently depressing them. Winny, among other gossip, tried to amuse Grace with some little domestic matters, out of which she was herself extracting some real enjoyment. But beyond the general fact that it related to some conversation with Meggy, and was calculated to trouble Cook, Grace did not know or care, even while she revelled in the sound of the happy voice of the narrator. And so they chatted on, and it seemed to both that the breakfast would never end; it seemed to both they felt as though they wished it never might end.

Winny could not but look and wonder at the new and startling, though fitful signs of life, freshness, and buoyancy, that perpetually burst up through the melancholy shadow that overhung Grace; while the latter, on her part, kept saying to herself, as she noticed how much of Winny's lassitude had disappeared—

"She will live, she will live! Is it no fable, then? Does He listen to the prayers of a penitent? Oh, my God! my God!"

CHAPTER XXX.

GOD'S MERCY AND GOD'S JUSTICE.

THERE is a hard lesson to be learned, and one that even energetic and logical natures often shrink from in their tenderness of soul towards themselves, sometimes even when that tenderness is called forth by the sufferings of others. Mark, how little it is they ask in their unexpressed involuntary appeal! "Set aside, O Father, thy immutable law, which is but another word for thy felt—but in its operation—unseen will, and govern man, as he governs himself, capriciously! Make cause and effect no longer intrinsically one; give them at least an occasional divorce! Oh, give us grapes from these convenient thorns! Not justice, we ask, but mercy!" Alas, how can even Omnipotence itself answer such appeals, if Justice and Mercy be in heaven exactly the same? From our five or six feet human pedestal, we range in fancied power over the universe of things, deeming we see all—understand all—that is essentially necessary to us as the preliminaries of correct judgment; and, so prepared, to this phenomenon we attach lovingly the name—Mercy; to that shrinkingly the word—Justice; unconscious that all the while we are merely bringing down to our own paltry level His sublime code, when we should be acknowledging our ignorance, humbly seeking enlightenment, and going on perpetually striving to rise to the height which that code, by its very existence, shows us we were born to aspire to.

Yes, this is a hard lesson to learn, as Grace now finds. Probably it would become a still harder one for humanity at large, if she, and such as she, could succeed in changing it to their own wishes, even when those wishes cease to be selfish. Grace has had one first gleam of sunshine, which, perhaps, was but an emanation of that Divine pity, which we know, through the Saviour's own lips, is felt for even the worst of sinners. Justice but Pity, Pity but Justice; or to substitute the larger attributes to which they belong, Truth and Love,—these are the golden wheels on which rolls the eternal chariot. But Grace will know no more the brightness or the genial glow! The clouds are gathering resistlessly, never again to leave her, until the end.

For, like herself, Mrs. Dell has experienced only a brief but delicious moment of relief and re-action, to break the depressing monotony of her recent physical state. The sunny brightness was as delusive as the last flickering of the fire before its extinction. Ere many days had passed, Winny was lying through the whole weary, weary period, from sunrise to nightfall, on the sofa; and receiving regular (instead of, as before, merely occasional) visits from the Doctor. That gentleman pronounced her case to be one of naturally low physical energy, further complicated by a vital shock from the accident with the horse; and, above all, made chiefly dangerous by the promise of maternity. On the other hand, he thought, that if only the critical period indicated by the last-named point of danger could be safely passed through, she would rally, and be in better health than she had ever been. He could not say there was nothing dangerous in the case, but it was to him perfectly simple—Oh, perfectly simple! he assured them; and all they could do was to keep her quiet, very quiet, in mind and body, and wait.

Grace heard these sentences A little while before, when all men and agencies were, but to her fancied supremacy, merely so many automata, she would have said to herself—"Exactly! just what I expected you to say—intended you should say! How well the puppet works!" But now the Doctor's words fell like the fingers of a spectre upon her throat, crying to her,—Ha! and thou thoughtest to escape me! But she would not dwell on the words,—she strove hard not to dwell on them now that there was at least a duty to be performed; and she found or created a kind of heroism of soul ready for her difficult task. She must hope on, having no hope; smile on while her heart was breaking; keep up to the latest possible moment, in Mrs. Dell's thoughts, the idea that she believed she would recover: that was now the sole chance of recovery. One thing, at least, she would make Mrs. Dell understand—that she, Grace, looked upon her own life as involved in the dread issue, though she dared not intimate the nature of the solution that was eternally tempting her acceptance.

And thus several days passed on, Mr. Dell contenting himself a little longer, under the assurance of the Doctor, that it was really impossible to do more than he was doing; and, persuaded to inaction by the entreaties of his wife that he would not leave her,

even for a few hours, as he had proposed, in order to go to London and consult some eminent medical man. She was equally urgent with him not to bring any stranger down: "He would only add to her distress," she said.

"Wait, wait," she continued. "Perhaps all will yet be well." And he waited, though misgivingly, understanding, as he believed, her hope.

On the last day that week—a day that nearly all in the house had forgotten to connect with its usual concomitants of gladness—Christmas Eve,—the Doctor, after bidding Mrs. Dell a good morning as usual, and wishing her the compliments of the season, seemed to be rather struck with something in her pulse, or in her look, or her answers; for while he kept up—good and kindly though positive man that he was!—a cheery tone to Mrs. Dell until he had fairly got out of her sight, he then hastily stopped one of the servants, and asked if she would request Miss Addersley to step down to him; he would wait for her there in the little parlour in the hall.

The message was doubtless fearful enough to come from such a man, and to be sent to that particular woman. But the effect was not the same that it would have been a few weeks before. Every drop of blood, it is true, left the already pallid cheek and brow, and the knees quaked, and the flesh crept; but still it was not the personal fear of discovery, and punishment, that was now producing this alarm, it was that Grace had divined the coming fiat—"She will die!"

She hurried down to satisfy herself as quickly as she might, whether that were the truth; and to consider, if so, what further work, if any, might remain for her on this side the grave. She came in hurriedly, anxiously, but inquiringly; and with looks so full of the natural feelings that the Doctor expected there, that they would of themselves have allayed any slight suspicion, if such a thing had entered his mind. But he had no such thought. After some kindly preface, he said,—

"I fear I must break to you sad intelligence. No, no!" he exclaimed, seeing Grace clasp her hands across her knees, and drop on a chair, struggling to moderate the anguish of that moment of full and fatal conviction; "I do n't mean to say there is absolutely no hope. But I do think it possible she might go off suddenly in a few hours. Her husband, therefore, ought to know. It might be a comfort to him to call in some one else. I thought you might, perhaps, prepare him better than I could." Grace only waved her arms in a kind of frantic resistance to the idea. So he continued, "Yes, it is very sad,—so young, so fair a creature! And, I am told, one so richly endowed by nature."

"I—I will tell him," said Grace, with a kind of spasmodic energy, and desiring at any cost to get rid of the Doctor, whose every word inflicted upon her the most exquisite pain.

"That will be best. I will be on the watch day and night. If I am not at home, I will leave word where your messenger can find me in a very few minutes. And I will borrow his horse, if my own is knocked up, or out of the way at the instant. Pray keep up your own spirits, for he may sadly need you. I fear he will! Indeed, Miss Addersley,—it is too late to delude you with false hopes,—I am sure of it."

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE LAST DREAMER AWAKENED.

Mr. Dell had not noticed the change in the Doctor's face and manner; for, in accordance with his usual custom, he went away when the Doctor came, in order to leave him alone with his patient, and then meet him at his departure to learn what he thought as to his wife's state. He was very restless, and finding the Doctor longer than he expected in coming to him in the antique-room, where he was accustomed to wait, he moved first to one place, then to another, and at last wandered into the studio.

He was sorry he had done so, for what he saw there reminded him of the single gleam of hope they had all experienced a few days back, and during which he had drawn out from the numerous canvasses that stood sloping against the wall the picture he had begun to paint in illustration of the ballad of "Lady Hester," and had placed ready upon the easel. A sort of unpleasant fascination drew him now to look upon his work; but the artist seemed to be dead in him, and he could only look at it with dulled and pre-occupied eyes. Still, as he looked, and as his thoughts ran off, from moment to moment, almost tremblingly to ask "what would be the Doctor's report to-day?"—he became conscious of an altogether new aspect that the picture was presenting. It seemed, as he gazed, to become strangely personal. Lady Hester and the timid bride of the ballad faded into an obscurity scarcely less dense than that from which they had originally been drawn, while their representatives, Grace and his own wife, correspondingly emerged into a startling, vivid presentment of their actual selves. Still he looked, and, to his horror, found new and hideous fancies thronging into his brain; surging through it like a confluence of great black corrupting streams, which he could not stop: but which paralysed his very soul by their noxious fumes. And, as though these fancies were not enough, facts,—facts never dreamed of till now as of the least significance, came also in their wake in sinister and multitudinous array; each with its own burden of evil suggestion to lay at his feet. His head throbbed, and his eyes seemed to be starting from their sockets, as they remained riveted upon the expression of deadly malignity which Grace there fastened upon the alarmed, but half-playful countenance of his wife.

He said nothing, even to himself. His whole conception was too wildly impossible. He would never be able to forgive himself if he did not root out at once such a diabolical growth, the seed of which could only have been sown by the Father of Lies! Then he remembered the incident of the ride, and his own moral certainty that on that day he would have taken home a corpse in the place of a living wife, if Grace had not intervened. But he also remembered Grace's love for him,—her disappointment at his marriage,—and her recent refusal of Payne Croft.

He wiped the dews from his face and head; then he went to a little closet where there was water; and

took a tumbler-full and drank it off; he then returned, as though more manfully to confront the hideous but unreal phantom his own mind had conjured up. In vain! It was impossible now to resist the impression conveyed by the almost sublime hatred he had himself admiringly transferred from Grace's face and gestures to those of the imaginary Lady Hester.

But at last he remembered, and with a sort of smile and a sigh, implying some relief, that it was after all his own work that he was gazing upon; and that, perhaps, it was he, and not Grace herself, who was responsible for the expression that now so alarmed him. And he spoke then,—

"I am growing nervous, I suppose, and womanish. This will never do. But, however, I wo n't throw away the alarm I have had." He walked up and down for a minute or two, then seated himself at a little table, and wrote a hurried note: —

"Bletchworth, Morning of Christmas Eve,
11 o'Clock.

"DEAR ARCHY,—

"Come to me, I beg of you, within an hour after you receive this. Let your wife follow during the day, and, when she arrives here, take the management of the house; neither my wife nor Miss Addersley are able any longer to attend to it: both are ill. Make the best arrangements you can for a protracted absence from the farm. Your mother can manage. Send for her, if she has not already joined you. But come, as you value my friendship: I need you. Go round, before you come here, to the Telegraph Office at Leatham, and send a message to London to Dr. M——, to come to Bletchworth Hall instantly, by express, or, if necessary, by special train; and to transmit an immediate answer. Leave another and similar message at the office to Dr. S——, to be forwarded only in the event of the answer to the first message implying any delay. Read this twice to make sure. The addresses of both gentlemen will be readily found by the people at the office in London. "R. DELL."

He sealed the letter, rang the bell, and said to the woman who entered,—

"Send George instantly with that to Norman Mount Farm. He must go as fast as the horse will carry him. But warn him to be careful!—no flurry—no accidents!" The servant took the letter, and went away.

Mr. Dell then went to the picture, lowered it deliberately from the easel to the floor, and ran his knife along the edge, all round, till the canvas dropped from the frame. He then cut the picture to pieces, and threw the fragments into his waste-basket, saying,

"Whatever happens, I will never again look upon this. Every bit of it, even now, seems to poison me by the mere finger-touch! How very long the Doctor is this morning! But he amuses her at times, and then he is apt to be garrulous." The servant now re-entered with a letter—not his own—in her hand, saying,

"From Miss Addersley, sir."

Oh, the anguish that shot through the frame of the strong man at these simple words! it was impossible, he thought, to mistake their meaning. He had borne all bravely till now. Yes, doubtless, the Doctor had gone away unwilling to speak personally to him, her husband! And now Grace herself also lacked courage to come to him. Yet that was hardly like her, he remembered. Again he raliied his wandering senses, and began to open the letter, with fixed, steady eyes, and clenched teeth. But he paused to speak to the servant.

"Is George off?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. You need not wait." She went away.

Mr. Dell felt at that moment strangely conscious of all that was passing about him in the world of things; yet strangely conscious, too, that there was something waiting that would give him different occupation. He opened the letter, and perceived to his surprise that it began abruptly, and not with the words that he had foreseen, as he thought, so clearly, of "Oh, my dear, dear cousin;" the preface to a story which would then no longer need telling. He was still more surprised to see what the first few words really were, though half relieved by them, as being so unlike what he had anticipated.

——"I want to tell you a strange story, and at a strange time. My brain is already beginning to wander, but I will try to keep to my tale rigidly—ay, rigidly as it has kept to me.

"There was a child in one of the slaves states of America—I need not tell *you* her name or the name of the state. People said she was beautiful and fortunate—certainly she was not happy: in truth she was very miserable. Her mother, though caring little about her, except as a pretty plaything, indulged her in every possible way. Her nurse, a powerful mulatto, alternately petted and tortured her—now wooing her with tender love, now paralysing her with a kind of insane violence—until what little heart the child had refused at last to be any longer tampered with or experimented upon, and grimly shut itself up to pine or to die: which it might be no one cared, not even herself, then.

"Fearful as is the hurrying and inexorable march of Destiny just now, I must give you one picture of that child and that time. A slave is to be executed—her mother's slave—once a great favourite of the household, and the nurse takes the child to a hill within sight of the scaffold, and holds it up that it may the better enjoy the spectacle. Oh, but she was a kind nurse! She taught the child as she grew toward girlhood, strange secrets—precious secrets—dangerous, deadly secrets. No, ask no questions! I will not answer them; on my soul I will not! The knowledge here shall die with me. But these secrets haunted the child's imagination, and inspired a yearning to try their power. And the Mulatto once showed her their power; but no one knew except those two; and no human life was then affected, so it mattered little. Can you guess now the state of that child's heart, or are you already guessing what is to come? Its intellect was taken equally good care of. The only principle imparted to it was that of self-indulgence; the only development afforded to it was that of self-conceit; the only aspirations favoured were those which ever urged the soul to crave for more and more

wealth, social display, influence, and power. The child throve so bravely in all these things, that she would probably have outstripped her instructors had full scope been given.

"She grew in years, and became an object of desire, emulation, and envy, as the rich heiress. Her father was supposed to be rich: it was a mistake; he was only self-indulgent. At his death a bare pittance remained for the daughter and widow.

"Do you recognise the original of the portrait, here so feebly sketched? I cannot: the words I write are so unlike what I intended to have written. But, in truth, I am no longer interested in dealing with the character and motives of a person so weak, worthless, and evil. Cousin, I send you what seems to be the mental history—but it is, in truth, only the cowardly excuse—of *a murderess!*

"Ay, clutch the paper in your hands! Gaze up into heaven, and down into hell, and ask help or explanation of either. Begin the maddening march from wall to wall, from bar to bar of this life-cage that I have now continued so long. But come back and read to the end, and be thankful, as you do it, you are not as I am. O cousin, could you sit down for one moment with me upon this floor, and look thence upon the past and the future of us both, you would say you have indeed much to be thankful for.

"I rave, I know, while trying to be very calm. Your wife is dying, and it is by my hand! There is the confession, made in a sane mind, which I shall sign presently, in letters large enough for a world to read them!

"I have just enough of the semblance of good left in me not to go to your wife; although my soul,—Pah!—the soul of a murderess—you will cry! Well, cousin, something—be it soul or sense—yearns, weakly enough, but very passionately to lie at her feet for but one minute before she knows all, or even after;—for I think I could venture to meet her and confess all, and ask for that one moment, even after;—if you did not know; for she will be more merciful than you, cousin; but you might think I should thus increase her danger; and although I know now she must die, and will not let you suffer as I have suffered from false hopes, yet I will not have you tell me,—'You have twice killed her!'

"Say nothing yet to my mother. There will come a time when no one will need to say much to her; things will be so very plain.

"By my own will, I wait here, your prisoner, in my own room. I await here—those you will send to me. What you do, do quickly, or your justice may be baffled. I cannot trust myself much longer to these guilty hands.

"GRACE ADDERSLEY.

"P.S.—She who writes to you may be spared the desire to lift off even one feather's weight from the burden that is dragging her down—down! Something—no matter what—of late changed me. God then punished me with hope:—hope of undoing all. The Doctor has this morning settled that. I have no dread of being discovered. That is truth. Why I discover myself, you may, perhaps, one day understand. That is my one consolation,—don't take it away. And O cousin, dear, dear cousin, don't see me, please, ever more."

o o o

Let me for a time pass a veil over the heart and mind of him who read this letter.

o o o

When, an hour or two later, Archy with hurried step came to the door, and tapped, he found Mr. Dell sitting in a chair in a darkened corner, a letter in his hand, and staring senselessly upon him, as though recovering from a trance. He then rose, took no notice of Archy's earnest, sympathetic look or outstretched hand, but said in a hard voice, while his eyes looked almost the colour of blood, "Read that." He put Grace's letter into Archy's hand, and then taking no more notice of him, began to write. When he had finished a short note and sealed it, he handed it to Archy, saying,—

"Send that to Mr. Staunton. He is the nearest magistrate." Then seeing that Archy was so overcome with horror as to be absolutely helpless, he said,

"No matter. Recover yourself. We have work to do now. I will dispatch this, and come back." He went out, and left Archy for a brief period to make acquaintance with a grief that taught him, at last, what child's play had been all his previous sorrows beside this.

[*To be continued.*]

DESOLATION.

THE engraving we have given, by Mr. W. L. Thomas, speaks for itself. Desolation reigns supreme; Life has gone, and the sunshine on the landscape has died away, and all that remains is the grave, and the crumbling skull. We are reminded of Campbell's beautiful poem, "The Last Man"—

"All worldly shapes shall melt in form,
The sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality;
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of time;
I saw the last of human mould
That shall creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime."

So sang Campbell, and in some such spirit has our artist worked.

W. HOWITT AND DR. GULLY ON SPIRITUALISM.

WHATEVER may be the opinions of our readers—the growth of what is called spiritualism is one of the most remarkable signs of the times. The publication of



DESOLATION

articles by all our contemporaries on the subject indicates that people are desirous to read whatever may be written on the subject. Blackwood last month endeavoured to deal spiritualism a heavy blow. This attempt led to a reply from the pen of Mr. William Howitt, which appeared in the Morning Star. Mr. Howitt asserts that instead of evading and resisting scientific inquiry, Mr. Home, the great "medium," courts investigation of this description, and has exhibited—if the spiritualists will allow us the expression—in the presence of Lord Brougham and Sir David Brewster :—"What is more, it is well known that it has been the practice of Mr. Home, on all occasions, to accept any invitation by gentlemen and Christians to display the phenomena which come through him. He has exhibited scores of times before the Emperor of France, and in presence of any scientific men that the Emperor has chosen to name. Mr. Home has done the same at almost every court and capital in Europe, and possesses the most unequivocal testimonials to the reality of his demonstrations from numerous crowned and learned heads. If there be one thing more than another conspicuous in Mr. Home, it is his readiness to meet and oblige all respectable inquirers. During his late sojourn in London, he has repeatedly visited—on one occasion for a whole fortnight—Lord Lyndhurst, and has been the medium, at His Lordship's house, of most striking phenomena, to the entire satisfaction of that great lawyer and his family. Now, surely Lord Lyndhurst is a highly scientific man, in the science especially essential to such inquiries, that of shrewdly examining and taking evidence of facts. Mr. Home has displayed similar phenomena in the houses of literary, artistic, Parliamentary, and scientific people in London during the whole of last season. Mr. Faraday, we all know, wished to see table turning, and he propounded a theory to account for it. But his theory of involuntary muscular action in the persons who put their hands on the table was immediately stultified by the tables rising up far out of the reach of all hands. Mr. Faraday, I know, has since been repeatedly invited by a scientific friend of his to witness those more decided demonstrations, but he has steadily persisted in refusing to go near tables that rise up to the ceilings of lofty rooms. Dr. Ashburnham, the translator of 'Reichenbach,' desired to examine these phenomena ; he found no resistance nor evasion ; he saw them repeatedly, became convinced of their reality, and publicly avowed his conviction ; and I could give you numerous instances of scientific men who have wished to examine them, and are believers, but they have their prudential reasons for preferring the anonymous. A distinguished physician and editor of one of our scientific journals, has for several years made a stout fight against spiritualism. He went to Mr. William Wilkinson, solicitor, of 44, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and said, 'You talk in the *Spiritual Magazine* wonderful things. I challenge you to let me see them.' Mr. Wilkinson accepted the challenge, and took Mr. Squire, a well-known American medium, with him to this gentleman's house. The learned doctor invited a learned Cantab and a secretary to a scientific society to meet them. They spent a whole day and parts of two other days with these gentlemen, allowing them to make every examination that they pleased. In the course of this visit many astonishing things were done ; a heavy table was flung from one end of the room to another. A table constructed scientifically, to defy the efforts of the most raging lunatics, and which had defied them, was at the particular desire of the doctor, though it was strongly clamped and bound with an iron rim, torn to fragments." Mr. Howitt also adduces the testimony of Professor Hare, "the Faraday of America," and Judge Edmunds, "one of the most distinguished of the American judges," in favour of spiritualism, his own belief in which is "as positive as a stone wall."

This letter of Mr. Howitt's seems to have opened the flood-gates of controversy, and the *Morning Star* has been filled with letters, good, bad, or indifferent, on the subject. On the side of spiritualism we find no less a distinguished man than Dr. Gully of Malvern. He defends the article which appeared some time back on the subject in the *Cornhill Magazine*. He says, "I can state with the greatest positiveness that the record made in the article 'Stranger than Fiction,' is in every particular correct ; that the phenomena therein related actually took place in the evening meeting ; and, moreover, that no trick, machinery, sleight-of-hand, or other artistic contrivance, produced what we heard and beheld. I am quite as convinced of this last as I am of the facts themselves.

"Only consider that here is a man, between ten and eleven stone in weight, floating about the room for many minutes—in the tomb-like silence which prevailed, broken only by his voice coming from different quarters of the room, according to his then position—is it probable, is it possible, that any machinery could be devised—not to speak of its being set up and previously made ready in a room which was fixed upon as the place of meeting only five minutes before we entered it—capable of carrying such a weight about without the slightest sound of any description? Or suppose, as had been suggested, that he bestrode an inflated balloon, could a balloon have been introduced inflated large enough to hold in mid-air such a weight? Or could it have been inflated with hydrogen gas without being detected by ears, eyes, or nose?

"It seems to me a much stronger sign of credulity to believe either of these suggestions, with our present knowledge, than to adopt the wildest statements or dreams of what is called spiritualism. Let it be remembered, moreover, that the room was, for a good part of the evening, in a blaze of light, in which no balloon or other machine sufficient for the supposed purpose could be introduced ; or, if already introduced, could remain unobserved ; and that, even when the room was comparatively darkened, light streamed through the window from a distant gas-lamp outside, between which gas-lamp and our eyes Mr. Home's form passed, so that we distinctly perceived its trunk and limbs ; and most assuredly there was no balloon near him, nor any machinery attached to him. His foot once touched my head when he was floating above.

"Then the accordion music. I distinctly saw the instrument moving, and heard it playing when held only at one end, again and again. I held it myself for a short time, and had good reason to know that it was vehemently pulled at the other end, and not by Mr. Home's toes, as has been wisely surmised, unless that gentleman has legs three yards long, with toes at the end of them quite as marvellous as any legion of spirits. For, be it stated, that such music as we heard was no ordinary strain ; it was grand at times, at others pathe-

tic, at others distant and long-drawn, to a degree which no one can imagine who has not heard it. I have heard Blagrove repeatedly, but it is no libel on that master of the instrument to say that he never did produce such exquisite distant and echo notes as those which delighted our ears. The instrument played, too, at distant parts of the room many yards away from Mr. Home, and from all of us. I believe I am stating a fact when I say that not one person in that room could play the accordion at all. Mr. Home cannot play a note upon it.

"To one whose external senses have witnessed these things, it is hard to increase the insufficiency of those attempted explanations which assert the use of tricks and machinery. As I said before, it requires much more credulity to believe such explanations than to swallow all the ghost stories that ever were related. I may add that the writer in the 'Cornhill Magazine' omits to mention several curious phenomena which were witnessed that evening. Here is one of them. A distinguished litterateur, who was present, asked the supposed spirit of his father, whether he would play his favourite ballad for us, and, addressing us, he added—'The accordion was not invented at the time of my father's death, so I cannot conceive how it will be affected; but if his favourite air is not played, I pledge myself to tell you so.' Almost immediately the flute notes of the accordion (which was upon the floor) played through 'Ye banks and braes of bonnie Doon,' which the gentleman alluded to assured us was his father's favourite air, whilst the flute was his father's favourite instrument. He then asked for another favourite air of his father's 'which was not Scotch,' and 'The last rose of summer' was played in the same note. This the gentleman told us was the air to which he had alluded.

"I have thus borne testimony to the truthfulness of the facts related by the writer in the 'Cornhill Magazine,' whom I recognise as having been my neighbour during the meeting. And I have endeavoured to show that, as regards the principal and most wonderful phenomena, there could have been no contrivance by trick or machinery adequate to produce or account for their existence. How, then, were they produced? I know not; and I believe that we are very, very far from having accumulated facts enough upon which to frame any laws, or build any theory regarding the agent at work in their production. Intelligent phenomena, such as the music, played at request, point to intelligent agents; and spiritual bodies that have quitted fleshly bodies may be at work. I, for one, wish that it were proved to be so; for a more solemn discovery than that of a means of communication between embodied and disembodied sentient beings cannot be imagined. It giddies the brain to think of the possible result of such a discovery. But, whilst I obstinately stand up for the integrity of my senses during my observation of the wonders above related, my inner senses cannot but observe many gaps that must be filled up before the bridge between the spiritual body's life here in the flesh, and its life elsewhere out of the flesh, can be finished. Meantime the facts must be patiently and honestly accumulated, and enthusiasm must be banished from the minds of the inquirers. And as regards the denials, and abuse, and jests of the non-inquirers, let it be remembered that scurrility and laughter never discovered or disproved anything whatever in the world's history. Respecting the purely physical phenomena, such as the raising of weights, whether of human bodies or tables, it *may be* that we are on the verge of discovering some physical force hitherto undreamed of: who shall say that we know all the powers of nature? Here, too, dispassionate inquiry must go on, regardless of the noise outside; regardless too of the ignorant and malicious prejudice which would blast the reputation of those who inquire in a direction opposite to that prejudice.

"Inquirers, unlike routine people, must be prepared to rough it among their fellow-creatures. And I suppose that I, for having asserted that I have five senses as yet unimpaired, and for having testified to what the majority disbelieve, shall come in for my share of pity or abuse. Let it be so, if it helps on a truthful search."

To these letters of Messrs. Howitt and Gully numerout replies have been made. Nothing is easier than to get up a newspaper controversy, and when Parliament is not sitting, and when it is difficult to fill newspapers, such a course may be popular and remunerative. People like to see their names or letters in print, and in a little while it is astonishing what an amount of letters may be received. However, with letters as with speeches, the difficulty is to avoid digression and repetition, and what we have given may be considered as the chief part of the controversy, as far as the Spiritualists are concerned. For the present we are inclined to recommend and practise neutrality;—the truth will come out in time. We can scarce believe all the people who tell us strange tales are impostors or dupes, and yet we must confess that the Spiritualists make great demands on our organs of belief, and that the spirits themselves do appear to come for wonderfully little purpose. Truth is hard to find. For instance, nothing ought to be clearer than historical truth; yet nothing is more difficult. Send half-a-dozen reporters to describe a scene, and how often they contradict each other. Even a man himself is often imposed on. Some men repeat what is not true so often that in time they take it for the truth, and will testify to that effect with might and main. It may not be amiss if we recall the attention of the reader to one or two cases of historical falsehood, for which we have the authority of Sir Samuel Romilly. We do this, not to encourage a spirit of scepticism—not to teach that history is a romance; to do so would be to confound all distinctions of human testimony, criticism, and judgment—but simply in accordance with the injunction of Locke*—"Let not men, therefore, that must have a sight, that would have a sight of what every man pretends to be desirous of—truth in its full extent—narrow and blind their own prospect. Let not men think there is no truth but in the sciences that they study, or books that they read. To prejudice other men's notions before we have looked into them is not to show their darkness, but to put out our own eyes. 'Try all things; hold fast to that which is good,' is a divine rule, coming from the Father of light and truth, and it is hard to know what other way men can come at truth to lay hold of it, if they do not dig and

* Conduct of the Understanding.

search for it as for hid treasure." But we must return to Sir Samuel Romilly. In his Memoirs he tells us—"Mirabeau wrote a letter to me while I was on the circuit in 1785, in which he gave me a very detailed account of a dispute which he supposed himself to have had with Gibbon the historian, at Lord Lansdowne's table, and in which he expressed himself with so much insolence that he seems, in some degree, to admit that he was to blame. The most extraordinary circumstance, however, is, that he certainly never had any dispute with Gibbon, and that at the time when he supposed it to have taken place, Gibbon was actually residing at Lausanne." The only explanation that seems at all feasible with regard to this is—that Mirabeau must have taken some one else for Gibbon.

Let us take another case. "When Mirabeau was in London," Sir Samuel Romilly wrote, "he lost a great part of his linen, and a manuscript copy of the correspondence between Voltaire and D'Alembert. A person of the name of Hardy, who served him in the capacity of amanuensis, having abruptly left him, although his wages remained unpaid, naturally suspicion fell on him, and the Count obtained a warrant against him, and after some time he was apprehended and tried at the Old Bailey. The evidence was very slight, and the man was very properly acquitted; but nothing at all discreditable to Mirabeau appeared upon the trial. On the contrary Baron Jewyn, who tried the prisoner (Mr. Justice Buller being at the same time on the bench), declared, that though the prisoner ought certainly to be acquitted, no blame whatever was to be attributed to the prosecution. Lord Minto (then Sir Gilbert Elliott) who had been at the same school with Mirabeau, and was the greatest friend he had in England, Baynes, and myself, were present at the trial, and had been consulted by Mirabeau upon all the steps he had taken on the occasion. When the trial was over Lord Minto said that it would be extremely important to have an accurate account of what had passed at the trial inserted in some of the newspapers, to prevent any misapprehension of it, which he thought might be apprehended from Mirabeau's enemies. At Lord Minto's suggestion, therefore, he, together with Baynes and Romilly, went immediately from the court to Baynes' chambers, and there drew up a very full account of the trial, which was the next day published in one of the newspapers. What," says Romilly, "was my great astonishment, therefore, some years after, when Mirabeau had by his conduct in the National Assembly of France drawn the attention of all Europe on him, to hear, as I did, that Mr. Justice Buller had stated in different companies, that Mirabeau had had the villany, because his servant demanded his wages of him, and threatened him with an arrest, to charge him with a felony, for which there was so little foundation that it was proved upon the trial that Mirabeau had never been possessed of so many shirts as he had accused his servant of stealing. That Mr. Justice Buller asserted these untruths knowing them to be such it is impossible to believe. He must have had an imperfect recollection of the trial; he must have had a strong prejudice against Mirabeau, and hence the extraordinary mistake."

Sometimes a man's vanity prompts him to frame what is not true. In one of the earlier numbers of the *Courier de Provence* Mirabeau represents Monnier as saying in the National Assembly, that it was corruption which had destroyed England, and himself as very happily turning that extravagant hyperbole into ridicule by exclaiming upon the important news so unexpectedly communicated to the Assembly of the destruction of England, and asking when and in what form that remarkable event had been brought about? The truth however is, that of all this not a single word was uttered in the Assembly. The whole origin of this fiction was, that while Mirabeau was writing his *Courier de Provence* exactly what he has stated passed in a private conversation at which he was present. Bursot de Warville used the words which he has ascribed to Monnier, and Dumont those which he has claimed for himself. He thought the dialogue too good to be lost—he made himself the hero of it, and placed the scene in the National Assembly. Our readers, then, may be pardoned for some scepticism. We wait for more light, and more incontrovertible facts. There is great virtue, depend upon it, in Tennyson's "honest doubt."

A DAY AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

I SEE at length the railway to Stratford-on-Avon has been opened, and the birthplace of the "divine William" has become a victim to the iron horse. Resistless steam, that giant of our day, has run right into the heart of England's most classic ground. I can never forget my first visit to that hallowed spot. The first building that attracted our attention was the town hall—a place of no great architectural pretensions, but which the visitor looks at for a moment because on the outside there is a niche in which is placed a statue of Shakspere, presented by David Garrick. In the large room of the same building, a room much given to balls, for which Stratford is famous, is a portrait of Garrick by Gainsborough and another of Shakspere by Wilson. We then asked for the house in which Shakspere lived and died; that, alas! exists no longer; a reverend Goth destroyed it, and in return we execrate, and our readers will do the same, his memory. We then passed on to the church that received the bard's mortal remains. It is a structure of large size and unusual beauty. You approach the church through a pleasing avenue of lime-trees. The interior had recently been restored, and restored so that the spectator does not regret the restoration. On your left-hand side, as you stand with your face to the communion table, there is *the* monument which has been gazed at for so many years in an earnest manner by strange and admiring eyes. It was executed by Gerard Johnson, a native of Holland, and when first put up—which, however, was some time after Shakspere's death—was coloured so as to represent life. Malone, however, not contented with editing Shakspere's works, and thus doing him as grievous injury as it was in his power to do, must needs scrape all the paint off, and daub it all over with one unmeaning coat of white. The monument in its original state presented this appearance: "the eyes were of a light hazel, the hair and beard auburn. The dress consisted of a scarlet doublet, over which was a loose black

gown without sleeves. The lower part of the cushion was of crimson colour, the upper part green, with gilt tassels." A few feet from the wall lie his remains, with the simple inscription so well known. By his side lies Anna Hathaway, his wife. Near him sleeps his daughter, Mrs. Hall, who is said to have had her father's "wit." In the same part of the church, also, are deposited the Combe family; on a respectable monument lies at full length the effigy of Sir John Combe, our poet's friend. We gave the old church a hasty glance, and looked at the books in which the visitor enters his name, one of which is the property of the parish parson, and the other of the parish clerk. The last worthy bears the not inappropriate name of Kite. From the church we hastened to Shottery, by the same path, probably, along which Shakspere would speed on a calm summer evening, to woo Anna Hathaway. What if she were older than he? Many a ripe maiden of mature years have we seen, towards whom we could easily imagine the love of a young heart might yearn. The truth is, love does not stand for trifles. Anna Hathaway was beloved by Shakspere, and a fine, high-souled peasant girl she was, we dare say, as she was waiting for Will in that old rude cottage which yet remains with a bed that was there in Shakspere's time, and the very self-same bench on which the poet and his love would sit. If Shakspere had not been a real-hearted man, he would never have gone to that cottage for a wife; had he been a snob or a flunkey, he would have waited, as snobs and flunkeys do now, till he could have been genteel and respectable, and kept his "Jeames;" but he had faith in God and kept the commandments, and all honour be given him for that. We could have lingered long at Shottery, everything there seemed so genuine; the woman who showed us over the place said her great-grandmother was the last of the Hathaways, and we believed everything she said. But we had to visit the place of Shakspere's birth, the old, miserable, deserted butcher's shop in Henley-street, and for which, poor as it is, £5000 have been offered to the woman that lives in it, and which is now properly preserved and put in trust. We were in *the* room; we knew it by instinct—the window—the walls, dark with a million autographs, seemed to us as familiar as if we had looked at them every day. We could have spent more time in such a place. Many were the gifted names that we looked on there. Scott and Lockhart had been there, and signed, as was right, their names together. In the same way we saw the signatures of Charles Dickens, Catherine ditto, and their common friend, Forster. It seems Dr. Lardner and the Countess Guiccioli had visited the place together. There were nobs, too, in abundance—King William, the King of Saxony, Queen Adelaide, Countess of Nesselrode, and the Grand Duchess of Russia. Americans, Porter and Willis to wit.

Washington Irving had written, not merely his name, but the following, which we take the liberty of putting into print:—

"Of mighty Shakspere's birth the room we see,
That were he died in vain to find we try;
Useless the search—for all immortal he,
And those who are immortal never die."

Mrs. C. Baron Wilson has also subjoined the following to her signature:—

"Bard of the deathless rhyme,
Bard of the song that ne'er grows old,
Thy lays were for all time,
Their lyric fire can ne'er grow old;
Quenchless the light that sprang from thee,
Thou master-spell of poesy!"

We print one more specimen. Daniel Maclise had been there in, we presume, a cold, damp, unpleasant day, and thus vents himself:—

"Stratford-on-Avon! Well, I must
See Shakspere's house. His tomb and bust
I've seen, and just maligned Malone,
Who once whitewashed his bust of stone,
And couldn't let his works alone.
Just now I'm rather in a pet;
I've sketched his house and got quite wet;
And now I sit, turn o'er and look
The countless names writ in this book;
And try to think, with all my might,
That I've also a right to write.
But hold! I fear t' increase my crime
By giving as reason doggerel *rhyme*."

These are not the only poetic ebullitions. Some dreadful things have been perpetrated in that room. In that good woman's book we saw more effusions—effusions, we mean, with more bad poetry and less good sense—than anything we have seen in young ladies' albums. It would be a kindness to print at full length the Christian names and surnames, the very parishes and streets, the ages and business of the wretched individuals—for we cannot call them men and women, who annually resort to that room and insult, not Shakspere and genius, but Lindley Murray and common sense, by their mongrel versifications. Possibly the world's laugh might compel them to the observance of a natural, becoming, asinine decency.

They profess to show "relics" at another house, but we felt no inclination to see them. The loving mother who took care of us till we fancied we could take care of ourselves, and accordingly left her side for London temptations and cares, was a zealous collector of "relics," and in consequence we have been sceptical about relics ever since. What we had seen we felt was authentic, and we had seen enough. In conclusion, we must mention one thing which pleased us much. While we were in the room, we spent some time there looking at the autographs of the great and good who had come there actuated by one common feeling with ourselves; a common day-labourer and his wife came to the same spot, impelled by the same desire. This was real fame. To the birthplace of the poet of all humanity—the man who, better than all other men, understood the workings of man's universal heart, how it is urged by passion or desire—had come the rude unlettered peasant. To him Shakspere had presented a development of man worth seeing, worth venerating. If the class, the least educated in English society, can be lifted beyond themselves, Shakspere will not have lived and written in vain.

But the day, glorious as it had been, was hasting away. We hurried to our inn—we had some small gossip with an ancient man that lamented much railways and modern reform—we ate our beef-steak as if we feasted with the gods themselves—we drank the memory of the immortal bard in, oh Bass, thy far-famed

ale; ale which the kindly Laman Blanchard loved—which Angelo Titmarsh drank beneath those mysterious pyramids from which, Buonaparte told his soldiers, forty centuries looked down. We had just time to get on the coach and see from a distance the chimneys of Charlecote, when the scene changed, and night and Leamington brought us back from our day-dream of romance.

LITERATURE.

The Art Album—Sixteen Fac-Similes of Water-Colour Drawings. (London: Kent and Co.)

Three Gems in One Setting. (London: Kent and Co.)

Illustrated books have become the rage, and this year the season has set in with unusual severity, and in nothing has greater progress been made than with regard to them. How insipid and trifling seem the little annuals that were at one time in universal request! Then, when our great publishers set their wits to work, and at Christmas time provided us with some choicely illustrated editions of sterling works of imagination and poetry, it seemed as if the climax had been reached. For instance, last year the Book of Favourite Modern Ballads, published by Kent and Co., whether as regards the ballads collected, or the illustrations by which they were accompanied, left nothing to be desired. However, the same publishers have this year provided gift books of which it is utterly impossible to speak in too eulogistic terms. We will describe the larger work first. The Art Album is indeed worthy of its name; the binding is of the richest description, and prepares us for the contents which adorn and complete the book. The new discovery of coloured printing has for the time resulted in a volume of exquisite beauty. We have sixteen plates or fac-similes of water-colour drawings, so well printed that you could scarce tell but what they are veritable water-colour drawings. The artists selected are George Cattermole, Sidney Cooper, Edward Duncan, John Gilbert, William Hunt, R. P. Leitch, George Smith, George H. Thomas, Mrs. Ward, Henry Warren, Edward H. Wehnert, Harrison Weir, and H. B. Willis; and Mr. Edmund Evans has engraved and printed them with wonderful skill. The Art Album is, indeed, a triumph of art. The gem of the collection, to our mind, is the first—"Stepping Stones," by E. H. Wehnert. The clearness of the impression is amazing—a photograph could not be more minute and faithful in its details. Mr. Duncan's picture of "A Breeze off Shore" is also very good, and the grapes in Mr. Hunt's "Fruit" really make one's mouth water. To print Mr. Cattermole's "Baron's Chapel" must have required immense care; but the thing is done and successfully. Mr. Cooper's "Winter" is but too true a foretaste of what we must soon be called on to experience. J. Gilbert's "Marriage of Griselda" is very gay and gorgeous, and the rich auburn hair of Mr. G. Smith's "Lucy" in younger days would have had a very serious effect upon our feelings. We have only one fault to find with Mr. Willis's "Carting Brushwood," that is, the oxen are a little too highly coloured. Mr. Wehnert's "Gardener's Daughter" would do credit to Millais. "The Fisherman's Return," by E. Duncan, is beautifully suggestive of low tide and pleasant sands. Mr. H. Weir's "Goldfinch" is, it must be admitted, an uncommon fine bird of its sort. The figure of the girl and the dog's head in Mr. R. Ward's "Suppliant" are very finely done, and G. Thomas's "Happy Day" is a very sweet bit of peasant life; we prefer it to that gentleman's "Sailor Boy," whose trowsers are far too neat, and blue, and clean. Mr. Leitch's "Sorrento" is a charming landscape, and Mr. Warren's "Peri," if not exactly up to our ideas of that fair maiden, is nevertheless a picture worthy of the volume, and the poem it is intended to illustrate. We have thus briefly enumerated the pictures for the benefit of our readers. The volume is a marvel, and indicates a progress of which the reader who has not seen it can form no idea. When Christmas time comes, and people want to find fitting books for presents, it must command an extensive sale.

The Three Gems in One Setting is a smaller but equally attractive volume. The gems selected are—Tennyson's Poet Song; the Field Flowers, by Thomas Campbell; and Mrs. Hemans' well-known Pilgrim Fathers. The mere binding of the book is a sight by itself. We think of its kind it is the most perfect thing we have ever seen. Each one of these noble poems has a separate illustration. The verse is printed at the bottom, an exquisite coloured vignette is placed above it, and a beautiful border surrounds all. Of the two volumes we scarce know which to prefer; were the question asked we should answer with the good Bishop, "Baith." Either, however, forms a most desirable, exquisite, and, we perfectly believe, unrivalled gift book for the season.

Hesperus, and other Poems and Lyrics, by Charles Sangster. (London: Trübner and Co.) Writers now-a-days are very numerous, who, like Mr. Bayes in "The Rehearsal," have a notable knack of rhyming and writing smooth verse. Poetry is an imitative art in more than one sense. The more educated people are, the more they admire poetry—the more they will try to write it. This is true of America as of England. The poems we receive from that distant land are innumerable; there, as here, a great deal of time is wasted, and a great deal of money devoted to the publication of very indifferent poetry, as if now in our language there was not a great deal of more first-rate poetry written than people can find time to read. Mr. Sangster has, however, special claims to consideration. He has emerged from the common level, and is besides a genuine Canadian poet. He may not stand side by side with the great masters of song—not even does he rank with the second class; but he has written much that is pretty and melodious, and that may be read with pleasure, and this last volume will do much to sustain and enhance the popularity he has acquired.

The Illustrated Family Gymnasium—(London: W. Tweedie)—is an American work by Dr. Traill, which may be introduced very usefully into this country. It contains the most approved method of applying gymnastic, calisthenic, kinesipathic, and vocal exercises to the development of the bodily organs, the invigoration of their functions, the preservation of health, and the cure of diseases and deformities. Dr. Traill lays no little claim to originality. What he has done has been

chiefly to collect the many useful and important facts and principles in relation to the above exercises, which are now scattered through a score or more of books, and so to arrange and explain them as to give the whole the best practical application. In America the want of such books is greater than in this country, where—ever since the time of Dr. Combe at any rate—men have paid more attention to their physical well-being. However, it is worthy of patronage this side the Atlantic; the book is well illustrated, though many are copied from the English, is nicely got up, and contains a great deal in a little. The subject is one on which too much cannot be written. With regard to it people require "line upon line, and precept upon precept."

THE MONTH.

THE Social Science Congress at Glasgow this year has been a great success. At the concluding meeting, held under the presidency of Lord Brougham, the Council presented a report stating that the meeting had been more numerously attended than any hitherto held; the number of members having been 719, of associates 1531, and of ladies who have taken transferable tickets 600; making a total of 2850. The papers received and read had been 164, and in all the departments discussions of great interest and value had taken place. The report concluded by stating that invitations had been received from Nottingham, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Dublin, for the annual meeting of 1861, and that the Council will decide upon them on an early day in London. Liverpool also has had a meeting connected with the movement, and, at the same time, the presentation of the Free Library to the town by the munificent M.P. for South Lancashire, Mr. W. Brown.

The Great Eastern is now left under the charge of Mr. Davies, the officer of the decks, who has made a wonderful revolution in the appearance of the ship, and that, too, with but about half-a-dozen men, as she is now very nearly all repainted. Captain John Vine Hall, Mr. Bold, managing director, and Mr. M'Lennan, the chief engineer, have been paid off. It is contemplated, we believe, at the close of the present month, to shut up the ship altogether, and pay off all hands. This would be but bad economy, as, to say nothing of the damage to the machinery from having no one to attend to it, the dampness of the climate at Milford Haven will effectually rot all the splendid hangings of the saloon unless fires be from time to time burnt in them. The sum required for the new decks and alterations in the bearings of the screw shaft will cost about £10,000 in themselves, besides the cost of the heating apparatus. The ship will remain in her present position for some months, as after Sunday next the spring tides will not again be sufficiently high until Christmas to float her. She is now placed in a perfectly sheltered position from the only wind that could blow her off the gridiron even if she was afloat.

One of the professors of the Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester, in a report on the agriculture on the south coast, remarks that the vast extent of grey peas cultivated there strikes a stranger as somewhat curious, until he finds out that to a great extent they take the place of beans as a feeding crop; and besides that peas are even now used as an article of food amongst the poor to a greater extent than at present prevails in most parts of England. "Go where one will," he says, "the hucksters' shops will be found to exhibit a large pan of fried peas."

The Committee of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle have determined to place the busts of the late Robert Stephenson and of Sir W. Armstrong in the Library of the institution. They have already a few marble busts of illustrious townsmen, including one of George Stephenson. To this number the two new busts will be added, not only on account of the honourable celebrity of the two men to be commemorated, but also in acknowledgment of the assistance they have rendered to the institution, which now possesses by far the largest public library in the north of England: Stephenson having not only paid off a debt of £3000 impeding the action of the Society, but also left it a legacy of £7000 in his will,—and Sir W. Armstrong having been at the entire expense of the new Lecture Theatre. Mr. Wyon, who modelled Robert Stephenson from the life, is to be the sculptor of the one, and Mr. A. Munro has been selected for the other.

A beautiful column is being erected in front of the entrance to Dean's-yard to Field-Marshal Lord Raglan, G.C.B., and eight other distinguished "Old Westminsters" who fell in the Crimea. The column is to rise to 66 feet, or within four inches of the topmost turrets of the new houses in Broad Sanctuary. At about 25 feet from the base are eight shields, which will contain the coat of arms of the departed officers, Lord Raglan's being by itself nearly at the bottom of the structure. Mr. G. G. Scott, of Spring Gardens, is the architect, and Mr. Philip, of Roehampton-place, Vauxhall Bridge-road, is engaged on a splendid representation of St. George and the Dragon, which is to surmount the column. It is expected that the memorial will be finished by the end of the year.

The Council of Wick met lately for the purpose of presenting the honorary burgess ticket to the Earl of Caithness. In acknowledging the honour, the noble earl referred to the subject of propelling of steam-carriages on common roads. His lordship entered on an interesting history of this invention, disclaiming for himself all right to the merit of inventing it, though admitting he had been the first to employ the steam-carriage to anything like the extent he had done. His lordship detailed the construction of the engine, and referred to certain improvements which he had himself introduced adding to the safety and simplicity of travelling, and narrating a variety of amusing and interesting incidents in connection with his own experience in thus travelling. Three cheers having been given for the Countess of Caithness, her ladyship said, "This is one of the proudest and happiest days of my life, to see my husband made a burgess of Wick, and to think that he, a Caithnessman, has taught the people in the south that it is possible to cross the Ord in a steam-carriage, which many of them regarded as an impossibility. (Loud cheers.) I am sure that as long as Caithness can boast of a steam-carriage propelled on its common roads, it has no cause to be ashamed, and may claim to itself what the Americans would style the character of a go-ahead county."

A model steamboat called the Ichthyon has during the last week been plying on the Serpentine. It merits attention as having been designed and built by Captain Beadon, of the Royal Navy, to whom the service is indebted for several useful inventions, and who for many years has devoted himself to the consideration of the best form of screw propeller and its practical application in naval architecture. The experimental model we refer to is constructed upon the principle of the double canoe, and appears to be admirably adapted for testing the merits of the peculiar form of screw and mode of propulsion adopted by the inventor. This twin-boat is, in fact, raised out of the water and supported upon two pontoons of a cylindrical form of two feet in diameter, and 18 feet long. These pontoons or tubes are each fitted with a solid conical spiral screw at the stem, driven by a direct centre shaft worked in the usual manner. The propellers are made to act together, or in opposite directions, in such a way that the vessel is driven by one or both, and may be turned in a sweep of little more than her own length. These propellers bore

into the water under the prow of the vessel, causing little disturbance, and they appear to act equally well whether immersed or partially uncovered. In the passage from Bristol it is stated that this model of only three tons burden, roughly built, and very imperfectly fitted with machinery, towed two barges laden with 90 tons of stone in shallow water at the rate of three miles an hour, with 20 lb. steam pressure in the boilers, and when accidentally run upon a gravelly shoal she was able, with the aid of the propellers only, to clear her own way into deep water. The Ichthyon was designed rather for the navigation of canals, but the principle of construction appears to secure steadiness and stability, as well as other advantages necessary to gunboats and larger vessels of war.

A hand-loom weaver at Dunfermline, named Charles Lawson, has completed the invention of a machine for weaving Brussels and velvet-pile carpets and table-covers, which is likely to cause a revolution in these branches of manufacture. The peculiarity of the machine is that it can be applied to any plain cloth web, raising the weft to any length, and in case of velvet-piles cutting the loop in process of weaving. By this process any variety of colours can be introduced without waste of material, the pattern being formed entirely of the weft, which, instead of being shot across the whole breadth of the web, is inserted only where shown in the pattern—thus a dozen different colours can be woven as economically as one. The process is described likewise as producing cloth quicker than by any of the old machines. The inventor has taken several years to bring his invention to a practical issue, one great difficulty having been the fixing of the weft, so that it will not pull out after the pile is cut, in which he has now completely succeeded,—*Scotsman*.

We regret to announce the death of the well-known engraver on wood, Ebenezer Landells, which took place at Brompton on Oct. 1. Mr. Landells had been for some time in ill health, but his demise was unexpected. He was in his 53rd year. He was a native of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where he was a pupil of Thomas Bewick, the celebrated engraver, and Mr. Landells's best wood-cuts have much of the artistic feeling of his master. Mr. Landells came to London about thirty years since, and had since been connected with the leading illustrated periodicals of the day. In 1841, he was one of the originators of *Punch*, the copyright of which he disposed of in the following year to the present proprietors of that journal. In the autumn of 1842 Mr. Landells was commissioned by the proprietors of the *Illustrated London News* to sketch and engrave the scenes and incidents of her Majesty's visit to Scotland; and his success on this occasion led to his being subsequently engaged to illustrate, in the above journal, the several royal visits to various parts of the United Kingdom and the continent. He was likewise the originator of the *Illuminated Magazine*, 5 vols., and one of the original proprietors of the *Lady's Newspaper*. To this arduous branch of his art Mr. Landells brought considerable artistic taste, as well as untiring energy, such as alone could enable him to sketch and engrave incidents from some hundred miles distance, so as to meet the requirements of a weekly newspaper. In private life he was an affectionate husband, an indulgent father, and a warm-hearted, generous friend.—Mr. A. Chalon, R. A., we also regret to write, died the same week. Mr. Alfred Chalon was for many years the fashionable water-colour painter of the age, and may be styled *par excellence* the artist of the ladies, in the portraiture of whom, more especially in their court dresses, his facile and graceful pencil was peculiarly felicitous. His style was light, airy, and sketchy, and approximated in the general opinion of the public to that of the French artist, Bouvier. That he stuck close to his profession to the end of the chapter may be inferred from the fact that the catalogue of the Exhibition of the Royal Academy last year comprised no less than six productions of his pencil. A few years since he and his deceased brother exhibited a joint collection of their works. We feel that in justice to the memory of the deceased gentleman, we ought to place on record the fact that last year Mr. A. E. Chalon offered to present gratuitously to the inhabitants of Hampstead (to which place he was always most tenderly attached) the whole of his collection of admirable water-colour paintings and pencil drawings, upon condition that the latter would provide for them suitable accommodation by way of a building, and guarantee a trifling salary to a curator; but we regret to add that the latter had not either sufficient money or sufficient public spirit to avail themselves of Mr. Chalon's munificent offer, which was consequently withdrawn.

A warm controversy is being carried on with respect to iron-plated ships for war purposes. The reputed success of the *Gloire* has made us English question the use of continuing to build ships which will be useless if the French Emperor launches many more such vessels as the *Gloire*. In a letter to the Times, Mr. Joseph Whitworth, in answer to a letter from Captain Halsted in favour of iron-plated ships, says—"There is no doubt but that ships may be built which are proof against ordinary shot, but my experience leads me to believe that the penetration of armour plates is a question of firing against them a projectile under the proper combined conditions; these are, that it shall be of the proper shape, material, and weight, and have the requisite velocity. A flat-fronted projectile of properly hardened material, and weighing less than an ounce, fired from one of my ordinary rifles, will penetrate wrought-iron plates 6-10ths of an inch thick. Again, plates 4 inches thick are penetrated by the 80lb. projectiles, and I have no doubt but that 6-inch plates would be penetrated by heavier projectiles with a more powerful gun. Increased thickness of plate, then, is to be overcome by increased power of gun; and the question is, in which case will the capability of increase sooner reach its limits? Ships which are hampered by the weight of enormous plates are so overburdened that they are unfit to carry a broadside of guns heavy enough to penetrate the armour of vessels plated similarly to themselves. Again, a ship constructed to carry very thick plates cannot be driven at the high speed which must hereafter give the superiority in naval warfare. There yet remains the consideration of cost. It is true that the richest nation can best endure the drain of costly equipments, and therefore cheap warfare would be a disadvantage; but it is also true that naval casualties and mishaps must be calculated upon, and it would be bad policy to concentrate too large an outlay upon a single vessel. It will be for naval authorities to consider the position in which the large heavily-plated yet still vulnerable ship would be placed if attacked by several smaller and far swifter vessels, each carrying a few powerful guns, and able to choose its distance for striking an enemy which presents so large a target. What would be the result of firing flat-fronted shots at her plates below the water-line, or of their concentrated fire directed upon the axis of her screw—a mark that might be hit at a considerable distance?"

Capt. Fowke proposes to complete the now unfinished buildings of the South Kensington Museum which abut on the east side of the Female Training School, and so-called "Boilers," opposed by the Sheepshanks Gallery. The space thus enclosed he would roof in with glass, in the form of a dome from 90 to 100 feet high, an octagon, supported by eight columns of iron cased with brick-work. His estimate for finishing the eastern part, building a wall across the quadrangle for safety against fire, and the erection of the dome itself, is 17,000*l*. This would give two courts, respectively 110 feet square and 120 by 90 feet, available for exhibition in a more satisfactory manner than at present of the various large and valuable works of Art crammed in different parts of the Museum—particularly for the reception of the architectural casts made for use in building the

Houses of Parliament, and costing the country 500*l.* a year for rent at Mill-bank.

At the last sitting of the French Academy of Sciences, M. Lœverrier announced that, on the 15th of September, Mr. Ferguson had discovered another small planet in America. This new heavenly body, being different from those lately discovered by MM. Chacornac and Goldschmidt, is the 60th on the list.—Dr. Jules Cloquet produced a pair of boots made of the tanned skin of a boa constrictor. The material is remarkably strong and supple; the scales have preserved their natural imbrication and colour, after the process of tanning, and the inside of the skin displays the marks of the scales in alternate reliefs and depressions. Dr. Cloquet, on this occasion, observed that it would be desirable to make further attempts to introduce the skins of the inferior vertebrata into trade, seeing that, as to thickness and durability, they decidedly offer greater advantages than those of the superior classes. He concluded by stating that he intended to give one of his specimens to the Museum of Natural History, the other to the cabinet of the Zoological Garden of Acclimatization.—M. Wothley, of Aix-la-Chapelle, sent in some specimens of a new process for enlarging photographs taken on collodion, either by solar or electric light. M. Wothley states that he arrives at these results by a series of manipulations constituting almost a new art. By means of a heliostat he directs a broad pencil of parallel rays upon the negative impression. The light, in passing through, forms a wide cone of diverging rays, which casts the enlarged image on a sheet of prepared paper. The impressions thus obtained may be of almost any dimensions; M. Wothley has produced some eight feet by five. The exposure to the light lasts about 25 minutes. For washing and fixing the impressions he employs various dexterous manipulations, rendered necessary by the large surface to be operated upon.—M. Dehaut sent in a note, stating that M. Foucalt (whose experiments on the pendulum, effected a few years ago at the Pantheon, are of European notoriety) is not the first discoverer of the fact that the plane of oscillation of the free pendulum is invariable; but that the honour of the discovery is due to Poinsinet de Sivry, who, in 1782, stated, in a note to his translation of *Pliny*, that a mariner's compass might be constructed without a magnet, by taking a pendulum and setting it in motion in a given direction; because, provided the motion were continually kept up, the pendulum would continue to oscillate in the same direction, no matter by how many points, or how often the ship might happen to change her course.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

In addition to the statue of Havelock, the great Indian warrior, about to be placed in Trafalgar-square, Charing Cross, the ornamental bronze lions from designs by Sir E. Landseer, R.A., are at length to be placed in position at the foot of the Nelson Column. The statue of Charles I. is also to be removed further north towards the foot of the Nelson Column, where it will be seen from east and west, and offer less obstruction to the carriage traffic. The new building for the Metropolitan Board of Works is nearly completed, and is expected to be ready for occupation at Christmas, when the new passage from Charing Cross, through Spring Gardens, into St. James's Park, will be opened. In addition to the important alterations effecting in the National Gallery, the vestry of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields have voted a sum of £150 for the erection of a drinking fountain opposite Nelson's Column, and altogether Charing Cross will shortly assume an entirely different aspect.

Mr. Thomas Wright, in a letter to the *Times*, thus states the result of the Wroxeter excavations, which, he says, are on the eve of being interrupted from want of funds. First, the basilica of the Roman city, or, in plainer terms, the town-hall, an extensive building, which, from accidental circumstances at the commencement of the undertaking, the excavation committee were obliged to fill up. Second, the extensive public baths of Uriconium, of the importance of which your readers will form some notion when I tell them that this building covers four times the space of the baths discovered at Pompeii. It is the more interesting to be able thus to examine in our own island the public sanitary institutions which were established here by the Romans, at a moment when the question is so much agitated of introducing the same description of baths among our modern population. Third, a building, also of some extent, which there can now be little doubt was a market-place. Fourth, a laboratory of some description or other, with the remains of furnaces and other circumstances which lead me to look upon it as the workshop of an enameller, and this opinion seems partly confirmed by a recent and curious discovery. Just within the entrance of this workshop a heap of sixty coins were found, and near them the fragments of a small earthen vessel which had perhaps contained them; among or close to these coins lay a steel button, beautifully ornamented by damascening, and apparently dropped there when it was quite new, and I suspect made in this identical shop. The coins which have not yet been fully examined, will give another clue to the exact period when the Roman city was destroyed. Fifth, some buildings between this workshop and the baths, and adjoining the south wall of the basilica, which were very puzzling at first, but further excavations seem to demonstrate that they were public *cloacæ*. All these buildings, with some others which have not been opened, form an extensive square, bounded on the north and south by parallel streets, and on the west facing the Forum of the Roman city. It will not be possible to examine the Forum itself, because the modern road occupies the middle of it, but accidental discoveries made in the field on the other side seem to show that it had a large central area, inclosed with short stone pillars, and perhaps rails. On the south of the southern of the two streets the buildings are found to continue along the side of that street and of another which runs southwardly at right angles to it, and which has a gutter on one side; but it is not at present possible to say whether these are public buildings or private houses.

We must call the attention of our readers to the Prize Writing-Case which Messrs. Parkins and Gotto have contrived, and to which the Society of Arts have awarded their silver medal and the prize of twenty pounds, placed at their disposal by the Rev. F. Trench and J. McGregor, Esq. The conditions of the competition were—that none were to be sent in weighing above five ounces when empty—that the size in length and breadth was not to exceed that necessary to hold note-paper—that the case was not to contain ink in a fluid state—that it was to be made of a substance not liable to be spoiled by wet, and which would protect the contents from injury—and that the retail price was not to exceed 1s. 6d. or 2s., when fitted with pens, paper, &c. 28 writing-cases were sent, and the council selected that of Parkins and Gotto. It is one of the neatest and most useful things of the kind we ever saw, and though intended primarily for soldiers and sailors, it must be a boon to the public at large, and only requires to be known to be appreciated. It is adapted for all classes, is sufficiently portable to be carried in the coat pocket, and has all the advantages of an expensive case.



OLD CHRISTMAS.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

OLD CHRISTMAS.

DECEMBER, 1860, has arrived. We have had rather a rough twelve months since Old Christmas was here last; cold winds and ungenial rains have devastated the land, and the earth has been sadly deficient in fruit and flower. People have found it hard to keep up their spirits, and many have found it very difficult, in consequence of the high prices of provisions, and the great depression in all kinds of business, to make both ends meet. Some of us too have had still worse trials. We may have stood by the bed-side of those we have loved,—we may have seen the desire of our eyes fade away,—we may have learnt, by the bitterest of all teaching, that man is mortal, and made to mourn. We welcome a new Christmas, but we cannot help thinking of the old one, with his cheerful train of bright faces, laughing voices, and warm hearts. But we must not indulge in retrospect—life is too short for that pleasing yet dangerous melancholy. Let us speed the coming guest; let us send away sad thoughts, and summon a cheerful smile. In short, let us be jolly and exclaim rapturously,—Welcome! thrice welcome to merry Christmas! he is with us once again, with his lap filled with the best and brightest fruits of harvest; his cheery old face beaming with delight as the crackling "yule log" lights up the ancestral hall and the poor man's cottage, decked with the sacred mistletoe and holly. The time has come for the expansion of our best affections, when mirth and happiness reign supreme in our island homes, when the patrician is glutted with delicacies, and even the struggling poor accumulate a scantily filled larder.

But whilst his jolly presence thaws the heart, his hoary beard is decked with icicles, and the biting north wind swells his furry mantle, piercing poverty to the marrow as it steals from the gloomy garret to pick up morsels fallen from the rich man's table. Ask the weary wayfarers as they plod through dreary, trackless wastes of snow—ask the ill-clad frost-nipped urchin prowling round your doors, whilst with trembling lip he chaunts his melancholy carol,—if to them it is a merry Christmas—if their hearts expand with gratitude to God and Christmas? Alas! I fear me, old friend, thou art but a mortal at best; scattering thy smiles and blessings, like a fawning sycophant, where best they could be spared, whilst to the humble, poor, and meek thou art a very tyrant. Perchance this self-devoted office may prove a thankless one, in thus reminding those who draw the curtain and cluster round the warm and cheerful Christmas hearth, that pain and misery are without, on the right hand and the left, rendered acuter still by wretched want.

With regard to the artist of the present illustration, Mr. W. Clifton (who must not be confounded with his brother, J. S. Clifton, the Master of the Oxford School of Design), let us say that he was born at Beverley, that he inherited his artistic tastes from his mother, that he was brought up to business pursuits; but, thanks to the early closing movement, an innate adaptation for art, and a quick perception of the beautiful, he devoted as much time as possible to study, and acquired considerable notoriety in the neighbourhood as a draughtsman. At first he was induced to assist in the production of banners, &c., for the benefit societies of Great Britain and the Colonies, amongst whom Mr. Clifton's designs are as familiar as household words. As his employment gave a wider range to his ideas, whilst continual practice developed his skill, he has since adopted the profession of wood draughtsman, with a firm determination to conquer all difficulties, and eventually we trust he will take a leading position in his profession.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR JAMES GRAHAM.

A PARLIAMENTARY SKETCH.

BY J. EWING RITCHIE.

THE Life of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton is one that deserves to be studied by candidates for parliamentary renown. In a letter to the late J. J. Gurney, Sir Thomas says the debate on the Manchester Riots "convinced me that I have the opportunity of being a competitor on the greatest arena that ever existed, but it also taught me that success in such a theatre is only for those who devote their lives to it." Sir Thomas declined to make the requisite sacrifice. Sir James Graham has paid the price, and takes a foremost rank in any gallery of modern statesmen. He has devoted his whole life to the House of Commons, and he is a fair specimen of a House of Commons orator. "The speaking," wrote Sir Thomas, "required, is of a very peculiar kind. The House loves *good sense and joking*, and nothing else, and the object of its utter aversion is that species of eloquence which may be called Philippian. There are not three men from whom a fine simile or sentiment would be tolerated; all attempts of the kind are punished with general laughter." This was written before Parliamentary Reform was won, but the description is still applicable. Parliamentary speaking has not altered in the least, and Sir James Graham, who won his laurels in the old days of corruption, is still a skilful debater in the greatest arena that ever existed.

"Vidth and visdom grows together" was the remark of no less an acute observer of human nature than the respected parient of the immortal Samiwell Veller. In the case of Sir James Graham this truth is strongly exemplified. In a work, published in 1839, entitled "St. Stephens; or, Pencillings of Politicians," I find a chapter devoted to a trio of turncoats. One of them is Sir Francis Burdett—he has long ceased to interest mankind; another is Lord Stanley—as Lord Derby he is now the leader of the Conservatives; and the third is Sir James Graham, who is quoted as an example of "the wretched stuff which poor human nature submits to admire and wonder at." No man has been more odious in the eye of the British people. When Sir James, as Secretary of State for the Home Department, laid before the House of Commons the outline of his Factory Education Bill, the Dissenters raised such a storm that the hon. baronet was soon compelled to give way. When Mr. Thomas Duncombe proved that he had opened Mazzini's letters, the ferment and outcry was greater still. At his head was hurled a torrent of abuse; anti-Graham wafers were advertised, and met with an extensive sale. One could scarce believe that Sir James was the same individual who had made radical speeches of the most violent character, who had a hand in drawing up the Reform Bill, and who, as Secretary to the Admiralty, had effected unexampled savings. And now, as you look below the gangway on the ministerial side, and see the gigantic form of Sir James, it cannot but occur to you that in that illustrious assembly there is not another man apparently so wise and wide.

Good fortune has done much for Sir James Graham. She has made him one of the strongest men in the House of Commons, and one of the wealthiest; and by reason of those two qualities has he ever been a man of mark. To hear a wealthy baronet talking radicalism thirty years ago was something wonderful; and, by reason of his immense physical capacity, has he lived down his unpopularity, his political inconsistency, his recklessness on the platform and the hustings, his bitter partizanship inside St. Stephens or out; and his patriarchal appearance quite touches the heart of the stranger in the gallery. If there be truth in physiognomy, Sir James cannot be the atrocious criminal at one time his enemies affirmed he was. He has a portly frame and a most benign presence. See him in a parliamentary fight. Sir James Graham has always a meek smile upon his face, and as he turns to listen to the orator, whoever he may be, who pours out upon him the vials of his wrath, he seems to say, "Oh, go on, my good fellow, you are not hurting me, but you are injuring yourself." There he sits, a great mountain of a man, with a calm placid face, which apparently no storm can ruffle or disturb, and with a frame that would make its possessor conspicuous wherever men assembled. Perhaps you are a stranger to the House, and of an excitable temperament. I was wonderfully amused once in the lobby with a youth fresh from his father's flock, who seemed inclined to cheer an orator. "My good friend," said a policeman in the gentlest way, "if you cannot control your feelings you had better leave the lobby." Perhaps you belong to that class, and cannot control your feelings. As the orator grows frantic, you do the same; as his bile rises, so does yours. You turn the lightning of your eye on the apostate Knight of Netherby, the opener of Mazzini's letters, the betrayer of the brothers Bandiera—even in his green old age the slanderer of Layard, and you wonder the earth does not open and swallow him up, as it did Dathan and Abiram of old. Wait a little while. The age of miracles is gone, and yet I will show you a miracle. The orator sits down. Sir James is in no hurry to reply. Slowly he lifts up his big body and rises to speak. At any rate, you say, the House will hoot him—it does nothing so rude, it receives him with cordial cheers. Well, then, Sir James himself will speak with the faltering accents of conscious guilt—on the contrary, he is perfectly unembarrassed. Well, then, his defence will be impotent and lame; it will convince no one and disgust all—the real fact is nothing of the kind. It comes out slowly and calmly, as if the orator felt its truth. Letters are read, but all in the calmest and most deliberate manner, which show how very right was Sir James, and how very wrong the wicked man by whom he was attacked. You never heard such a candid speaker in your life. He looks as if he would not do a naughty thing for the world. What a depth of untold tenderness there is in that man's bosom! How kindly he speaks of every one! What innocent simplicity lurks in his face! As he stands, slightly stooping, his arms behind his back, his voice seemingly broken with emotion, you fancy never was there a more injured person; and when he indignantly asks if it is to be supposed that he would forfeit the reputation of a life—when he declares that his character is at stake, that at his time of life—so soon to pass away from among men—it was monstrous to suppose that he would do anything so paltry and

mean as that with which he was charged, your warmest sympathies are aroused for the injured baronet, and you become indignant as you remember how he has been the helpless victim of party slander, of personal pique, or lying tongues.

His juvenility is, I imagine, another reason of Sir James's success. He is a boy, and will remain so to the end of the chapter. I know he was born in 1792, that he has been in and out of office times innumerable, that he has sat on all sides of the House, advocated all sorts of measures, and coalesced with all parties; but the enthusiasm with which he does all this is youthful. He is an artless, simple, unsophisticated boy, devoted to politics. He has accepted office because he delights in activity. He has done some very mischievous and disgraceful things for the same reason; actually, in some instances—as when he denounced Lord John Russell's Ecclesiastical Titles Bill—he has evinced a sagacity for which few gave him credit, and which fewer still appreciated at the time; but a boy he is, and will ever remain—his principles not yet fully formed, his judgment not yet fully ripe; but still, from his position, from his abilities, from his cleverness as a debater, from his wide experience, from his intimacy with the great chiefs departed, a man with great influence in the House of Commons, one of the half-dozen whose speeches are looked forward to in every great political crisis. We all know Sir Robert Peel had a high opinion of Sir James, and Sir Robert's opinions had, and still have, immense weight in the House of Commons. In truth, in the House of Commons a man is judged independently of the opinions formed of him out of doors. Hence no juvenile indiscretion on the part of Sir James has permanently affected the high position he took in that assembly when he first entered it, and has ever since retained.

Sir James is emphatically a man of the times and for the times. As a politician he is again in a somewhat chrysalis state. Perhaps, as he has been somewhat hard on the ballot, he intends supporting that when Parliament meets again. He, it is clear, has cut himself from the Derby party. For the same reason he can never be very closely allied with Lord John Russell. Sir Robert Peel was his Magnus Apollo, and, deprived of his leader, his course is somewhat desultory. His main fault has been this, that as a hard-working, busy party-fighter, he has never studied politics as a science, never been above the tumult and turmoil of party—never risen into the superior elevation of the political philosopher—never got a glimpse of abstract principles. He has contented himself with politics in the concrete; he has wrestled with parties and persons as we can imagine one of his ancestors fought in the jolly old moss-trooping times. Sir James's faults and official blunders have been those of his class. Fontaine tells us of a motherly crab who exclaimed against the obliquity of her daughter's gait, and asked her if she could not walk steady. The young crab very reasonably pleaded the similarity of her parent's manner of stepping, and asked whether she could be expected to walk differently from the rest of her family. Sir James is like the rest of his family. Letters had been opened by previous Secretaries of State, and when he opened Mazzini's letters he was neither worse nor better than others. If he lay about him pretty freely it is the manner of all faction and party fighters to do so; and if he occasionally exhibit intense ignorance of the middle-class public—as shown in his Factory Education Bill—why, country baronets with thirty thousand a year have but little chance of understanding the shopkeepers and Dissenters of our borough towns. An amusing instance of this Sir James displayed not long since. In his speech, a session or two back, in favour of voluntary education, Sir James quoted Mr. Baines, of Leeds—not then what he is now, a member of the House—as "a man of talent, though a Dissenter;" as if a man's talents depended on his profession of religion. A man of more philosophical insight than Sir James would have known that genius and talent are of no church. Yet, in the House of Commons, so ignorant are the leading men in it, necessarily, such a phrase passes muster, and Sir James, no doubt, thought he paid Mr. Baines a high compliment.

Sir James's deeds will remain to vindicate his claims to respect. On the whole he has been on the side of progress. During the Reform agitation he did much to insure the passing of that measure; and the aid he gave to Sir Robert Peel in fighting the great battle of commercial freedom was of the most invaluable character. As one of the faithful band of "paid janissaries" and "renegades," as they were termed by Lord George Bentinck, Sir James stood by his leader manfully, and fought with a courage the memory of which yet remains; and when, by means of a combination of Protectionists and Whigs, Lord John Russell was placed in office, Sir James helped to preserve the ministry in their free-trade career.

DID YOU EVER?

Did you ever see a maiden
Through a rippling streamlet wading,
Stepping on with queen-like grace,
Gladness smiling from her face,
Innocence and beauty beaming
From those eyes so brightly gleaming?
Have you seen that joyous maiden
As, with Nature's treasures laden,
She has passed across the stream,
Looking brighter than the gleam
On the waters pure and clear,
And have sighed for one so dear?

In a shady glen I found her,
Nature's every charm around her,
And I asked her if together
We should brave life's stormy weather—
Bearing one another's load,
Helping each along life's road?
Many years have flitted o'er us,
And the road is still before us,
And the stream is wider, deeper,
And life's hill is rougher, steeper,
But our love doth banish sadness,
And we journey on with gladness.

J. N. K.

THE WIDOW MINARDS' FIRST LOVE.

THE fire cracked cheerfully on the broad hearth of an old-fashioned fire-place in an old-fashioned public-house, in an old-fashioned village, down in Cornwall. A cat and three kittens basked in the warmth, and a decrepit yellow dog, lying full in the reflection of the blaze, wrinkled his black nose approvingly, as he turned his hind feet where his fore feet had been. Over the chimney hung several fine hams and pieces of dried beef. Apples were festooned along the ceiling, and other signs of plenty and good cheer were scattered profusely about. There were plants, too, on the window ledges, horse-shoe geraniums, and dew-plants, and a monthly rose just budding, to say nothing of pots of violets that perfumed the whole place whenever they took it into their purple heads to bloom. The floor was carefully swept, the chairs had not a speck of dust upon leg or round, the long settle near the fireplace shone as if it had been just varnished, and the eight-day clock in the corner had had its white face newly washed, and seemed determined to tick the louder for it. Two arm-chairs were drawn up at a cosy distance from the hearth and each other, a candle, a newspaper, a pair of spectacles, a dish of red-cheeked apples, and a pitcher of cider, filled a little table between them. In one of these chairs sat a comfortable-looking woman about forty-five, with cheeks as red as the apples, and eyes as dark and bright as they had ever been, resting her elbow on the table, and her head upon her hand, and looking thoughtfully into the fire. This was the Widow Minards, "relict" of Mr. Levi Minards, who had been mouldering into dust in the neighbouring churchyard for more than seven years. She was thinking of her dead husband, possibly because all her work being done, and the servant gone to bed, the sight of his empty chair at the other side of the table, and the silence of the room, made her a little lonely.

"Seven years," so the widow's reverie ran; "it seems as if it was more than fifty, and yet I do n't look so very old neither. Perhaps it 's not having any children to bother my life out, as other people have. They may say what they like—children are more plague than profit, that 's my opinion. Look at my sister Jerusha, with her six boys. She 's worn to a shadow, and I 'm sure they have done it, though she never will own it."

The widow took an apple from the dish and began to peel it.

"How fond Mr. Minards used to be of these apples. He never will eat any more of them, poor fellow, for I do n't suppose they have apples where he has gone to. Heigho! I remember very well how I used to throw apple peel over my head when I was a girl to see who I was going to marry."

Mrs. Minards stopped short and blushed, for in those days she did not know Mr. M., and was always looking eagerly to see if the peel had formed a capital "S." Her meditations took a new turn.

"How handsome Sam Payson was, and how much I used to care about him. I wonder what has become of him! Jerusha says he went away from our village just after I did, and no one has ever heard of him since. And what a silly thing that quarrel was! If it had not been for that—"

Here came a long pause, during which the widow looked very stedfastly at the empty arm-chair of Levi Minards, deceased. Her fingers played carelessly with the apple-peel, she drew it safely towards her, and looked around the room.

"Upon my word it is very ridiculous, and I do n't know what the neighbours would say if they saw me."

Still the plump fingers drew the red peel nearer.

"But then they can't see me, that 's a comfort, and the cat and old Bowse never will know what it means. Of course I do n't believe anything about it."

The peel hung gracefully from her hand.

"But still, I should like to try; it would seem like old times, and —"

Over her head it went, and curled up quietly on the floor at a little distance. Old Bowse, who always slept with one eye open, saw it fall, and marched deliberately up to smell it.

"Bowse—Bowse—do n't touch!" cried his mistress, and bending over it with a beating heart, she turned as red as fire. There was as handsome a capital "S" as any one could wish to see.

A great knock came suddenly at the door. Bowse growled, and the widow screamed, and snatched up the apple-peel.

"It 's Mr. M.—it 's his spirit come back again, because I tried that silly trick," she thought fearfully to herself.

Another knock—louder than the first, and a man's voice exclaimed—

"Hillo—the house!"

"Who is it?" asked the widow, somewhat relieved to find that the departed Levi was still safe in his grave upon the hill-side.

"A stranger," said the voice.

"What do you want?"

"To get a lodging here for the night."

The widow deliberated.

"Can't you go on? There 's a house half a mile further, if you keep to the right-hand side of the road, and turn to the left after you get by—"

"It 's raining cats and dogs, and I 'm very delicate," said the stranger, coughing. "I 'm wet to the skin; do n't you think you can accommodate me?—I do n't mind sleeping on the floor."

"Raining, is it? I did n't know that," and the kind-hearted little woman unbarred the door very quickly. "Come in, whoever you may be; I only asked you to go on because I am a lone woman, with only one servant in the house."

The stranger entered, shaking himself like a Newfoundland dog upon the step, and scattering a little shower of drops over his hostess and her nicely-swept floor.

"Ah, that looks comfortable after a man has been out for hours in a storm," he said as he caught sight of the fire, and striding along towards the hearth, followed by Bowse, who sniffed suspiciously at his heels, he stationed himself in the arm-chair—*Mr. Minards' arm chair!* which had been kept "sacred to his memory" for seven years. The widow was horrified, but her guest looked so weary and worn-out that she could not ask

him to move, but busied herself in stirring up the blaze that he might the sooner dry his dripping clothes. A new thought struck her: Mr. M. had worn a comfortable dressing-gown during his illness, which still hung in the closet at her right. She could not let this poor man catch his death, by sitting in that wet coat; if he was in Mr. Minards' chair why should he not be in Mr. M.'s wrapper? She went nimbly to the closet, took it down, fished out a pair of slippers from a boot rack below, and brought them to him.

"I think you had better take off your coat and boots—you will have the rheumatic fever, or something like it, if you do n't. Here are some things for you to wear while they are drying. And you must be hungry too; I will go into the pantry and get you something to eat."

She bustled away, "on hospitable thoughts intent," and the stranger made the exchange with a quizzical smile playing around his lips. He was a tall, well-formed man, with a bold but handsome face, sun-burned and heavily bearded, and looking anything but "delicate," though his blue eyes glanced out from under a forehead as white as snow. He looked around the kitchen with a mischievous air, and stretched out his feet before him, decorated with the defunct Boniface's slippers.

"Upon my word, this is stepping into the old man's shoes with a vengeance! And what a hearty, good-humoured looking woman she is! Kind as a kitten," and he leaned forward and stroked the cat and her brood, and then patted old Bowse upon the head. The widow bringing in sundry good things, looked pleased at his attention to her dumb friends.

"It's a wonder Bowse does not growl; he generally does if strangers touch him. Dear me, how stupid!"

The last remark was neither addressed to the stranger, nor to the dog, but to herself. She had forgotten that the little stand was not empty, and there was no room on it for the things she held.

"Oh, I'll manage it," said her guest, gathering up paper, candle, apples, and spectacles, (it was not without a little pang that she saw them in his hand, for they had been the landlord's, and were placed each night, like the arm-chair, beside her,) and depositing them on the settle.

"Give me the table-cloth, ma'am, I can spread it as well as any woman; I 've learned that, along with scores of other things, in my wanderings. Now let me relieve you of those dishes, they are far too heavy for those hands," the widow blushed; "and now please to sit down with me, or I cannot eat a morsel."

"I had supper long ago, but really I think I can take something more," said Mrs. Minards, drawing her chair nearer to the table.

"Of course you can, my dear lady; in this cold autumn weather people ought to eat twice as much as they do in warm. Let me give you a piece of this ham, your own curing, I dare say."

"Yes; my poor husband was very fond of it. He used to say that no one understood curing ham and drying beef better than I."

"He was a most sensible man, I am sure. I drink your health, ma'am, in this cider."

He took a long draught, and set down his glass.

"It is like nectar."

The widow was feeding Bowse and the cat (who thought they were entitled to a share of every meal eaten in the house), and did not quite hear what he said. I fancy she would hardly have known what "nectar" was—so it was quite as well.

"Fine dog, ma'am, and a very pretty cat."

"They were my husband's favourites," and a sigh followed the answer.

"Ah, your husband must have been a very happy man."

The blue eyes looked at her so long, that she grew flurried.

"Is there anything more I can get for you, sir!" she asked, at last.

"Nothing, thank you, I have finished."

She rose to clear the things away. He assisted her, and somehow their hands had a queer knack of touching as they carried the dishes to the pantry shelves. Coming back to the kitchen, she put the apples and cider in their old places, and brought out a clean pipe and a box of tobacco from an arched recess near the chimney.

"My husband always said he could not sleep after eating supper late unless he smoked," she said. "Perhaps you would like to try it."

"Not if it is to drive you away," he answered, for she had her candle in her hand.

"Oh, no; I do not object to smoke at all." She put the candle down, some faint suggestion about "propriety" troubled her, but she glanced at the old clock, and felt re-assured. It was only half past nine.

The stranger pushed the stand back after the pipe was lit, and drew her easy chair a little nearer the fire, and his own.

"Come, sit down," he said pleadingly; "it 's not late, and when a man has been knocking about in California and all sorts of places, for a score of years, he is glad enough to get into a berth like this, and to have a pretty woman to speak to once again."

"California! Have you been in California?" she exclaimed, dropping into the chair at once. Unconsciously she had long cherished the idea that Sam Payson, the lover of her youth, with whom she had so foolishly quarrelled, had pitched his tent, after many wanderings, in that far-off land. Her heart warmed to one who, with something of Sam's look and ways about him, had also been sojourning in that country, and who very possibly had met him—perhaps had known him intimately! At that thought her heart beat quick, and she looked very graciously at the bearded stranger, who, wrapped in Mr. Minards' dressing-gown, wearing Mr. Minards' slippers, and sitting in Mr. Minards' chair, beside Mr. Minards' wife, smoked Mr. Minards' pipe with such an air of feeling most thoroughly and comfortably at home!

"Yes, ma'am, I 've been in California for the last six years. And before that I went quite round the world in a whaling ship!"

"Good gracious!"

The stranger sent a puff of smoke curling gracefully over his head.

"It 's very strange, my dear lady, how often you see one thing as you go wandering about the world after that fashion."

"And what is that?"

"Men, without house or home above their heads, roving here and there, and turning up in all sorts of odd places; caring very little for life as a general thing, and making fortunes just to fling them away again, and all for one reason. You don't ask me what *that* is? No doubt you know already very well."

"I think not, sir."

"Because a woman has jilted them!"

Here was a long pause, and Mr. Minards' pipe emitted short puffs with surprising rapidity. A guilty conscience needs no accuser, and the widow's cheek was dyed with blushes as she thought of the absent Sam.

"I wonder how women manage when *they* get served in the same way," said the stranger musingly; "you never meet *them* roaming up and down in that style."

"No," said Mrs. Minards, with some spirit, "if a woman is in trouble she must stay at home and bear it, the best way she can. And there's more women bearing such things than we know of, I dare say."

"Like enough. We never know whose hand gets pinched in a trap unless they scream. And women are too shy or too sensible—which you choose—for that."

"Did you ever, in all your wanderings, meet any one by the name of Samuel Payson?" asked the widow, unconcernedly. The stranger looked towards her, she was rummaging the table-drawer for her knitting work, and did not notice him. When it was found, and the needles in motion, he answered her.

"Payson—Sam Payson? Why, he was my most intimate friend! Do you know him?"

"A little—that is, I used to, when I was a girl. Where did you meet him?"

"He went with me on the whaling voyage I told you of, and afterwards to California. We had a tent together, and some other fellows with us, and we dug in the same claim for more than six months."

"I suppose he was quite well?"

"Strong as an ox."

"And—and happy?" pursued the widow, bending closer over her knitting.

"Hum—the less said about that the better, perhaps. But he seemed to enjoy life after a fashion of his own. And he got rich out there, or rather, I will say, well off."

Mrs. Minards did not pay much attention to that part of the story. Evidently she had not finished asking questions, but she was puzzled about her next one. At last she brought it out beautifully.

"Was his wife with him in California?"

The stranger looked at her with twinkling eyes.

"His wife, ma'am! Why, bless you, he has not got one."

"Oh, I thought—I mean I heard"—here the little widow remembered the fate of Ananias and Sapphira, and stopped short before she told such a tremendous fib.

"Whatever you heard of his marrying was all nonsense, I can assure you. I knew him well, and he had no thoughts of the kind about him. Some of the boys used to tease him about it, but he soon made them stop."

"How?"

"He just told them frankly that the only woman he ever loved had jilted him years before, and married another man. After that no one ever mentioned the subject to him again, except me."

Mrs. Minards laid her knitting aside, and looked thoughtfully into the fire.

"He was another specimen of the class of men I was speaking of. I have seen him face death a score of times as quietly as I face the fire. 'It matters very little what takes me off,' he used to say; 'I've nothing to live for, and there's no one that will shed a tear for me when I am gone.' It's a sad thought for a man to have, is n't it?"

Mrs. Minards sighed as she said she thought it was.

"But did he ever tell you the name of the woman who jilted him?"

"I know her first name."

"What was it?"

"Maria."

The plump little widow almost started out of her chair, the name was spoken so exactly as Sam would have said it.

"Did you know her too?" he asked, looking keenly at her.

"Yes."

"Intimately?"

"Yes."

"And where is she now? Still happy with her husband, I suppose, and never giving a thought to the poor fellow she drove out into the world?"

"No," said Mrs. Minards, shading her face with her hand, and speaking unsteadily; "no, her husband is dead."

"Ah! but still she never thinks of Sam."

There was a dead silence.

"Does she?"

"How can I tell?"

"Are you still friends?"

"Yes."

"Then you ought to know, and you do. Tell me."

"I 'm sure I do n't know why I should. But if I do, you must promise me, on your honour, never to tell him, if you ever meet him again."

"Madam, what you say to me never shall be repeated to any mortal man, upon my honour."

"Well, then, she does remember him."

"But how?"

"As kindly, I think, as he could wish."

"I am glad to hear it for his sake. You and I are the friends of both parties, we can rejoice with each other."

He drew his chair much nearer hers, and took her hand. One moment the widow resisted, but it was a magnetic touch, the rosy palm lay quietly in his, and the dark beard bent so low that it nearly touched her shoulder. It did not matter much. Was he not Samuel's dear friend; if he was not the rose, had he not dwelt very near it, for a long, long time?"

"It was a foolish quarrel that parted them," said the stranger, softly.

"Did he tell you about it?"

"Yes, on board the whaler."

"Did he blame her much?"

"Not so much as himself. He said that his jealousy and ill-temper drove her to break off the match; but he thought sometimes if he had only gone back and spoken kindly to her, she would have married him after all."

"I am sure she would," said the widow piteously. "She has owned it to me more than a thousand times."

"She was not happy, then, with another."

"Mr.—that is to say, her husband—was very good and kind," said the little woman, thinking of the lonely grave out on the hill-side rather penitently, "and they lived very pleasantly together. There never was a harsh word between them."

"Still—might she not have been happier with Sam? Be honest, now, and say just what you think."

"Yes."

"Bravo! that is what I wanted to come at. And now I have a secret to tell you, and you must break it to her."

Mrs. Minards looked rather scared.

"What is it?"

"I want you to go and see her, wherever she may be, and say to her, 'Maria,'—what makes you start so?"

"Nothing; only you speak so like some one I used to know, once in a while."

"Do I? Well, take the rest of the message. Tell her that Sam loved her through the whole; that, when he heard she was free, he began to work hard at making a fortune. He has got it; and he is coming to share it with her, if she will let him. Will you tell her this?"

The widow did not answer. She had freed her hand from his, and covered her face with it. By and by she looked up again—he was waiting patiently.

"Well?"

"I will tell her."

He rose from his seat, and walked up and down the room. Then he came back, and, leaning on the mantelpiece, stroked the yellow hide of Bowse with his slipper.

"Make her quite understand that he wants her for his wife. She may live where she likes, and how she likes, only it must be with him."

"I will tell her."

"Say he has grown old, but not cold; that he loves her now perhaps better than he did twenty years ago; that he has been faithful to her all through his life, and that he will be faithful till he dies—"

The Californian broke off suddenly. The widow answered still—"I will tell her."

"And what do you think she will say?" he asked, in an altered tone.

"What *can* she say but—*Come!*"

"Hurrah!"

The stranger caught her out of her chair as if she had been a child, and kissed her.

"Don't—oh, don't!" she cried out. "I am Sam's Maria!"

"Well—I am Maria's Sam!"

Off went the dark wig and the black whiskers—there smiled the dear face she had never forgotten! I leave you to imagine the tableau; even the cat got up to look, and Bowse sat on his stump of a tail, and wondered if he was on his heels or his head. The widow gave one little scream, and then she—

But, stop! Quiet people like you and me, dear reader, who have got over all these follies, and can do nothing but turn up our noses at them, have no business here. I will only add that two hearts were very happy, that Bowse concluded after awhile that all was right, and so laid down to sleep again, and that one week afterwards there was a wedding at the house that made the neighbours stare. The widow had married her First Love!

THE OLD SCHOOL IN TURKEY.

My acquaintance, Hadji Bey, the wealthy Ayan* of Beilan—a mountainous and fertile district in Northern Syria—has invited us to pass a week at his house, situated on the summit of one of the loftiest hills in the place, and we eagerly accept the invitation for many good reasons, not the least amongst which are changes of air from the hot arid plains of Scanderoon, and a curiosity to study the domestic life and character of a Turkish nobleman *chez-lui*. So, long before the sun has lifted the misty veil from off the face of pestilential marshes, we vault into our saddles and scamper away as fast as we can to escape from the death foils that surround us in the plains, until we reach the gradual ascent of the Beilan hills, when every step carries us into a purer atmosphere, and, inhaling the odour of wild cedars innumerable, we watch the sun rise in all its eastern glory, amidst a welcome from myriads of crickets chirruping merrily from every tree, and to the music of thousands of tuneful larks floating between earth and the purple-tinged canopy of the sky above.

Our future host, the Ayan Hadji Bey, is the beau-ideal and perfect portrait of a Turkish gentleman of the old regime. He is reputed to be enormously wealthy, or, as our muleteer whispers, has rooms full of gold; notwithstanding which, when the season arrives for buying silk or gall-nuts, or for the payment of the vast quantity of ryahs employed to till and cultivate his extensive plantations, corn-fields, and vineyards, or in the case of any sudden emergency to meet demands for domestic purposes, rather than extract one single coin from his hoards he will go a journey of twenty miles and upwards to borrow sums at exorbitant interest from merchants, the repayment of which he guarantees in produce, so that, when the season arrives, these money-lenders get their wheat, barley, &c., at rates far below current market valuation. So long as he does not interfere with his much-loved cash, and only adds to the heap, he cares not to think or see that in reality he is annually an enormous loser by such-like transactions. This is one great characteristic feature of the Turk of the old school; of the others more anon, for at present the slippery mountainous paths demand our attention. Whir! whir!—there go a fair covey of splendid, fat, red-legged partridges, half-a-dozen of which would make our future host's mouth water as he contemplated them in a savoury pillauf; but it is no use wasting powder and shot, for they have crossed the ravine, and not the finest retriever in the world could get at any fallen bird without making a circuit of nearly eight miles to reach the bottom. Here comes a caravan of donkeys, laden with delicious apricots, figs, &c., for the fever-stricken inhabitants of the plains, in return for which they will bring back cucumbers and melons, which flourish to perfection in the otherwise hot and arid fields. You will observe that the drivers are speaking in a strange gibberish, quite unintelligible to the muleteer or ourselves; these are Armenians, for, curious to say, Beilan is inhabited by Turks and Armenians, to the exclusion of all other creeds. How pleasant and cool the morning breeze blows up here, and how delicious the odour of the thou-

* Noble landed proprietor.

sand wild and nameless shrubs that luxuriate up hill and down dale, fed by trickling streamlets which endlessly cross our path. How splendid, too, the prospect! Mountain, and valley, and plain; sunlight and cloud clothing them in twenty various shades of splendour! How calm and cool the waters of the distant blue ocean, and how—Heydey! Wakhah! Alas, all our romance has been put to flight by the reality of a stumbling donkey; and what a place to stumble in! A sharp, narrow, slippery ledge, terminating in an abrupt precipice of some hundred of feet, whilst a perpetual flow of water renders still more slippery the passage. However, we pass the danger in safety, and at the other end call a short halt, for here is a shady tree, and here is a fountain, and the horses want water, and we want breakfast and repose. Whilst we are refreshing ourselves the muleteer, who has speedily disposed of his frugal meal, entertains us with anecdotes about Hadji Bey, of whom, however, he stands in mortal dread, for these Ayans are a species of feudal barons, and laugh the Hatti-Humayoun (about which such a momentous question as peace or war is now pending in Europe) to scorn. In his youthful days the Hadji must have been an out-and-out ruffian, if we are to judge by the stories the muleteer tells about him; there is little doubt but that, like most of his brethren of the old school, he hesitated at nothing in the shape of crimes when money, or the indulgence of venial passions, was the incentive. Every acre, every inch almost of all his extensive lands, have their title-deeds stained with deep marks of villany. One particular possession, however—a magnificent vineyard in the mountains—our informant assures us was wrenched in the cruellest manner from a worthy Armenian family, every member of which disappeared in a most mysterious manner. But that was in the palmy days of Turkey, when all the mountains were in revolt, and when the silk cord, the poisoned cup, impalement, and every species of torture were matters of every-day occurrence, and it was no extraordinary matter for pashas and other officials to receive sudden and unwelcome visits from fierce men, with a sharp sabre in one hand, a firman in the other, and a polite request for the unlucky individual's head. Our muleteer tells us, however, that Hadji Bey has met with heavy retribution for these sins, for as surely as he visits his summer-house in the vineyard and reposes there at night, so surely do invisible *Jins** pelt him with invisible tiles, till, sick and sorrowful, he hastens back to Beilan again. Surely we shall find this man a careworn skeleton, the miserable remains of an ill-spent life? Up, then, and let us solve this question.

It is but a quarter of an hour's ride from the fountain to the Bey's town residence, but that short interval is a quarter of an hour's purgatory. At the summit of the steepest ascent we have yet come to is a natural gateway, caused by the splitting of the hill during some violent commotion of the earth, and from that day to this there remains on the left-hand side a huge fragment of rock, under which every one must pass, and which is so finely poised as positively to vibrate to every gust of wind, threatening instant destruction. Past this peril, and before us a mile and a half of danger—an abrupt, nay, almost perpendicular descent over a loose stony surface, with a precipice to the right, extending the whole way, and the path in many places not six feet wide. Down this road, at the moment we reach the summit, are staggering some dozen or so of heavy-laden camels, swaying to and fro, and lurching like ships running before a heavy gale. Camel-drivers with stentorian lungs are shouting kindly advice to their camels not to be such donkeys as to make a false step and stumble; notwithstanding all which well-meant counsel one poor brute slips over a smooth stone; there is a loud shout, in which we involuntarily join, but no earthly power could arrest the poor camel's progress; in less time than this is told in both camel and burthen disappear over the ledge; the merchant may recover his Manchester bales, but the poor Kurd has lost his all in that camel, and the greybearded old man sets himself down by the roadside, and weeps like a child. An excellent road might be made here at a very trifling cost, but all the Ayans are men of the old school, and they rather prefer bad roads to good ones; the wisdom of their ancestors constructed them, they are an effectual bar to invasion by artillery, or even cavalry, and as such things might be expected any day, why "*Staffar Allah!*"—God forbid that they should be guilty of improving them. After what we have witnessed we deem it most prudent to dismount, and so perform the rest of the journey on foot.

You had formed grand notions as to the elegance, &c., of the Bey's town residence? Well, I must confess it does not inspire one with awe or admiration; yet, after all, it is perhaps not ill adapted to the country. The entrance is certainly anything but imposing, consisting, as it does, of a ricketty old worm-eaten ladder (which sways to and fro alarmingly under our feet), that leads to an equally ancient balcony, projecting from the stone building, and supported by two poles of unequal sizes and strength. Underneath, in the full enjoyment of the shade and breeze, the cocks and hens of the establishment, like so many stranded vessels, are stretched out lying on one side, and scooping out convenient berths with claws and wings. A little further is the Bey's garden, in which, brilliantly conspicuous, are marigolds innumerable, and a choice assortment of vegetables and flowers, combining elegance with usefulness, so that if you stoop to pull up an onion you can benefit at the same moment by taking a sniff at a full-blown Persian rose. But here we are at last safely landed in the balcony, which is an enclosed one, pierced, however, with manifold windows, so that, to use an Arabic expression, we can "*Shum il Howa*," smell the breeze here during summer-time. The very flooring is constructed upon this ventilating principle, the planks being half an inch apart; but then this arrangement answers another useful purpose: unwary fleas (of whom a large and flourishing colony exist up here) tumble through to the regions below, and find it difficult to regain this elevation, "*fathers of jumpers*" though they be, as the Orientals very aptly term them. All round the room is a low and very seedy-looking divan, with deplorable cushions and an atom of rug, and beyond this there is neither furniture nor ornament: yet this serves as the summer reception-room of one of the wealthiest nobles in Turkey. The view from the open windows is, however, magnificent, and a striking feature in it is the structure of the town itself, which, being built up the

* Evil spirits.

mountain-side, with terraced roofs, looks like a gigantic flight of steps; in fact, the roof of one house serves as the terrace of another, and the whole are embossed in one luxuriant foliage of, for the chief part, apricots, and other fruit trees.

The grinning black slave that serves us with pipes and coffee, mentally calculating the while on the amount of *bacshish* he will receive, informs us that the Bey Effendi, his master, is at the Humum, but may very shortly be expected back. Our host has three favourite hobbies or pastimes: buying and selling horses, adding to his already amply-stocked harem, and sitting smoking in the Humum the whole forenoon; after which he is obliged to retire, as the ladies come to bathe. In every instance of purchase he borrows the money to pay with, in every case of sale he insists upon hard cash down upon the nail. We have not been long waiting when a puffing, groaning noise announces the advent of somebody coming up the ladder; five seconds afterwards a corpulent individual, with a thick dark beard and moustache covering nearly all his face, lands himself, evidently exhausted, on the balcony; his costume is strictly of the old Turkish school—a tarbouch of huge dimensions, with a ponderous blue tassel suspending, and enveloped by a green handkerchief, constitutes his headdress; a highly embroidered blue cloth waistcoat, buttoning up to the throat, and fitting close to the skin, over this a loose jacket of the same material, lined with coarse red cloth; his girdle a costly Indian shawl, wrapped in many folds, and continuations of loose white material, closed in just above the ankles, no stockings, and the common red shoes of the country; in addition to this he has a white horse-hair meshlah, or cloak, gaily decorated with gold braid, but of which the slave divests him the moment he enters. He eschews and detests anything at all approaching European costumes or ways, and although we rise on his entry, walks gravely past us to the further end of the divan without taking any more notice of us than if we were some portion of household furniture. Once seated, however, he pulls out his beads, and passing them rapidly through one hand, turns solemnly towards his guests, placing the other hand on his breast, and in a low growl exclaims "*Hosh geldi, supha geldi*" ("You are welcome now, as you are always welcome"). Then comes the question "*Nay wor, nay yokter?*" literally, "What is there, and what is there not (of news)?" and this constitutes the whole of the Ayan's conversational powers. Assuming his pipe, he smokes and gazes right out of window, thinking of nothing, and we are permitted to wile away the morning after the same agreeable fashion. Presently a timid-looking man, who has left his shoes at the bottom of the ladder, comes cringing into the room with a whole bundle of papers and letters in his hand, and squatting down on the floor he expounds the contents of the same in a low sing-song tone, which makes one feel quite drowsy. All these are upon matters connected with business, but you might as well gaze into vacancy as into our host's face to ascertain whether the contents are gratifying or to the contrary. One by one, as the scribe finishes reading them, the Bey receives them from his hand and thrusts them under the divan cushions by his side, probably to consult them by and by? No such thing; they will be swept away to-morrow when the divan is dusted and put to rights for the day, for they are all from people in his employment, and most of them are asking for money, and money they may get how or where they can elsewhere than out of the Hadji's coffers. Sometimes he has a letter or two of importance to write, about some fair Circassian, or a horse, or else to borrow money, and then, in a low, confidential growl, the Bey dictates the import to the scribe, who, having divested himself of his ink-horn and shears, clips a sheet of paper into a convenient size, and cocking up one knee converts it into an extemporaneous desk. He possesses not the pen of a ready writer, does this scribe, but when finally, with a concluding groan and a flourish, he brings his task to an end, then he gazes at it through his spectacles in raptures of admiration at his own surpassing talents. Then he reads it to the Bey in a low whisper, and the Bey, nodding his head, divests himself of his *katem*, or signet ring, wherewith the letter is signed, and so ends the literary part of the morning's programme.

No sooner has the scribe taken his departure than our host claps his hands, and two good genii, in the shape of black slaves, carry in a little three-legged stool, beautifully inlaid with mother-o'-pearl and ivory, whereon is a tray covered with a snowy napkin, and on that tray sundry wooden spoons, and a huge pile of thin wafered bread about the size of an ordinary dinner plate. In certain small plates are hot pickles of green chillies and turnip radishes, and in the centre smokes a bowl of something very savoury and gratifying to the olfactory nerves of such hungry beings as ourselves. His "*Bogerum*" (favour me) requires no repetition, and silently we partake of the tasty porridge. We have scarcely, however, ascertained that the flavour is delicious, before the dish is whipped away, and another substituted, and so on through some fifty courses to the end of the chapter—any one dish of which we would willingly partake of singly till the cravings of nature are satisfied; but as matters go we find ourselves rather more hungry at the end than at the beginning of the dinner, so that when hands and faces are washed, and mouths rinsed—when coffee has been sipped, pipes smoked, and the sleepy-looking old Turk gets up abruptly, and walks out of the room without saying a word, to indulge in his two hours' siesta, we are glad to seize upon our capacious straw hats, and hurrying down into the luxuriant glen below, fling ourselves down by a roaring cataract, under the shade of a fine black mulberry tree, where our own servants bring us baskets full of fresh and delicious fruit, which, with a few ship's biscuits, and some of the foaming water beside us, constitute a repast fit for any monarch on such a hot sultry day is this. Before us, in the distance, is the blue Mediterranean, gently rippled by the coming sea-breezes, a small schooner, and a few lateen-rigged boats, dot the surface. Clearly visible on the horizon are the outlines of the far-off island of Cyprus. All around us and behind us are lofty hills, luxuriant in vegetation, up whose sides clamber grape vines, down whose sides dash foaming streams innumerable. The gentle note of the turtle-dove cooing to its mate mingles with the voice of many waters, and the rustling of leaves as the sea-breeze reaches us; and there, a hundred feet beneath, is the carefully-preserved mausoleum of Hadji Bey's father, and where Hadji Bey himself will repose in the long,

long sleep of death. Is it not a quiet, lovely spot for contemplation, and for concentrating one's thoughts upon the themes the most sublime upon earth?

Twit! twit! twit! ha! ha! here come our little fat beccoficos by dozens. They have been feasting well all the morning in the neighbouring fig gardens, and, as the indolent Turks seldom disturb them, afford us an excellent hour's sport with our little popguns of beccofico rifles, and a savoury supper into the bargain. The shade and the humidity render our pleasant mid-day retreat too aguish for further enjoyment, so we hie back again to the Bey's house, and there we find that corpulent nobleman in owl-like solemnity enjoying a game of drafts with a neighbouring Effendi who has just dropped in. Now and then he is sorely vexed and interrupted by messages from the ladies of the harem, who require a few more onions, or cucumbers, or garlic, for the proper seasoning of the evening's repast, and with a barely suppressed groan the covetous old man extracts a piastre at a time from the almost fathomless depths of his capacious pockets. More visitors come stalking solemnly in, and plump themselves down on the divan, pipe in hand; beyond a few brief words of welcome, &c., not a syllable is uttered by the assembled guests. By and by the cry from the minaret calls them away to prayer; they shuffle into their slippers and stalk gravely away. By the time they return there are many horses, ready saddled and bridled, on which we all mount and ride forth, a decorous cavalcade, to enjoy presently the much-loved Turkish pastime of the Jereed, which consists of galloping at full speed after each other and flinging a blunt wooden lance at the retreating party. We would fain join in the sport ourselves, but the absurdly high pommels of the Turkish saddles, and their abominably short large stirrups, cause it to be a matter of difficulty to prevent our own knees inflicting serious injury upon our teeth. By the time we get back the short-lived twilight has faded into night, and the Bey's reception-room is lit up by—hear it, ye West-end autocrats—a solitary oil lamp, consisting of a cotton-wick floating in a cork in the centre of a cracked old tumbler. And now comes the hour when the Hadji and his friends cast aside all thought about the precepts of the Koran. A large dish of raw cucumbers and salt, and many bottles of rakey, nearly as strong as spirits of wine, are introduced, and these sons of Islam crunch alternate slices of cucumber, and swallow jorums of liquid fire, with an ease and indifference that makes us stare. Fortunately, our plea of being martyrs to ague exonerates us from the odium of not doing as Rome does, and when every bottle is empty, and all the cucumbers discussed, then dinner makes its appearance—a larger stool and a larger tray than the morning. We squat round it in a circle, in the middle of the room. A slave with wonderful dexterity flings a long narrow napkin, as though he were flinging a hand-net, and it alights with precision on every one's lap. Then ensues earnest silence and the dinner; course after course of delicious viands are eagerly devoured. After dinner the Turkish guests and our host express their approbation of the culinary success in a way which would not be considered exactly the thing even at a British peasant's home; here it is expected as a compliment to the skill of the ladies of the harem, who are the cooks. A couple of pipes, a cup of coffee, and the day is brought to a close. Our host waddles away to his bed, with never a good-night, or so much as a—by your leave, and the servants, who are weary themselves, usher us into our dormitories.

At the first dawn of day all the house is astir again, and making almost as much noise as the sparrows outside. I am ill with a touch of the ague, and the Hadji expresses his sympathy by sitting on the edge of my bed smoking for a couple of hours or so, and staring at me with his fishy old eyes for ten minutes at a time, till at length I begin to feel quite delirious, and fancy myself a mouse, with a dreadful old owl blinking at me from its nest. So lives the Hadji—so live all the old Turks of the old school that can possibly manage to be indolent; monotony has untold charms for them, and perfect absence of all thought is what constitutes real Oriental *keif*—a pipe and perfect solitude, except at meal-times or during hours of sleep, or when there is such an exciting object in view as the possibility of squeezing something or other out of some unhappy Christian, or Fellah Ryah, who has not the good fortune to claim European or other protection. Such is our host, Hadji Bey; and when, nothing loath, we bid him farewell, he takes us solemnly aside, and whispers that he wishes a loan—any amount we can spare will be welcome, and before we can find words to make some plausible excuse he promises to send his servant next day for the cash, and so stalks sedately out of the room.

LOVE'S VENTURE.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

ADOWN the river of life and love
A newly freighted shallop slips;
White favours mark it from the ships
That bear an eagle, not a dove.

And never down the Nile's swift tide
Did barge of Egypt's glorious queen
Bear richer freight than this, I ween,
With its two hearts all glorified.

A venture sent by Love's own hand
To seek the port that lies afar
Beneath the future's rising star—
The haven of the happy land.

Oh, softly swell the odorous gales
That waft the venturous shallop on;
And ere the haven shall be won
Love's breath shall fill the silken sails.

Speed, shallop, speed! nor fear the shoals
Of dark deceit; nor heed the sands
Where error, with her slimy hands,
Would tempt thee from the shining goal.

And when at last the wished-for hour
Arrives, ring out the bridal chime
Upon the air of that pure clime
Where Love alone hath potent power.

THE SHADOW IN THE HOUSE.

BY JOHN SAUNDERS.

AUTHOR OF "LOVE'S MARTYRDOM," &C.

[*Concluded from p. 46.*]

CHAPTER XXXII.

A MIGHTIER SHADE ABSORBS THE SHADOW.

WHEN the good Doctor left Mrs. Dell, guarding, as he thought, so carefully his terrible discovery from her, he had forgotten how very much more eloquent in their truthfulness might be looks, and tones, and even bodily movements, than words: and that his patient, a keen and deeply interested observer, had her own reasons for suspecting his kindly deception, and her own reasons for not wasting one of the few precious hours that might yet remain to her of life in useless illusions intended to solace herself or her friends.

She began writing immediately a variety of memoranda—chiefly relating to gifts and remembrances, each accompanied with some tender or kindly, and even, in one case, a school-friendship, of pleasant remark. Then she wrote to her parents Oh, that was indeed a hard task! But even that—exquisitely painful as it was, was lightened, after God's own fashion, by the consciousness of the greater things that were yet to be done. Poor old couple! If anything can smooth for you the weary pillow, on which night by night you will henceforth lay your heads, and still ask, "How many times longer must we do this?"—it is such a letter as that she has just written to you.

Thus some time passed before she began to wonder at the absence of her husband and of Grace. After a while she grew uneasy. The former had scarcely left her side for many weeks, except during the briefest and most necessary intervals. She rang the bell, which hung ready over her head, and when the servant came she bade her seek Mr. Dell. Minutes elapsed, and still he came not. Again she rang, and asked for Miss Addersley.

"I think she 's in her room, ma'am."

"Beg her to come to me."

The servant went, and did not return, and still Grace came not. At last, when Winny was growing really excited, Jean entered; and, notwithstanding her own state, Winny could not help saying a word to her as to the great change in her appearance, she was so wonderfully altered, so much stouter, rosier, happier looking. But Jean listened as one who comprehended not, and seemed only intent on the duty of lavishing upon Mrs. Dell all that she might venture to show of personal care and overflowing affection, and to engage her in quiet yet engrossing conversation. But heart and head were secretly at war. Jean was ill at finesse or scheming, and Winny quickly perceived and understood Jean's behaviour.

"Jean, there is something on foot which you are trying to cover. What is it?"

Jean tried hard to shape her lips to the "No, no," that was hovering upon them, but they would not lend themselves to the lie, and only quivered helplessly with the attempt.

"Jean, where is my husband? Where is Grace? I will see them both—and here. Yes, weak as I am—nay, dying—it is useless, Jean, to conceal it any longer, for I know what the doctor has been saying. I will instantly seek them both. Say so. Haste! no words, Jean; begone! Life ebbs fast! oh, quick!"

To such a message there could be but one answer. Mr. Dell, who had till this moment intentionally kept away from his wife, determined to act, and perceiving alike the uselessness and danger of discussion—and, oh God! thought he, what a discussion!—before her, now said to Jean,

"I will come." She then went from him to seek Grace.

"We are but straws now in the hands of Fate. Contention is useless. One duty alone have I to see to, and, God willing, that *shall* be seen to: not even she shall move me there." So murmured Mr. Dell, as he paced up and down the studio, reluctant still to meet the gaze of his wife, or to answer her inquiries.

While he thus delayed Jean returned hurriedly, saying in a still more frightened voice—

"Miss Addersley is very ill. She refuses to go to Mrs. Dell unless you expressly consent."

"Let her go then, first. But warn her not to stay. I shall be there within ten minutes, whether she be gone or not."

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Jean found Grace as she had just left her, sitting dressed as for a departure, except that she had no bonnet on. The chair was by the window, and the eyes of that thin, spectre-like form were fixed in the old direction, under the cedars, and the lips were faintly murmuring—

"Cruel! cruel! Why this delay?" Then, after a pause, she continued—"I wonder whether the bits of card beyond yonder tuft are quite rotten and worthless, like me; or whether they might, if recovered, be put together again, and so bring back for me (whom nothing can bring back) her face, and brow, and hair, and smile. Ay, it 's no use denying now, it is a sweet smile! Oh God, a bitter sweet for me! I suppose they would let me keep that mangled image of her in my cell, and look at it now and then? If they did but know they might be satisfied—quite satisfied—even as an increase of punishment. Well, well."

Jean gave the message, and it seemed to rouse a kind of artificial life in Grace. She said,

"He is very kind. Come then, Jean. No, I can walk, thank you. Do not touch me; you will be sorry if you do, by and by."

"Oh, Miss Addersley, I know all!" Jean's bursting heart would not allow her to say more.

"Ay, such news flies fast. I shall realise my position soon!"

Jean seemed still to wish to help Grace, who, finding herself faltering in her walk, consented to take the proffered arm.

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Mrs. Dell had, in the satisfaction of the answer she had received that both were coming to her, dropped back to rest; and, to allay the excitement she had tem-

porarily given way to, she shut her eyes, and began to measure, step by step, the probable nature of the brief mortal journey that remained to her, and to yearn for the instant when she might say to those two—"We have done now with the things of the world! Come, husband and sister, let us enjoy our last communion of love. Give me that, and have no fear."

Suddenly she heard a breathing low down, yet close to her, and she turned hastily, and saw that head discrowned now of all its fair circling plaits, wild, dishevelled, buried in those long, fair, but no longer jewelled hands. Yes, Grace was kneeling there, abased in body as in soul, unable to speak; but her attitude told all.

"Grace!" Thick, heaving, convulsive sobs were the only possible answer.

"Grace, dear, have I indeed something serious to forgive to you?"

"No, it is beyond forgiveness," the voice hoarsely replied.

"Is it my life?"

"Yes."

"Nothing more?"

"If there could be aught more—no."

"I am sorry now to die, Grace; but can you not believe me if I say I do forgive you from my inmost soul?" Grace was silent, and seemed only to cower and shrink more and more down towards the ground. "Grace, I must tell you now, that since that dreadful night I began slowly and unwillingly to suspect your and my secret; and I—I am a woman—and life was very sweet to me. No, no—hush, oh hush! listen to me, if now you care differently for me than you did! Yes, life is very sweet to me, and I thought at first I could not forgive you. But when I saw what you suffered, and knew its cause—when I felt that you were beginning to change in feeling towards me, and to repent, and struggle for instead of against me—and oh, Grace, when I remembered that I owed that very life to you—"

"Spare me—spare me, in His name!"

"Oh, then my heart yearned to be at peace with you, and to forgive you."

There was then a pause, for Mrs. Dell, who had with difficulty made herself intelligible, became too faint to go on. The silence was only broken by those terrible breathings and gasps.

"I think, Grace, if you will let me, I can even yet love you. Hark! what are those sounds, Grace?" resumed Winny shortly. "Surely I hear strange voices in the house! Listen, Grace—what is it?"

But Grace still cowered by the side of the sofa, understanding too well what the sounds meant, but utterly regardless of them, except in so far as they might affect Mrs. Dell, or her own proximity to her. But she was powerless alike for word or action, for good as well as evil, thenceforth. She knew it, and was silent.

The door opened and Mr. Dell entered. How terrible was the change in his appearance! He looked suddenly aged; suddenly changed from a genial, kindly, courteous gentleman, to a minister of wrath, whom neither love nor sorrow could move for one instant from the duty assigned. Behind him came a gentleman, Mr. Staunton, accompanied by his clerk, and behind them appeared yet a third man, whose office needed no explanation. Mrs. Dell started up, and confronted them all, with flashing eyes that burned upon her white face like red lights upon the snow. Mr. Dell saw, but he shrunk not.

"Winny, they come to arrest a murderer. See," he said to those behind him as he pointed to Grace—"there she lies!"

Grace then rose to her full height, and without looking at any one, said—"I am ready;" but even as she said the words she would have fallen upon the ground, but that Jean, who had crept in behind the strangers, now caught her, and held her up, while some one placed a chair.

"Mr. Dell," said Winny then, in a voice of strange dignity and reproach, and it made him pause when no other earthly tones could have produced that effect, "I have, in our too brief married life, never asked you, I think, yet for one earnest favour. Will you now grant me one?"

"What is it?" inquired her husband, in a tone that she had never before heard come from him to her.

"That you beg these gentlemen to withdraw for a few minutes—if only that I may die in peace."

"Winny, Winny!" groaned the miserable husband, but for the moment she heeded him not, but waved her hand, and so he spoke to them, and the men, all but he, went out. And they three were there alone—the husband, and the wife, and she whose name henceforth was—the Murderess!

"Yes, dear, dear husband, I am dying; you know it, perhaps, already; if not, let me tell you now. What good can it do to me if this heart-broken penitent, who has revealed her own guilt, dies too, except in God's own time?"

"Justice! Justice!" was Mr. Dell's low but inexorably stern reply.

"And to what will justice condemn her worse than she now experiences?"

"Death!"

They were interrupted by a hollow sepulchral voice that now broke in upon them, as though not belonging to their sphere.

"I *am* dying! in effect am dead already. I foresaw this, and—and—I took advantage of it to spare myself the last indignities of law. Forgive that if you can. I did not wish to save myself from any exposure that you might justly subject me to. I thought only to have died a few hours later when I had left this place, and when no one need have cared about me any further, except to be sharers of the universal relief that so black a spot upon humanity had disappeared."

Mr. Dell heard this, and saw at once there was no more to be done. He only wished now that she were out of his sight.

"Husband!" Mr. Dell heard the imploring tone, but turned away.

"Oh, my dear, dear husband, shall we, who have been so united in heart and soul, as, I think, no two human beings ever were before, be disunited in death?"

"Disunited! oh God, send her away!"

"I will not. As I stand here upon the last edge of earth, and gaze out upon the terrible abyss before me, I swear to you I will not! I have forgiven her—you must forgive her."

"Never—never!"

His wife sunk back with a feeble moan, and then the husband cried to her, passionately,

"Oh, Winny, Winny, you are too hard with me! But—but—yes, yes, love, I will, if only you will show me how it is humanly possible. Revive, dearest! My wife! Winny! O God, she is gone, and thus! No, no, there! Yes, Winny, these are *my* kisses on your lips; it is *I* who ask you to forgive me, and to hear me say—'Cousin, before God and man I forgive your great crime. I will compromise no law, but I forgive you!"

And then Winny revived a little, and kissed her husband gratefully, but looked so wearied the while! Then she tried to smile upon Jean, who had again crept in, and she said to her,

"Where is your husband? Let him come. Tell him beforehand, to comfort him, that the shadows that have weighed so long upon us all are passing off now. He must not be afraid."

Jean ran out to conceal the blinding tears, and presently returned with Archy, who knelt before Winny, kissed the dear hand that was held out, and then withdrew with his wife a little behind the sofa.

Grace had slid off the chair, and dragged herself to the sofa; and there she lay with her head against it, but moving no hand up to touch any other hand, saying no word to invite any kind of reply. Presently she heard that one voice which now alone she cared to hear ask,—

"Grace! Where is she? Oh, you are still here. I am glad. Reach me your hand." But there was no reply.

"Grace, dear, do you know that my husband—oh, God will bless him for it, be you sure of that as I am—has so filled my life with happiness during these few months, that I felt at times as though we had all made some great mistake in the reckoning. People will, you know, do so when they are very happy. Yes, I have thought that he and I must have lived together many, many years; I do not see else how so much of human bliss could have been pressed into so small a measure. I am content, therefore, to die; I do not say I would be if I did not know that death was inevitable. But, Grace, let me now tell you—and I can now tell you, dearest husband, why I seemed to have such morbid fancies about dying young. Both in my mother's family, and in my father's, there have been deaths with the first child. And my own dear, dear mother——" There was a pause here, and a secret heart-cry of "O God, help her when she knows this!" Then she continued—"My mother nearly gave up her life when she gave birth to me; so you see I might have died soon in any case. But I have one trouble now—a great one on my soul. Ah, Grace! if you would but be your old strong self, with your new innocent soul, and take that trouble from me!"

"What—what—is—it?" at last murmured the muffled, hoarse voice from the floor, each word seeming more difficult than its predecessor.

"I will tell you, if you will first answer me honestly one question."

"Speak!"

"Do you think, in spite of all error and wrong-doings, that I may hope to go to Heaven!"

"Yes!"

"Then my trouble is, to know what I shall say when God asks me for my sister."

This was too much. There was an awful cry heard all through the house—a wild, frightful burst from that agonised, despairing wreck of a soul! Again and again it rose, though more faintly, for death never for an instant took his grasp from her heart—the half-stifled, struggling, frenzied heart, so full of life at last! As the cries subsided they began to change, now into half-stifled laughter, now into piteous but reluctant wailings.

"Grace, sister, you must go with me. I cannot leave you behind. Your hand,—thank God, I have you fast! Pray! Pray to Him! I am sure your soul has prayed again and again during these last few days, though you did not know that it was prayer, and I am sure that God has heard you! Husband! raise her! You have your will. Justice cannot be evaded,—she would not evade it. Comfort her, for my sake! Ay, there now, I can embrace you both with one grasp of my arms, and of my heart."

"Ah, no! I cannot, I cannot! My guilt is enough to drag you down too!" Grace was trying in a half-helpless way to draw back, but Winny held her convulsively,—

"No—no, you are mine. Believe—pray—hope! Nearer, Grace!—or my voice won't reach you. A little nearer, dear! I feel—yes—the sands are going; and—my—thoughts wander. What is it—I wanted to—to?—Oh, I know now. Grace, dear, I will say for you to God what you cannot say for yourself!" And Grace, no longer resisting, no longer apparently making effort of any kind, moved her lips, doubtless in prayer, and lay with her head against Mrs. Dell's body, and her eyes shut, but grasping the little hand, that was then all she possessed or needed any more.

And there was a long pause. Suddenly the Christmas-Eve bells broke out, and they seemed to awaken Mrs. Dell from a kind of slumber into which she had fallen. She opened her eyes and met *his* gazing upon hers, as he leant over her; and a smile, oh how ravishingly sweet it was to the poor husband amid all his agony!—illumined her face,—as she murmured still more faintly, "I thought I was in Heaven! But I see now God has sent you, in soul, to take me there! You will come altogether by-and-by. But bide your time, dearest. Do God's work and man's. And then when we meet—" Mr. Dell could hear no more, though the lips were still moving for a little while, after the eyes were closed.

Nearer and nearer he clasped her to him. Again the blue eyes opened, and he saw the smile of recognition, and he could see no more. It was too late, when he would again have looked.

As for Grace, no one spoke to her, nor touched her for some hours. They found her dead.

A POSSIBLE UTOPIA.

It would appear discourteous, and slightly uncharitable, to say that the want of the present age is Truth; yet what is Truth but Reality? and who will deny, taking a calm common-sense view, neither ultra, philosophical, nor invidious, but merely from the stand of Christian rationality, that the great failing of our time is lack of Reality?

I am not about to meddle in the question of politics. In those columns devoted to such matters each may decide for himself of the reality of those principles on which the statesman was yesterday eloquent—to-day is lukewarm—on which to-morrow he will be silent, forging, perhaps, those bolts which, a week hence, are to scatter dismay among his partisans, and gladden the hearts of whilom opponents. Nor with the arcana of Royalty, its courts, and their pomp and circumstance—where the gold and gems at least are real—have I anything to do, though I should not despair of making out my case even there; but for the present I shall content myself with substantiating my footing on lower ground.

I cannot believe that civilization was ever meant to disguise nature. To use a feminine illustration—the garb in which it clothes her is not a whit more attractive for the steel cage of false pretence, which detracts from the beauty of the one, and disfigures the simple reality of the other; hindering that easy adaptability of the two which should be the perfection of human society.

To *be* what we seem, to mean that we say, to aim at appearing no more than we really are, this is the suggestion of my theme, which the most honest of my readers will be the first to pronounce *Utopian*, since they will be first to own to its non-accordance with our every-day practice.

Yet surely it is not impossible. Should we not be the better for a little more reality? Still keeping my feminine comparison, would not society breathe more freely could she but cast aside that tight-laced corset of conventionality which is pinching in the ribs of her honesty, impeding the free circulation of her candour, and deteriorating the bloom of her originality?

Only take the simple phrase from which we all intuitively shrink. There is no shame implied; it conveys not the shadow of a suspicion of error or wrong-doing; yet not a few among us would rather risk being involved in both than bring themselves to utter the dread "I can't afford it."

What the worse, let me ask, would Z. be, that he lived in a house at £20 less rent than G., seeing his income is not so great by £200? G. knows it, and is not ignorant of the pinching and scraping incurred in the household of Z. to make things consistent throughout, and how the domestic economy suffers for the gallant spreads in public. He sniggers at it in secret, doing the very same himself; rivalling Sir Somebody This, and competing with Mr. the Other in his dinners, graperies, pineries, or stud, as the case may be.

Ten times more comfortable, twice as pretty, and a vast deal more natural, is Mrs. Z. in her simple home muslins; yet in fear and trembling she arrays herself in brocade, painfully mindful of its cost, fearful of speck or spot. In her heart of hearts she knows that if Mrs. G. did not sport brocade it would no more enter her ideas than the primeval costume of Mother Eve; that, to use an expressive term, she will have to "pinch for it" somewhere; yet she has it—it becomes a necessity by her code; she shines for the time on a parity with Mrs. G., who, to-morrow night, will be undergoing the same self-inflicted penance for the purpose of vieing with the splendours of Lady H. And who is benefited? who derives pleasure or comfort, or is gratified thereby?

But we are all culpable, more or less, in this covering up and hiding away of the real, by the substitution of that to which we have no claim, an involuntary acknowledgment of the unworthiness of self, self-reviewed, and a greater care for the opinion of others than for the respect of that inner man which sits in judgment upon the actions of us all. Position does not alter, education does not cure it; they only give variation to the quality and manner of the pretence.

The great desire of your maid-servant, attiring herself in her cheap finery, is to look as little as possible like out for a holiday. She would rather pardon a mistake which conveyed an imputation on her character and respectability than a hint of the fact, and checks now and again the haste which the wish to make the most of her time prompts, that she may not be suspected of—*the truth.*

But, my dear madam, you who are justly scandalized at this tacit disclaimer of "honest servitude," and who so decidedly sets it down to "ignorance," does your memory serve you with no instances of ladies who have declined to join in pleasant company, or an agreeable and healthful excursion, simply because they could not "look like the rest?" because the dress, though neat and good, and sufficient, was not of the newest fashion, or equal in texture, or in cost, to that of some whose means were more ample, or whose claims upon their income fewer? Can you call to mind no case where a man has given up the society of friends, esteemed and valuable, by whom his intimacy was prized, who by their influence might have materially aided him in his career, simply because, with the increasing expenses of a family, it becomes impossible to "maintain a suitable appearance,"—so runs the phrase? Do you not believe that there have been, and is, many a man struggling in the painful upward course which is imperative to all not born to wealth, whose prospects will be irretrievably darkened, who will stop short in the race where he might have attained honour, but for the leaden clog of that puerile false shame, imposed too often by the weakness of his helpmate, because she lacks the courage—*not* to nurse her child, to make the pastry and the coffee, to cook the dinner, and to mend the shirts—but to have it *known* she does it, and he, retiring more and more, shutting himself out from the great tide of human fellowship, has gradually lost sight of old connections and the brotherhood of early times, which, more than ties of family and relationship, is apt to stand by a man.

I believe it, my dear lady, and that this pitiable weakness, though far less criminal, is little short in mischief of that dishonesty which sustains its pretensions at the expense of the trusting, to involve them in its own ruin.

I doubt, after all, whether human nature be as bad as it often aims at making itself out to be, and believe

there is at bottom a lurking respect for the honestly natural, and naturally honest, that would soon even make the stickler for mere form feel himself nowhere in the race.

How exhausting is the finicking twaddle of Lavender, who, if you chance to meet him, is always hurrying to some important appointment, lest you might expect him to ask you to his lodgings—he only rents a door-plate in a stylish locality—apologizes if caught dining at an eating-house, and calls it a "snack," anticipatory of a seven o'clock dinner at some great man's table. He would not be seen on the roof of an omnibus, or in the gallery of a theatre, for any consideration; he has excuses for everything, and though he is always painfully well dressed, he would account for a rent in his coat, or a ripped seam in a boot, by the assertion that his health required it, while he would faint at the name of the "shop," or at sound of the broad Yorkshire spoken in the town where his father made money in the "public line."

It is positively refreshing, by comparison, to fall in with honest Jack Hampden, who carries you off at once to his second-floor, welcomes you to half his rasher and eggs, or Irish-stew, as heartily as ever he did to more plentiful luxuries, gives a humorous sketch of his ups and downs, his failures and his hopes, laughing the while and making light of all, setting you and himself at ease, and, withal, maintaining such perfect independence and self-respect, that you would as soon presume to pity the fine fellow as to offer him alms.

One actually feels on better terms with one's self after shaking hands with Hampden, whereas peevishness and disgust were rampant as the elegant Lavender hurried away. Can it be that a man is more reconciled to common humanity with friend Jack; in the other case he knows he is being—in vulgar parlance—humbugged, is accessory to the transaction by accepting it, and does not feel elevated by the reflection.

But I must not be understood as advocating vulgarity or rudeness. No one can detest more that *brusquerie* (I would not use the French word if we had an English equivalent—it is not abruptness exactly) which is generally adopted for the express purpose of uttering unkind or disagreeable truths needlessly. The man who blurts out coarse boyish sayings, hauls you by the arm to "take pot luck," hails you as "old file," or alludes to his "better half" and the "young ones," is just as much a sham as the other, and only makes election of dirty finery by choice.

Again, would it be disagreeable to know that when a man asks you to come and eat his dinner he means that it will be a pleasure to him, and not to be left, for the next ten minutes, to the occupation of weighing the probabilities whether he "meant it or not?"

Would it conduce to the general harmony of things, or otherwise, for persons to study less the making of a display in their own little circle, and live on a more general equality at home? to resign the splendour of some dozen occasions in the year, and avoid the risk of being "caught" in the family slip-slop?

Who does not recall the horrors of an untimely visit? The self-convicted ruffian he has felt to be when encountering the frigid glance of mamma, the forced smiles of the young ladies—transformed from the houris of an evening réunion to the very ordinary, untidy girls of the family dinner-table—the younger members hustled from the room, the slipping off of soiled pinafores, the awful attraction in that something kicked under the sofa, which you know you are expected *not* to see, yet to which your eyes will return again and again; the frozen invitation to remain and take "lunch"—for thus do they disclaim even their own sensible arrangement of a rational dinner-hour; the whispered order to the scared servants; the distant yells of the unpacified infant, hurried from the scene; the hasty rectification of glaring omissions in the laying of the domestic table; the apologies that contradict your own knowledge, and often one another, so painfully—who has not witnessed all these? the results of that mistaken aim to *seem* instead of to *be*. Ohone! and alackaday! to what purpose? who is deceived, and to what end do we act a lie? Has anybody who reads this chanced to fall in with a friend who, in a genial moment, has invited him without ceremony to go home with him? Does he call to mind the impromptu tea and muffin, or the improvised coffee and cigar, the jolly talk and laugh, the easy lounge, all unmindful of attitude and "the look of the thing," the spontaneous song and music of the ladies—if there were any, and the charm of home toilettes and no company manners? I say does he remember it, and does it not stand out bright and particular from a host of "begs the favour," and "hopes to have the honour," of gallantry and gallicisms, of Cologne and conventionality, of seeming and suffocation? Will he refuse to give me his hand upon it, that if we had more of one, and less of the other, we should not be a worse people?

Again, is it a necessary part of a woman's education that she learn to practise deception? Why degrade the sex by the supposition that untruth and dissimulation come more easily to her than to man? Yet is it not so?

Of course I am quite aware that a certain young lady is not averse to me. I might, perhaps, go further without conceit; but have I not learned it as it were by stealth? That which her lips have affirmed do not her actions continually contradict?

Why should that be a part of female etiquette in her which in me would be downright cruelty? Why should she affect not to care who she sits by, who rides at her side; that whether I come or go, or am present or absent, is all one; nay, that another is at the time a far more exclusive object of attention? It deceives no one. *I* am perfectly awake to the state of things, and so, doubtless, are the initiated few of a lady's confidantes—to what purpose, then, the acting?

I am no advocate of demonstrative behaviour, especially in a lady—far from it; but surely it cannot tend to the elevation of a woman's character, even in the appreciation of a lover, that she cultivate a spirit of dissimulation, which she does not even wish or expect should be believed?

Would she be the worse, think you, or should we, of a little more candour, a degree of honesty, less perceptible in the evincing of the feelings than in the non-cultivation of that stifling and suppression, that perversion and disarming of the real, which so often, I have thought, ends in the total flight of all that is genuine; leaving but the pretty shell, the many-sided casket, on which the varying sun of fashion may play at will, only

to strike out the prism colours of gay frivolity and vanity?

But I am growing earnest; more so, perhaps, the reader is thinking, than the occasion warrants. True, my theme is inexhaustible; but as I have no authority for supposing his patience to be of other than ordinary human limits, I will at once quit the contemplation of a subject calculated, under any of its aspects, to make large demands upon that more desirable of virtues.

FAIRLEIGH OWEN.

HUNGARIAN HUSSARS CHARGING THE NEAPOLITAN CAVALRY.

THE drawing on the other side is an original sketch made by Mr. Hast expressly for the *National Magazine*. The Hussars are those of General Ebers. In the *Times* of Nov. 9 there was an account of the presentation of a Standard to the Legion. We reprint it. The letter is dated Caserta, Nov. 1. The writer says, "Yesterday Garibaldi and his staff went down to Naples to assist at the distribution and consecration of their colours to the Hungarian Legion, and to the Hungarian Hussars. These troops belonging to the brigade Eber had received orders the day before to go down to Naples, where the ceremony was to take place on the Largo del Palazzo, the open space in front of the Royal Palace. It was just the site calculated to set off such a ceremony, with the façade of the Royal Palace on one side, the two large buildings of the Foresteria on the right and left, and the church of St. Francisco di Paola, with its cupola and arcades, opposite to it. The preparations for the reception of the King had rather encroached on the space, covering, as they did, the part towards the church with a skeleton triumphal arch and transparencies in all stages of preparation; but sufficient still remained not to mar the general effect. An altar was improvised close to the triumphal arch, and this altar formed the centre of the ceremony. To the right of it was drawn up the Legion, and to the left the Hussars, while the opposite side was occupied by a battalion of the National Guard, which had been invited to assist at the ceremony. Two companies of the Bersaglieri of the brigade Eber formed a double line from the Foresteria to the centre of the square. The daughter of General Garibaldi and the Marchesa Pallavicini, the wife of the Pro-Dictator, were chosen as the *madrine* or godmothers. The first not being present was represented by her father. All being ready, Garibaldi, who came down from Caserta, and was at his old quarters in the Palazzo Angri, was informed of the circumstance, and he drove down in an open carriage. The Mass, which it is usual to read on such occasions, was over when he arrived, and the ceremony of consecration was proceeded to forthwith. Padre Giovanni, a Franciscan monk, who had accompanied Garibaldi's expedition almost from its landing at Marsala, performed the ceremony. The colours were brought up by the officers, and consecrated in the usual manner. After this the ribands were tied on, and the nails provided with the names of the persons concerned hammered in. This being done the colours were brought back to Garibaldi, who, taking one in each hand, addressed the following words to the officers:—'I am proud to place into your hands and confide to your valour these two flags, the fraternal colours of which are so well known on the battle-field of Italian independence. They will be a new bond between the two sister nations. Evviva l'Italia! Evviva l'Ungheria!' A general shout was the answer to these words, after which Garibaldi retired to the Foresteria. The Hungarian troops then formed a square, and the formula of the oath was read by Colonel Moggorody—'I swear before God the All-powerful, fidelity to Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, and obedience to my superiors. I swear not to abandon my colours, and to defend them to the last drop of blood in the fight for Italian independence, until circumstances will permit us to return into our own country. I swear obedience to the national committee and the chiefs chosen by it. So may God help me.' Shouts of 'Evviva l'Italia e l'Ungheria!' followed, after which General Türr addressed the officers and soldiers, saying—'Warriors,—I need not recommend you to defend your colours, for I saw on the 1st of October a handful of you not only defend them, but beat an enemy far superior in numbers. The commander of the infantry belonged to the famous 3rd battalion of our War of Independence. Follow him, and I am sure you will never deviate from the path of honour.' Then, addressing the Hussars—'And what shall I say to you, Hussars? From the day you were mounted you have not missed an opportunity to increase the immortal name of the Hungarian Hussars. Our oppressed country looks to you and expects much from you. As for me, I am sure that when we are once on the frontiers you will come down like a hurricane on the enemy who oppresses us.' Garibaldi, in the mean time, had come out on the balcony of the Foresteria, where the sight of him, as usual, excited hurrahs and demands for a few words. Having acknowledged the enthusiastic reception he addressed the people, saying—'This is a memorable day for you, for it cements the alliance of two peoples and establishes the fraternity of the people. To-day you have destroyed that principle of egotism which has kept the nations separated, and thus has facilitated the servitude of all. The people with whom you have fraternised to-day have the same enemies who threaten you. Your cause is theirs, and theirs is yours. But before fighting against this enemy outside you have internal enemies to beat down, and I will tell you that the chief of them is the Pope. If I have acquired any merit with you I have acquired that of telling you the truth frankly and without a veil. In using this privilege I tell you that your chief enemy is the Pope. I am a Christian as you are; yes, I am of that religion which has broken the bonds of slavery, and has proclaimed the freedom of men. The Pope, who oppresses his subjects, and is an enemy of Italian independence, is no Christian; he denies the very principle of Christianity—he is the Antichrist. This truth you must spread among all those who are near to you, for it is only when all Italians shall be thoroughly convinced of this truth that Italy will be really free and united.' Garibaldi had several times to interrupt his speech on account of the applause which his words elicited from the multitude below."



GARIBALDI'S HUSSARS.

THE ASTRONOMICAL CAREER OF SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL.

[*Continued from p. 27.*]

Double, triple, and multiple stars.—In 1759, Dr. Bradley observed the fixed star Castor, and found a very small star accompanying it. This was then considered a matter of no importance, as several stars which appeared single to the naked eye were, by the telescope, found to be double. It was thought that a small star, at a very remote distance from the larger one, happened to lie accidentally in the same line of vision. About eight of these bodies were known at that time (1759). Herschel examined several of the fixed stars throughout the heavens, and was astonished to find that, with high magnifying powers, many of the large stars were double. With the view of ascertaining whether other stars were attended with similar minute bodies, he used various powers on his best telescopes, such as 146, 227, 278, 460, 754, 932, 1159, 1536, 2010, 3168, and even 6450. These observations extended over some years, and led to the formation of catalogues of double and triple stars; in one of these, giving the places of 269 of these double stars, 227 had not been noticed by any other observer. Some of them were double, treble, double-double, quadruple, double-treble, and multiple. Of these 24 required a superior telescope, and the clearest atmosphere, to be seen at all; 38 are proper objects for estimations by the eye; 46 are from 5 to 15 seconds asunder; 44 from 15 to 30 seconds; 51 from 30 seconds to one minute; and 66 from one to two minutes. We must bear in mind in these estimates, in order to perceive clearly the close proximity of these smaller stars to the larger ones, that the apparent diameter of the moon to the naked eye is about 30 minutes.

Following up his observations for some years, Herschel found that a great number of the small stars changed their situations with regard to each other, that the one performed a revolution round the other, and that the motion of some of them was direct and others retrograde. Since the time of Herschel his son, Sir J. F. W. Herschel, assisted by Sir James South, has produced a catalogue of 380 double stars, whose angles of position and distances they had calculated with the utmost accuracy and precision. This was increased soon afterwards to 480. In the course of a few years Sir J. Herschel produced a list of 3300 double and triple stars from his own observations; and Professor Struve, of the Russian observatory at Dorpat, has arranged a catalogue of 3000 double stars, to determine each of which he had to examine not less than 120,000 stars! This number has been augmented by the successful observations of Sir J. Herschel at the Cape of Good Hope, in the years 1835-7, to something like 6000. For all these subsequent observations we are indebted, in the first instance, to the unwearied perseverance of the elder Herschel.

In an elaborate paper read before the Royal Society in 1803, Herschel entered into a consideration of the various phenomena connected with double stars, and satisfactorily demonstrated that nothing but the idea of the smaller star revolving around the larger in a circular or elliptical orbit will explain the difficulties connected with the question, and this opinion has been amply confirmed by succeeding observations. In the case of the star Castor he supposed the time of a complete revolution of the small star round the larger would be 342 years. Modern astronomers think the period somewhat shorter, viz. 250 years. One of the stars of Gamma Virginis is computed to revolve about the other in 182 years; the small star connected with Epsilon Bootis in 1600 years; that of Gamma Leonis 1200 years; Xi Ursæ in 58 years; Zeta Cancro in 55 years; and Eta Coronæ in 43 years. This last-named star has been examined since the above prediction of its orbitual revolution was made, and the result has shown the accuracy on which it was based. The star Zeta Herculis was examined by Herschel in 1782, with a power of 460, when the two stars were then half the diameter of the small star asunder; in 1795, with the same power, the separation was scarcely perceptible; in 1802 the two stars seemed merged into one, causing a slight distortion. On the 11th of April, 1803, examining the apparent disc of the star with a power of 2140, it was a little distorted, while there could not be more than about three-fourths of the apparent diameter of the small star wanting to a complete occultation. He concluded from this that the path of motion was not quite central, and demonstrated clearly the fact of the orbitual motion of the smaller star. Here was the law of gravitation carried to the regions of infinite space, and results achieved far superseding those accomplished by the astronomers who observed previous to Herschel's time.

In observing the double stars, Herschel noticed the variation in colour between the two or more stars which form a system. Sometimes the larger one is of a ruddy or orange hue, while the smaller one is blue or green. For instance, Eta Cassiopeiæ exhibits the beautiful combination of a large white star and a small one of rich ruddy purple. The large star Zeta Herculis is of a bluish-white, and the smaller one of a fine ash colour. The subjects arising out of the consideration of the physical phenomena of double stars are extremely interesting; but we pass on to higher discoveries, which throw the grand results already described far into the rear.

The Milky Way.—When we observe the double and triple stars, we see objects, as it were, within our reach; but to obtain any adequate idea of the immensity of the universe, we must extend our observations. This idea led Herschel to endeavour to penetrate the various regions of the heavens with his powerful telescopes. As he had discovered systems of revolving suns, similar to our own, it occurred to him that the same combinations might be indefinitely extended beyond the reach of ordinary vision. He, for this purpose, turned his powerful reflectors to an examination of that luminous zone, the Via Lactea, or Milky Way, which encompasses the heavens in various directions, brighter at some places than others, and evidently appearing to the naked eye to be composed of stars. It had been observed by the ancients with feelings of awe and astonishment, and Ovid —on account of its lustre—represented it as the high road to heaven, or the court of Jupiter. It commences near the northern quarter of the heavens, about 30 degrees from the north pole, and passes through the constellations Cassiopeia, Perseus, Auriga, Orion, and Gemini;

it here crosses the zodiac, and enters the southern hemisphere, and passes through the middle of the ship Argo, exhibiting there its greatest brilliancy; after this, as it enters the northern hemisphere, it separates into two branches—one branch passing through the tail of Scorpio, the bow of Sagittarius, Aquila, and the Swan. The other branch passes through the tail of Scorpio, and reaches the neck of the Swan, where it first commenced. Between Perseus and Cassiopeia there is a separation of the milky stream. In some places it is brighter than in others—particularly in the southern hemisphere, near the constellations Argo and the Cross. From the summit of Etna it appears like a bright flame shooting across the heavens.

Herschel directed his telescope to this brilliant milky girdle, and the result of his observations excites our highest feelings of astonishment. He used a Newtonian reflector, of twenty feet focal length, and a clear aperture of eighteen inches. In the neighbourhood of the head and club of Orion, he found an astonishing number of stars, whose number he endeavoured to estimate by counting many fields, and from these computing how many stars are contained in a given portion of the Milky Way. In the most vacant places in that neighbourhood he found 63 stars; other six fields of view contained 110, 60, 70, 90, 70, and 74 stars —on the average, 79 stars to each field. He likewise found that, by allowing fifteen minutes for the diameter of his field of view, a belt of fifteen degrees in length and two in breadth contained not less than 50,000 stars, large enough to be distinctly numbered; besides which, he suspected twice as many more, which could only be seen now and then, by faint glimpses, for want of sufficient light. This is fifty times more than all the stars which the naked eye can discern at one time throughout the entire heavens. Were the firmament equally rich in stars, such a telescope would bring to view no less than 68,750,000! It was only in the "vacant places" of the Milky Way where this immense number was visible! In the crowded portions of the same region Herschel was even more successful. He says:—"In some places I have had fields of view that contained no fewer than 588 stars, and these were continued for many minutes, so that in one quarter of an hour's time there passed no less than 116,000 stars through the field of my telescope." In this observation the telescope was fixed, and from the motion of the earth on her axis the range of vision appeared rapidly changing its position, and thus this enormous number of stars passed before the view. It may be conceived impossible for one man to count such a number; but it must be borne in mind that a rough estimate of the number of stars visible at one time in the field of view would give a tolerably good idea of the entire number, when the dimensions of the zone under observation are clearly ascertained. At another time Herschel perceived no less than 258,000 stars pass through the telescope in 41 minutes! The late Rev. Dr. Dick computed that if every portion of the firmament were as well replenished with stars as the Milky Way, there would be more than 195,000,000 of stars in the heavens visible in such a telescope as Herschel's. As the whole heavens are not so luminous as the Milky zone, some abatement must be made from this estimate. Sir J. Herschel says on this subject:—"This remarkable belt, when examined through powerful telescopes, is found (wonderful to relate!) to consist *entirely of stars scattered by millions*, like glittering dust, on the black ground of the general heavens!"

Our great astronomer endeavoured to sound the depths of this stratum of stars, and in his exposition of the subject, he maintained that his twenty-feet telescope penetrated to a distance in the profundity of space not less than 497 times the distance of the brilliant star Sirius —the largest of the fixed stars. If so, a stratum of stars, amounting to 497 in thickness, each of them as far distant from one another as Sirius is distant from our sun, was within the reach of his vision in looking through that telescope. The least distance of Sirius from the sun is computed to be not less than 20,000,000,000,000 miles. This is a very low estimate of its distance, as what has been discovered since the time of Herschel with respect to the distances of the fixed stars affords evidence that Sirius is immensely distant from the solar system; consequently, even on this calculation, the most distant star visible in his telescope was 497 times this distance—9,940,000,000,000,000 miles! Over this enormous cluster of stars, light—travelling at the rate of 192,000 miles in a second—would occupy 1640 years before it could traverse the mighty interval. Such statements may be thought exaggerated; but they are amply borne out by the researches of Herschel among the *nebula*, to be afterwards alluded to.

As the result of these observations, Herschel supposed that the Milky Way, grand as it may seem, is only one of the starry systems which appear scattered throughout the universe. He conjectured that our sun is situated in the centre of this assemblage of suns; its situation he reckoned to be, not in the centre of the Milky Way, but rather towards one of its sides, near the point where it diverges into two branches. To carry out this idea he reasoned thus: If a number of stars were arranged between two parallel planes indefinitely extended every way, but at a considerable distance from each other, and calling this a sidereal stratum, an eye placed somewhere within it will see all the stars in the direction of the planes of the stratum projected into a great circle, which will appear lucid on account of the accumulation of the stars, while the rest of the heavens at the sides will only seem to be scattered over with constellations, more or less crowded, according to the distance of the planes or number of stars contained in the thickness or sides of the stratum. To determine whether this idea were the true one, he commenced "gauging the heavens," which consists in repeatedly counting the number of stars in the fields of view very near each other, by which he obtained an average of the number of stars in that part of the heavens. On the supposition that the stars are nearly equally scattered, it is evident that the part of the Milky Way where the stars are most numerous must extend farthest from the sun, and the part where they are less numerous must extend to a less distance. From all this he gathered that the nebula of the Milky Way "is a very extensive, branching, compound congeries of many millions of stars, which probably owes its origin to many remarkably large as well as pretty closely scattered small stars, that may have drawn together the rest."

The method adopted by Herschel to sound the depths of this immense stratum of stars deserves here some notice. He proceeded on the supposition that all the stars are of equal magnitude, and at the same distance from each other. Whether this idea was true or not, was of no consequence, as the question is so vast as scarcely to be affected by either alternative. If the observer is armed with a telescope of great space-penetrating power, it is evident he will be able to count more stars in those parts where they appear to extend farthest back into space. Assuming we know the distance of the stars from each other, the number counted in any field of view will accurately determine the length of the visual ray reaching to the most remote star in that field. Herschel concluded that where most stars were seen the stratum was deepest. To determine the question, whether he had actually penetrated the deepest portions of the Milky Way, he proceeded thus:—Being aware that stars of the sixth magnitude are visible to the naked eye, he concluded, from the law regulating the decrease of light, that these remote stars were twelve times more distant than the nearest or brightest stars. His extensive knowledge of optics here proved of some service. A telescope having a diameter so as to concentrate twice as much light as the eye, would penetrate twice as far into space; and so on for all sizes of telescopes, ending with the 40-feet reflector, which, on this principle, would enable the observer to see a star of the first magnitude if it were carried backward into space 2328 times its present distance. Here suppose the nearest star to be distant from the solar system 20,000,000,000,000 miles, a very low estimate. This number multiplied by 2328 gives 46,560,000,000,000,000 as the distance of the star. To render this remote object visible, its light (travelling 12,000,000 miles in a minute) would occupy the enormous period of 7224 years! Having settled this part of the process, Herschel gave to his telescope various sized diameters, by covering up the speculum to a few inches, and gradually increasing the size of the diaphragm till the full dimensions were used. This gave his telescope various space-penetrating powers. The instrument was then directed to a hazy nebulous cloud in the sword-handle of Perseus, where, to the unassisted vision, not a solitary star was to be seen. With the lowest telescopic aid many stars were rendered visible, in which minute stellar points were seen. As the space-penetrating power was increased, the bright spots of light were resolved into groups of brilliant stars, and more nebulous haze came up from the deep distance, showing that further telescopic power was requisite to fathom the mighty distance. At last, when the full power of his grand instrument was employed, countless multitudes of magnificent orbs burst on the sight, like so many sparkling diamonds. There was now no haze behind; the telescopic ray had shot quite through the stratum of stars, and the deep blue heavens formed the back-ground of the beautiful sidereal picture. In many of these telescopic penetrations, Herschel calculated that 500 stars were ranged one behind the other in a straight line, each one separated from the other by a space equal to that which divides our sun from the nearest fixed star! Light would here require 1000 years to fly over this amazing distance! But our astronomer had not completed his task when the Milky Way was fathomed by his instrument.

The Nebulæ.—Herschel's great success in exploring the Via Lactea induced him to extend his examinations beyond the Milky Way to those hazy, nebulous clouds which had defied the range of the most powerful telescopes then in use. A catalogue of 133 of these nebulous stars was published in 1783-4, by M. Messier, of Paris, and their places being accurately pointed out in the heavens, Herschel was eminently successful in resolving many of these hazy, phosphorescent patches of light into groups of brilliant stars. Out of these 133 nebulous clouds, more than one-half defied the highest penetrating powers of his telescopes. They were after this divided by him into two classes—*resolvable* and *irresolvable*. He afterwards, by his unwearied searches over the nebulous regions, discovered about 2000 of these hazy stellar clouds, in which investigation he was assisted by Miss Herschel, who arranged their places in a catalogue, in the order of right ascension and declination. Sir J. Herschel in 1833 read a paper before the Royal Society, in which he gave the places of 2500 nebulæ, 500 of these having been discovered by himself, and the remainder by his father. Since this time 500 more nebulæ have been discovered in the southern heavens. It is interesting to take the elder Herschel's opinion on this subject:—"The nebulæ are arranged into strata and run on to a great length, and some of them I have been able to pursue, and guess pretty well at their form and direction. As the Milky Way is not of equal breadth or lustre, but is curved and even divided into two streams along a very considerable portion of it, we may likewise expect the greatest variety in the strata of the clusters of stars and nebulæ. One of these beds is so rich, that in passing through a section of it, in the time of only thirty-one minutes, I have detected no less than thirty-six nebulæ distinctly visible in a blue sky." Other stratums varied in the shape and form of nebulæ: some were of the shape of a fan, resembling an electric brush issuing from a lucid point; others of the cometic shape, with a nucleus in the centre; or like cloudy stars surrounded with a nebulous atmosphere.

Herschel published in 1811 a very learned paper on the subject of the "Construction of the Heavens and the Organization of the Celestial Bodies," in which he entered fully into the consideration of his discoveries among the nebulæ. It is evident, from what he there stated, that many of these objects are bodies of immense magnitude, considering their vast distances from our globe. There are several round nebulæ of about one-fifth the apparent diameter of the moon, where stars can be seen very distinctly; and on comparing them with the visual ray calculated from some of his long "gauges," Herschel concluded that the centres of these round nebulæ were 600 times the distance of Sirius. In some of the extended nebulæ, the light changes gradually, so as from the resolvable to approach the milky kind; and such milky appearance suggests the idea that they cannot be placed at less than 6000 or 8000 times the distance from our system. He allowed, in these cases, that the numbers were rather to be taken as coarse estimates than as correct data; yet, nevertheless, the fact could not be doubted, that these immensely distant bodies were of enormous magnitude, and might even outvie our Milky Way in grandeur.

The forms of some of these wonderful objects, as

seen in Herschel's gigantic telescope, were of the most curious kind. One appeared like a dumb-bell or hour-glass of bright matter, surrounded by a thin hazy atmosphere. It is evidently a dense collection of stars, situated at an immeasurable distance from the region where our system is placed. Another of these objects, which defied all Herschel's optical assistance to resolve into stars, is situated near the Great Bear: Lord Rosse's six-feet speculum has succeeded in penetrating the back-ground of this nebulous region, and exhibiting its true form. In Lord Rosse's telescope it resembles more the beautiful spiral curve caused by the unrolling of a shell.

There are other classes of nebulæ discovered by Herschel; some of these consist of nebulous stars; while others appear with a nucleus surrounded by a lucid appendage, somewhat resembling the head of a comet. There is also another class, which closely resembles the disc of a planet; from which appearance it has received the name of *planetary nebulæ*. They are somewhat extraordinary objects, with round or slightly oval discs, in some instances sharply terminated; in others a little hazy at the borders, and of a light exactly equable, or only a very little mottled, which in some of them approaches in vividness to the light of actual planets. What the nature of these bodies may be, it is impossible to conjecture. Their physical constitution has given rise to much speculation. One of these objects, in the constellation Andromeda, presents a visible disc of twelve seconds diameter. Herschel conjectured that the real dimensions of such a body would fill a space equalling in size the whole orbit of Uranus. A globular body of such magnitude as the extent of the orbit of Uranus would contain 24,429,081,600,000,000,000,000,000,000 of solid miles. The solid contents of the sun is about 357,000,000,000,000,000 of cubical miles. Dividing the former number by the latter, we shall have for the quotient 68,428,800,000—showing that the nebulæ spoken of above would contain 68,428,800,000 globes as large as the sun!

One of the most striking nebulous objects in the heavens is that situated in the Sword of Orion, and visible to the naked eye in the months of November, December, and January. With a common telescope the nebulous appearance may be distinctly perceived. Herschel examined it in 1774 and in 1811. Near this nebulæ he noticed three nebulous stars, which in 1783 appeared to be surrounded by a circular glory of whitish nebulosity, faintly joining it to the great nebulæ. In 1784 he began to think these stars were not connected with the great nebulæ of Orion, but were of that class which are scattered over the heavens, lying further from the eye than the great nebulæ. In 1801, 1806, and 1810, great changes appeared to have taken place in the three stars, and the nebulosity seemed to have disappeared. He concluded from this that their former nebulous appearance was caused by the passage of their feeble light through the nebulous matter spread out before them. This was clearly proved in a critical examination of the stars and nebulæ in the forty-feet telescope, on the 19th of January, 1811. He considered the farthest distance of the faintest parts of the great nebulæ about the distance of stars of the eighth magnitude. Allowing this supposition to be correct, and assuming that stars of the eighth magnitude are, on the average, eight times further distant than those of the first, then this nebulæ cannot be less than 320,000,000,000,000 miles from the earth. Its diameter at that distance presents an angle of ten minutes, thereby causing its magnitude to be utterly inconceivable. It has been calculated that it must exceed 2,000,000,000,000,000,000 times the dimensions of the sun! Nevertheless, though Herschel's most powerful telescope could not penetrate through this wonderful object, the great six-feet mirror of the Earl of Rosse has resolved some portions of it into minute sparkling points, leaving no doubt that, with increased optical assistance, the entire nebulæ will be one day exhibited to human gaze as an infinite mass of stars. After stating this much, the reader will the more readily appreciate the difficulties encountered by the optician in forming the figure of the speculum or object-glass so as to exhibit these minute stellar points into separate particles, without appearing to blend together on account of their proximity.

After Herschel's successful examination of some of the nebulæ, and failure in resolving many others, he conceived the idea that many of these more distant objects were not remote galaxies, but accumulations of a shining fluid similar to the cometic, and probably located within the inter-stellar regions of our own heavens. He argued in this way—"If the nebulosity consists of stars that are very remote, which appear nebulous because of the small angles their mutual distances subtend to the eye, whereby they not only, as it were, appear to run into one, but also appear diluted and faint, then what must be the enormous size of the central point, which outshines all the rest in so superlative a degree as to admit of no comparison? If the star be no larger than common, how very small and compressed must be those other luminous points that are the occasion of the nebulosity which surrounds the central one! Laplace, the eminent mathematician—a man well acquainted with the Newtonian law of gravitation—erected on the supposition of Herschel a theory to account for the difficulties connected with the nebulæ question. Into this part of the subject we cannot now enter. Much has been written both for and against the opinions of Laplace. Dr. Nichol, of Glasgow, the author of the "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," and the Rev. T. Milner (author of the "Gallery of Nature"), were the principal defenders of what is termed the "nebulæ hypothesis." It has been objected to by some theologians as throwing great difficulties in the way of the creation of all things by a Supreme Intelligence; but the late Rev. Dr. Pye Smith has endeavoured to show that, if true, its idea will not in any way invalidate the truth of the Mosaic narrative of the Creation.

Motion of the Sun in Space.—Herschel, after many years' observation of the places of the fixed stars with respect to each other, found so great a discrepancy existing between their places so determined by himself and the recorded places of previous observers, that he conceived the only solution of the problem would be in admitting the motion of the sun through space towards some distant region. The argument he adopted was something like this:—In travelling in a direct line through a forest of trees, as we advance, all objects towards which we are moving will appear to open or

separate from each other, while those behind will appear to close up. If, then, the astronomer, borne along by the movement of the sun through the vast forest of stars by which he is surrounded, desires to ascertain the direction in which he is progressing, let him search the heavens until he finds a point where the stars seem to be increasing their distance from each other. If this point be discovered, let him confirm his suspicions by looking in the opposite direction; and if the stars in that region appear to be closing up, he may fairly conclude that he has found the direction in space towards which the sun is moving. Herschel, after some years of laborious investigation, announced to the world that the direction towards which the solar system was tending was the constellation of Hercules. The scientific world received this announcement with some hesitation, and in a few years it fell into disrepute, and was only considered as a bold and sublime speculation.

After Herschel's death, Argelander, of Bonn, took up the problem, and by a critical examination of the proper motions and change of places of 500 fixed stars, he established the theory of Herschel, and announced to the world the destination of the solar system in 1840 to be between the stars Mu and Pi in the constellation of Hercules. Argelander's reasoning was established as correct by the examinations of M. Otho Struve; and thus the original theory of Herschel was once more admitted. Since then, M. Peters has proved that the sun, with its planetary and cometic bodies, is sweeping through space towards the star marked Pi in the constellation of Hercules, with a velocity which causes it to pass over a distance equal to 33,350,000 miles in every year! Professor Mitchell, on the doctrine of chances, informs us that there is but one chance out of 400,000 that astronomers have been deceived in the above estimate. He also estimates that the light from the star in Hercules—one of the third magnitude—occupies 46 years to render it visible to the inhabitants of the earth. According to this theory, the solar system cannot pass the enormous interval over which it is now rapidly progressing—even at 33,350,000 miles per annum—in less than 1,800,000 years!

Thus farhave we en deavoured to sketch the astronomical discoveries of Herschel. Any comment on the character of such a man would now be superfluous. Suffice it to say, that from the year 1774 to 1822—the long period of 48 years—he successfully examined the heavens, with a perseverance never before equalled. The reigning monarch, George III., extended to him his patronage; the Universtity of Oxford conferred on him the degree of L.L.D.; the Royal Society elected him their president; and the Prince Regent invested him with the Guelphic order of knighthood. But these honours were as nothing to him compared with the pleasure of seeing his son give promise of great genius in the same ennobling pursuits which had imparted to his father's name a world-wide renown. He died on the 23rd of August, 1822, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. His sister, Miss Caroline L. Herschel, survived him several years, and died in the year 1848, at the advanced age of 98.

A REAL MOURNER.

"Is she married or single?"

"Or a widow? She dresses in black and looks melancholy."

"That 's no sign of a widow."

"It ought to be."

"I do n't know about that. Some widows ought to celebrate the death of their husbands in gay attire; robe themselves 'in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day.'"

"And a good many do."

"If my wife should rejoice after my death, I 'd come back and haunt her. I 'd give her a dose of sperretoral pizon!"

"You would n't have a ghost of a chance. Widows are man-proof, let alone ghost-proof. And if you saw her 'cutting-up,' you 'd be glad to go back to the grave again."

"But all this is nothing to the purpose. The question before the vestry is, 'Who is this solitary, dark-eyed, well-formed, and highly-dignified young woman?'"

"And where did she come from?"

"And who is the little girl?"

As nobody at the Spread Eagle knew, there was no answer but conjecture to all these eager questions. The lady in question had come to the place with her girl-companion, an utter stranger, taken one large room, and kept herself mysteriously dark and reserved.

All that the landlord knew was that her name was Annie Ashton, and the little girl's Winnie Ashton; but whether they were mother and daughter, whether the elder had ever had a husband, or the younger, who was about ten years of age, was young enough to be the daughter of the other, who did not seem more than twenty-one; whether—almost anything else about them—he could not say, for he dared not ask.

"I have been a landlord for twenty years and more," said he, "and as sure as my name is Prounce, I never met with a woman's eye that I could n't fairly and squarely face, but hers. I asked her one or two questions—out of my business, I own—but she gave me *such* a look from that glowing, high-bred eye of hers, that I winced, and remembered my manners. Mrs. Prounce, who is good at catechism, says the same. She says they are both continually on their guard, the young one watching the old one all the time, as if to give or take a cue from her when they speak. But Dolly likes the lady, though she do n't know what to make of her. Strange young creature. What a high-bred eye she has!"

"My opinion is that it is best to let all such people alone. It do n't do to meddle with odd folks. Sometimes they 're the very—the very devil—if I must say so."

"She do n't look very devilish, though," was the general opinion; for Annie Ashton, married or single, maiden, wife, or widow, was very comely to behold, and young, and seemingly well educated and intellectual. And the result of the first grand discussion of her was that everybody resolved to keep an eye upon

her, confident that, as Mr. Prounce said Mrs. Prounce said, "Everything would come out bimeby."

On one occasion, when Mrs. Prounce was having a miscellaneous chat with the mystic Annie, and the undoubtedly Miss Winnie, and smilingly intimated that everybody was dying to know who they were, the mystic Annie calmly observed, with unconquerable stedfastness in her dark, high-bred eye, that,

"It is a very curious world, indeed, and it has been said in defence of inquisitive people, that the spirit of inquiry is the foundation of all knowledge; but as far as my observation has extended, I have always noticed that the most inquisitive people are the most ignorant."

Mrs. Prounce rather winced while she smiled, and ventured that,

"If they are ignorant, perhaps that 's the reason they ask for information."

"Which is seldom correct," ahemed the imperturbable Annie—mildly, though.

"It is perfectly right," said Mrs. Prounce, "to keep one's business to one's self. But sometimes we attract uncomfortable curiosity by being too reserved. When *we* are strange we excite strange thoughts."

"I know I have strange tastes," replied Annie; "I have, for one, a very deep interest in funerals."

"Funerals are very solemn," suggested Mrs. Prounce.

"Especially the funerals of our own sex," continued Annie, "and more especially wives."

"It is a dreadful thing for a married woman to die," assented Mrs. Prounce, "and leave her husband; for she do n't know what he is a going to do any more than she knows where she is a going to."

"The death of a good wife is a great loss, and an impressive lesson to the world," said the solemn young lady. "She has filled the highest functions of her being, particularly if she has been a mother, and now leaves those behind her to mourn an irreparable loss. Children can never have but one *mother*, and a true woman's heart always melts at the sight of a widower."

"He is a miserable object, to be sure!" said Mrs. Prounce. "Like a cart without a horse," she added, by way of illustration.

"The valuable duties of a wife, Mrs. Prounce," continued the commanding young woman, "can no longer be fulfilled unto him."

"No more they can," sighed Mrs. Prounce.

"And so, whenever I hear of the death of a wife, I feel an overpowering inclination to attend the funeral, wherever I am and however engaged, and to give what aid and sympathy I can, to the house of mourning."

"Which it is very good of you," was the rejoinder, "though I must say it is a very odd taste, for I have such a horror of funerals and corpses, that I should forgive my husband if he did n't go to mine. It is very gloomy to be—to be gloomy," she added, lost in thoughts of the tomb.

"As laughing is catching," proceeded her solemn young companion.

"What does it catch?" suddenly interrupted Mrs. Prounce, looking up, anxiously, for she had been thinking of infectious diseases just then, and was for a moment dwelling upon small-pox, which was expected in the neighbourhood on a visit. "What did you say catches?"

"I said that, as laughing is said to be catching, why should not gloom be? Anything gloomy has attractions for me."

"You have a good, pious taste," replied Mrs. Prounce, regarding her with a shudder. "But I would n't have it for the world. You will have a nice chance to indulge here, for the town is sickly, and we expect the small-pox all over us pretty soon."

"I am glad to hear it," remarked Annie, "for I shall be able to perform my favourite services to the afflicted."

The gloomy taste, appearance, and observations of her unknown boarder were so unaccountable to Mrs. Prounce, that when she left the room that day she vowed she would never again have a long talk with her.

"There is something *ahint* of her that I can't see," she told her husband, "and she makes me feel so bad I can't tell whether she is seriously wicked or seriously pious. I feel as if I could n't say my soul was my own when I am talking with her. I feel as if I could get into a pint pot. A young woman and fond of funerals! Glad to hear the place is sickly! What can you make out of her?"

"Money, as long as she stays," gruffly replied the landlord, "though *I* think, too, that there 's something wrong about her. She 's got such an eye, and keeps so dark. Hang me if I do n't believe she is a forerunner of the small-pox! Half our boarders have gone away for fear of it. Boggs's boy died this morning of it."

"She 's a cunning person, anybody can see," said the wife, poising her thought before she drove it to a conclusion; "and p'rhaps, I say, *p'rhaps*, if she ain't wicked, she may be a female doctor."

"Might be," mused Prounce, gloomy over the loss of his boarders. "If she is, I wish she 'd scare the small-pox away. She *looks* as if she could."

The occasions are not rare at funerals when the troubled mourners have been so worried and hurried in their preparations as to have left them imperfect, and when friends, unadvised of the fact beforehand, have felt too confused to aid them in the proper manner, at the proper time.

For such emergencies, the self-possessed and ladylike stranger proved herself peculiarly well adapted. Her solemn appearance was in itself a recommendation for the sad, extemporaneous task of officiating, when the chief mourner, sincere or insincere, too much absorbed in his grief, or in deporting himself with becoming wretchedness, was unable to superintend the fit performance of necessary though minor details.

So while others mutely and awkwardly stood by, the comely young woman in black adroitly undertook to make quiet suggestions as to the disposal of the furniture for the best convenience of the guests; helped arrange it with her own hands, arrayed the funeral garland with a tasteful care, saw that the clergyman, and the chief mourners, and other kindred, were appropriately placed, that the Bible and the Prayer-book were ready for the use of the pastor, and that the sexton and his assistants had the proper directions as to their duties, and while she obtained them from the bereaved man, she would gently give him such words of consolation as were most suitable for the occasion, and calculated to pour oil upon the wounds of his heart, if he had any.

If no one felt equal to the duty of calling out the list of mourners for the proper carriages she would do it; and when the procession had arrived at the grave, none were so tenderly sympathetic, or so warmly eloquent, or so gracefully officious at the sorrowing husband's side, as the unaccountable, mysterious Annie Ashton. Nothing that could be done seemed to be forgotten or omitted by her, even to the collection of memorial flowers from the impressive spot. These kindly services over, she would quietly and modestly disappear.

Now there was nothing improper in all this, however unusual it might be from a stranger. Yet being unusual, and done so fitly, so opportunely, at the critical moment, it made her the object of increased interest and inquiry, and very naturally of thankful attachment from those assisted; and the sickliness of the town at that period multiplied the precise kind of opportunities which her funeral taste seemed to crave, and for which she seemed so signally adapted.

As the labours of compassionate kindliness do seldom go unrewarded, she often received little tokens of appreciation from the parties thus assisted, though she seldom complied with an invitation to their houses more than once, and even then maintained her singular reserve.

But finally, in an instance where she had made herself particularly serviceable, the chief mourner, a widower of middle age, ascertaining where she resided, called upon her at the Spread Eagle, and solicited the favour of a prolonged acquaintance with her, in a voice and look which might be termed three parts admiration and one part inconsolable sorrow.

"If he thinks he can get anything out of her," said the Prounces, when he went up-stairs, "he 's mightily mistaken. We do n't know any more of her now than we did when she first came here—barring the funerals. She 's a regular angel at them, though, and no mistake."

The name of the grateful widower was Israel Pidgeon. Mr. Pidgeon, finding that the friendly, though still mystic young lady, received his solicitation with no unwillingness, ventured, in the course of an edifying conversation upon the uncertainty of human life, and the fact that all flesh is grass, and that still it was hard to part with it because it was doubtful if we could get a new crop as good—he ventured plumply upon the question whether he had the honour of addressing a maiden lady, a widow, or a wife—and he glanced dubiously at the little girl, Winnie.

Annie smiled, and answered evasively, "I am not *now* a married woman, Mr. Pidgeon;" so that he could not decide whether she meant that she *had* been married, but was without a husband now; or whether she intended to convey the idea that though she was not married *now*, she expected to be soon. So he probed further.

"Permit me to inquire the relationship of this sweet little girl to you."

"She is my sister-in-law," promptly responded Annie.

"Then *that's* all right, so far," thought he. "I do n't think she ever has been married. I 'll wait awhile and recover from the effects of her eye, and ask again."

Mr. Pidgeon now dilated upon the fact that he was "very lonesome."

"No doubt," replied she. "The death of a wife is not easily to be disregarded. A constant heart should in these cases prepare itself to follow the idol which it cannot restore. Feeling as you do, of course you will never seek or wish to supply her place."

Mr. Pidgeon did n't think so; but thought that she never could have been married, and that this was a proof that she was an inexperienced miss.

"Constancy is a great thing," observed he, "and you remember that I have three very young children to remind me of their mother. How did you like their looks?"

Annie declared that she had seldom seen children with such winning ways.

"I am charmed to hear that; and I am in hopes, with the large fortune I possess, I shall be able to give them an education and position which will in part recompense them for the loss of a mother. I suppose you cannot understand what *a parent's* feelings are?"

Annie said that she could not.

"Then, I suppose, of course that you have never been married."

Annie allowed his supposition to pass as a statement, not a question, and made no reply, but her conversation grew so animated while they continued together, that he was encouraged to invite her to become a visitor to his house, and to his great satisfaction she promised—and she kept her promise; and a week had not elapsed before two important revelations were made in consequence.

"You may think me unfeeling, Miss Ashton," said Mr. Pidgeon one afternoon, taking her hand suddenly, and pressing it to his bill—no, his lips; "but I am in love with you, and I entreat you to become my wife—to supply the place of my late partner. If not in love, in pity be mine, for you must know what a dreadful thing it is to meet with so severe a loss."

"I *do* know what it is," replied she, to his astonishment, "for I have lost a husband myself, and have long been desirous of supplying his place! I have sought for a substitute only among widowers, for I felt that we could the better sympathise with each other; and, besides, we could marry upon equal terms. So, Israel, if you will have me, take me."

The heart of Israel rejoiced, and he filled his arms and his cup of bliss at one and the same time, as he embraced her, and said that she was all the better for being a widow, for she would have more experience in domestic affairs.

IN CAMERA.

THE "funny paper" *par excellence*—for it is time we had done with "our facetious contemporary"—had a comical enough cut, some few weeks back. A miserable wretch, in almost the last stage of intoxication, clothes torn, and disordered, pipe extinguished, yet hanging from his lips, his hands stuck in pockets evidently empty, had reeled up to the doorway of a photographer, and, barely sustaining himself thereby from a final lodgment in the gutter, is accosted by the

master of the establishment—for the nonce of course represented by the ubiquitous moralist himself, in all the severe propriety of just rebuke—with a request that he will step in and have his portrait taken, as it might be a pleasant and useful offering to the domestic Lares. Really Charivari is dangerously suggestive. We should not be at all surprised to hear of some enterprising photographer, with more sharpness than principle, turning his art to account in some such style.

Imagine Frederick interrupted at his mid-day coffee and *Times* by a "genelman as desires to see him private"—and who, after an elaborate explanation of how he is "engaged upon a series of views of the great metropolis under various aspects," and how he rises betimes to avoid the "intervention of extraneous objects," concludes by presenting to the horrified gaze of the gentleman a fac-simile of himself "as he appeared," between two and three A. M., at the corner of J— St., lamp-post and all, to the life. There can be no mistake about it; those cherished whiskers play too conspicuous a part in the "extraneous object," gilded by the rays of the rising sun, to admit of a doubt. The artist puts it very delicately, that, seeing how beautifully the figure had "come out," and happening to recognise the original, he has brought it, merely to ascertain if the gentleman would object to its introduction in the series, "shortly to be opened to the public."

That public of which Matilda and her mamma may chance to form a part—that series into which dear old uncle Nabob, with his 70-power eye-glass, will most assuredly penetrate; rejoicing, as he does, in all the triumphs of the camera.

With many superfluous interjections doth Frederick purchase of the reluctant artist his own *alter ego;* over the quickly shattered relics of which, upon his bachelor hearth, he vows many a sober resolve; whether or not to share the fate of his dear-bought purchase, who shall say?

It is the morning after the Derby, and, in the sacred seclusion of his private office, Mr. B. is shuddering, as the cruel visitor calmly lays before him this "splendid photograph of the race-course," more especially of the particular portion in which *that* open carriage, and *those* bonnets—Oh the odious fashion! that, so diminutive, they fail to conceal the rubicund face amidst them, beaming over the freshly opened bottle of champagne! Fatal moment! when, in a vicious ecstasy, he turned his ample countenance that way, and courted Sol's full rays!

Penitent and aghast, he gazes, while the artist meekly informs him he is endeavouring to dispose of them in London "and the suburbs," for "the ladies are fond of these things." *The suburbs!* gracious powers! why, he may reach Holloway before dinner-time, and Mrs. B. *will* encourage these strolling fellows! and — the vision becomes too painful for contemplation.

True, Martha knew he was to be at Wabbleton yesterday deep in tallow and hides; but then—and again he turns to the likeness, too horribly true even for coincidence, and that *pink* bonnet above all; the very colour she knew he so disliked when *she* had attempted it,—"Give me the lot!"

Devoting alike the arts and the Derby to perdition, B. lights a match. The artist goes on his way rejoicing; while two miles farther on, little Mrs. G., smiling at her toilette, never dreams of the rod in pickle for her, inside that smooth-faced portfolio, though it wears only the aspect of a nicely-tinted view, representing a gay pic-nic party, with the foreground of a pretty little lady, whose extraordinary resemblance to Mrs. G. (at that very hour supposed to be in attendance on a sick relative some miles off) will cost the lady a few tears and put the entire household on short allowance of puddings for a week.

Why, even Betsey will not escape; taking an airing and a donkey on Hampstead Heath, in total opposition to the express understanding of her Sunday evening out. Not even her glib quotation of the tent shall serve her, when she and her steed, alike immortalized by the traitorous camera, shall appear in judgment against her; unless in fear and trembling she consent to stand self-mulcted in a month's allowance of ribbons and hair oil.

Vain for Mary to relate the prattle, and simulate the delight of the "darlings," among the ducks and drakes, and all the attractions of St. James's pleasant Park. Too aptly has the faithful camera revealed the insalubrious vicinage of Westminster, its Broadway, the dead wall, that forms the pleasant prospect of the twins, the live militaire no less so, to Mary, as it should appear by her vivacious smile and face all radiant.

Vain the ready denial; the faces of her children mamma *might* mistake, but to "the lace on dear baby's frock, and to the perambulator—but there!"—words fail, and so do mine, when I begin to realize all the unforeseen and imaginable disasters, the strange discoveries and awkward *contretemps*, of which so potent and irresistible an agent shall be productive.

FAIRLEIGH OWEN.

SONNET.

IT was a dull and cold November night,
A dismal fog had o'er the city spread
Since th' setting of the sun. I sat and read
Up in my chamber, by the glimmering light
Of a pale lamp; or mused on wrong and right,
When lo! I heard the cries of one in dread
Rise from the street below. I rose and sped
Whence came the cries. It was a hateful sight!
A woman beat her child most brutally . . . .
"Woman," I cried, "have mercy on that child;
Forbear, or thou wilt kill her!" Upon me
She cast a fiendish look . . . "Man, what to thee,"
She with an oath replied, half crazed and wild,
"What is't to thee tho' I should kill my child?"

CHARLES W. BRIDGART.



SINGING BOYS.

Mr. Macquoid, when in Florence, drew the above sketch from a piece of sculpture by Lucca Della Roba. The lads, we should imagine, are singing in a very lugubrious—possibly some penitential—psalm.

THE WORKING CLASSES OF PARIS.

I am now about to write of the working classes of Paris—the men in blouses who in times past have been more than a match for French principalities and powers. In 1856 the population of Paris was 1,174,346. *Galignani* of this year says the recent additions it has received have now increased the population by about 250,000 souls. Of this number nearly half are working people, the rest being in business or living upon their incomes. There are about 80,000 servants and 70,000 paupers; nearly 15,000 patients are always in the hospitals, and four times that number pass through them in the course of the year. Foundlings and infirm persons are about 20,000 in all; the population of the prisons is about 5000. The following was the consumption of drinkables in Paris in 1858:—Wine, 1,044,836 hectolitres; spirits, 76,126; cider, 19,136; beer, 290,615 (a hectolitre contains rather more than 22 English gallons). This total represents a very large amount of drinking. Paris contains 1720 restaurants, 3182 wine and liquor dealers, and 550 butchers. From an official inquiry set on foot by the Chamber of Commerce of Paris it appears that the number of trades in the city is 325, carried on by 65,000 masters, 205,000 workmen, and 112,000 women, besides 16,600 boys and 7700 girls. Men's salaries vary from 3 to 5 francs generally per day, only 8 per cent. receiving more, and 14 per cent. earning under two francs per day. Women's salaries average from 60 centimes to three francs per day. Apprentices generally have board and lodging, sometimes their washing, and in a few cases a trifling salary. The chief trades are those relating to dress, which produce annually about two hundred and forty-one millions of francs; those of food and nourishment, two hundred and twenty-seven millions; architectural trades, one hundred and forty-five millions; furniture of every kind, one hundred and thirty-seven millions; jewellery, ninety millions; bronze trades, twenty millions; basket-making and minor trades, twenty millions; hats, sixteen millions; and gloves, fourteen millions. Of the manufactures in Paris or its vicinity, three belong to the Government, viz. one the *Gobelins* for tapestry and carpets, one for snuff and tobacco, and the third for porcelain. The first of these does not sell its produce; but the second furnishes nearly a fifth of the snuff and tobacco consumed in the country, the sale of which amounts to one hundred and forty million francs. The third, at Sievres, is rather a laboratory for useful experiments in the manufacture of porcelain than a source of profit. There are 999 manufactures of

haberdashery. The shawl trade counts 752 looms; the number of *maisons de modes* is 879; of ready-made clothes' shops, 225; stay-makers, 653; hatters, 644; cabinet-makers, 1915; carvers, 222; upholsterers, 519; manufacturers of paper-hangings, 141; looking-glasses, 120; bronze and gilt work, 450. The rag collectors or *chiffoniers* realise from one franc and a-half to two francs per day. Young women in shops receive their food, washing, and lodging, and are paid from three hundred to seven hundred francs per annum. The ordinary expense of a journeyman is from thirty to forty sous daily for food, and from seven to ten francs per month for lodgings.

The Paris Ouvrier is a very enlightened and acute personage compared with his brother in the provinces or his brother *le paysan*. I think he might spend his Sundays better; I think he might amuse his leisure hours with a higher and more bracing style of literature; but I confess he is more saucy and has more self-command than his brother in England. The secret of this I take to be that in France feudalism is entirely abolished and the land is free. Wherever this is the case you have a thrifty, saucy, sober population. The English workman till lately had no means of investing his money, and, therefore, reckless of the future, spent it in reckless and sensual indulgence. There is no such way of making a man sober and industrious as by giving him some object to reward his industry and sobriety. We talk about the poverty of the French labouring classes, yet see what millions of francs they have invested in Government loans. It is true that they love pleasure, but then, like Mrs. Gilpin, they have a frugal mind. Our laws with regard to land have been a fearful source of national demoralisation, and free trade in land is one of the greatest necessities of the age. We need not go to France to learn this. Look at Paddy at home, what an idle, penniless dog he is; but send him to America, and see what a lot of money he makes and what a lot he sends home. The French peasant enjoys life far more than our English one. The French *ouvrier* makes more holidays than our English artisan, yet with us the union is the resort of our labouring class, while in France the peasant becomes a landowner and has a stake in the country. A poor man in France, Germany, or Holland—that is, in countries where there is free trade in land—is intelligent enough to be able to calculate his chances. "He knows"—I quote Mr. Kay's most interesting and important work on the social condition and education of the people in England and France—"when he begins his life that if he defers his marriage for some years he will be able to save and acquire land. He knows that if he marries early in life he cannot hope to save enough to enable him to buy a garden or farm of his own, and that if he does not buy one he will occupy a lower and less comfortable social position than his neighbours. The fact of so many of his friends possessing small estates of their own, and the pleasure of owning one himself, stimulates him with double diligence to seek to obtain a small lot of land also, and to consent to present self-denial for the sake of obtaining this strongly desired end. The consequence is that the poor of these countries do not marry so early in life as the English poor, and do not, consequently, rear such large families." Mr. Mill, in his admirable work on the "Principles of Political Economy," says the same thing. Mr. Laing, is his "Notes on Norway," testifies to the working of a similar system, with similar results, in Norway. Vauban, Mr. Allison, Arthur Young, and many other writers, have left us very graphic descriptions of the state of the French peasantry prior to the outbreak of the first Revolution, when the land belonged to the great nobles and the Church, and when the peasants and farmers had scarcely any chance of acquiring any. They represent them as reduced to the lowest grade of poverty and civilisation, as badly fed, scarcely covered with rags, wretchedly housed, and only one step removed from famine, to which crowds fall victims in times of even moderate scarcity. I read in Sir Samuel Romilly's Memoirs that he was present at Paris at the *fêtes* on the birth of the Dauphin in 1781. He writes:—"The Hotel de Ville was resplendent with lamps, fireworks were played off before it, and to the music of four different orchestras were as many parties of dirty and ragged creatures dancing." In Paris you see no ragged and dirty creatures now, they have vanished as the half-starved and degraded peasantry have done, and from a similar cause. At one swoop the great Napoleon swept away the laws which produced such immense social misery, and by so doing turned a degraded and dirty population into a sober and thriving one. For this alone his name will be eternally cherished in France, and this one change alone will compensate for many of his crimes. I feel that in praising this system of free-trade I am verging on politics, and I am presenting a strong bill of indictment against our English lawyers and aristocracy. I cannot help it; the truth must be told. The Englishman has become reckless, and the Frenchman a sober man, in consequence chiefly, I honestly believe, of the difference in their laws regarding land. The Englishman is naturally as intelligent as the Frenchman. Certainly he works a great deal harder, and certainly he is better paid; yet he is worse off in consequence of his drinking habits. Almost every French artisan has money invested in savings banks, or the Rentes, or railway stock, and every peasant has a bit of ground he can call his own, or hopes to have one. About half a mile beyond the Rue Monte Parnasse there is a considerable extent of ground inhabited alone by the *ouvrier* classes. They get a bit of ground and plant a house on it for about one thousand francs. They are their own landlords, and to become such have submitted to much self-sacrifice, have acquired much power of self-restraint, and have acquired a habit of saving, which never, when once formed, leaves them. Therefore is it now they are more independent, better off, and less addicted to drinking than are our working classes.

I now speak of the *ouvrier's* Sunday. It is his grand holiday, and according to appearances very little of it is devoted to religious engagements. In the morning he is at work, and all the shops are open; but after twelve he dresses himself, and, if fine, prepares to sally out into the suburbs to some rustic *fête*, if an opportunity occurs; and then in the evening he returns to Paris, and with his wife and children and friends goes to some monster eating-house to dine. I went to one of such places one Sunday evening. It was in the Boulevard Monte Parnasse. Externally it was like one

of our great railway hotels, but inside it presented a far more cheerful and animated appearance. As you entered the mass of people eating and drinking, and talking and laughing, and in some cases singing, it was almost bewildering. Then there was the odour of a thousand dinners to be inhaled, and the smoke of them and innumerable cigars to be encountered. I think the ground floor was devoted to dining; but I went up into the second floor, which certainly was; and I went up into a floor still higher, which was entirely devoted to the same agreeable amusement. You enter a long dining hall; on each side of you are tables, and at each table is seated a small and apparently a very happy party. There was the father and the mother, and the children, and very often grandpapa and grandmamma, all looking clean and comfortable and in good spirits. Here and there, there were young couples, who seemed to take that vast delight in each other's society, which in Paris, I imagine, as in England, is supposed to be the prelude to matrimony. I asked who they were. I was told chiefly artisans—masons, bricklayers, carters, and porters. Yet all were clean and well dressed, and looked respectable. The women, many of them, had gold or gilt chains, I can't tell one from the other, and had a refined appearance. Some were very pretty. I saw a young soldier sitting next a handsome lass, whose position I considered quite enviable. Many soldiers were present, and some old veterans, whom I could tell from their medals had escaped from the terrible massacre at Waterloo. They were all drinking, yet I saw no drunkenness, and witnessed no coarse or rough behaviour. Many had brought with them greengages, and melons, and peaches, and other fruit, and there they sat eating their dessert and drinking their wine much the same way as the better classes, as they call themselves, do in this country. Little children were dancing, and the scene was really pleasant to witness. And the cost of this dinner was trifling; the wine would be about sixpence the bottle, the soup would cost twopence, beefsteak or beef alamode would cost a penny or twopence more. The dinner with the wine would not cost a shilling, and if it was breaking the Sabbath the thing was not done in such a discreditable and disgusting manner as in our gin-shops and public-houses. Thence I went on to their outdoor resorts close by. The whole street was like a fair. On each side of you music resounded, and windows blazed with gas, indicating that within the fun was getting fast and furious. Everywhere there was fiddling and dancing. I went into one garden; the admission was, gentlemen twopence, ladies one halfpenny. It was crowded with dancers and spectators. It was very pretty and gay, but rather too fast for my way of thinking. At one end of the garden was a common swing, which was much patronised by grown-up young men and women. They stood up face to face on one thin pole, and there they kept on swinging all night. As soon as one couple was exhausted another was prepared to take their vacant place. The women seemed to care little about decency, and only one young woman ventured to take the precaution of tying her dress round her feet. One girl swooned away while thus swinging, but she was soon removed to make way for one of stronger brain and less liable to be overcome. On that night and in that neighbourhood I saw plenty of drinking, and, alas! plenty of drunkenness. Men were drinking that fierce compound, French brandy—quite as burning a poison as our vitriol gin. Under its influence they staggered, talked nonsense, and became insane. I saw many soldiers in this state. In London, at the same time, and under similar circumstances, I should have witnessed far more mischief, but in Paris I saw enough to grieve my very heart of hearts.

I have already adverted to one inducement that Frenchmen have, which the English working classes have not, to restrain from drinking—that is, the system which answers to one of the strongest appetites in our nature, the desire of landed property. I now speak of another—that is, the superiority of the atmosphere of Paris to that of London. The purity of its atmosphere may be at once ascertained by viewing it from an elevated situation. How unlike the view from the top of St. Paul's in London, with its canopy of clouds and fogs and sickly sunbeams. Here every building is blackened with smoke, and the eye looks down upon dark vapours and mists; but if Paris be seen from the towers of Notre Dame, the Pantheon, the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile, the heights of Montre Martre, or the cemetery of Père la Chaise, the panorama is complete. There is no indistinctness or confusion; every palace, church, and public edifice stands distinctly before the eye; and, interspersed with the foliage of the gardens and the boulevards, the whole forms a prospect at once grand and beautiful. No coal fires with their smoke pollute the air; no gas works are allowed in the city of Paris. The number of trees planted in the public gardens, walks, and streets, including those of the exterior boulevards, is 195,770, and trees, we all know, have a healthy influence in great cities. Since 1790 interments have been prohibited within churches and cemeteries in Paris. There are cheap hygienic baths for workmen, under the direction of a society; and Paris contains, also, 174 *lavoirs*, or public wash-houses, encouraged by the city by a reduction of rates in their favour. Slaughter-houses are prohibited. Previous to the formation of these establishments for the slaughter of cattle, butchers were accustomed to drive oxen and sheep through the streets, to the great danger of the inhabitants, besides the inconvenience arising from dirt and noxious effluvia. To remove these nuisances, Napoleon, in 1809, decreed the construction of five public *abattoirs* at the extremities of the city, and the suppression of the slaughter-houses in the central parts of Paris. Houses for melting the tallow and drying the skins are attached to each of these establishments. In 1849 the ravages committed by the cholera at last raised the Republican Government to the conviction that the health of the metropolis required the execution of great works of public utility, which had been hitherto lost sight of in the thirst for mere magnificence. The Government, therefore, agreed to share with the city of Paris the expense of prolonging the Rue Rivoli, and of the erection of the magnificent halle opposite the Church of St. Eustache; and these gigantic undertakings caused many a filthy street to disappear. In London we have a wealthy Corporation, and a Board of Works with a capacity for talk almost incredible; and if a paltry improvement is made, we have a blowing of trumpets by means of the press which is really astonishing. But Paris leaves London far, far

behind. There the people really seem sovereign; there we hear much of the sovereignty of the masses; there, in spite of a nominal despotism, the thing seems to exist; and it is this which helps to make the Parisian *ouvrier* more civilized and less addicted to drinking than his brother in London. He has not to work in a wretched atmosphere, where the yellow fog drives him into the gin-palace as a *dernier resort*. I went into some printing-offices in Paris, and they were very different to any that I ever saw in England. Now, all these influences help to keep men sober. I have heard men say, after investigating the homes and the social condition of the London working-classes, that they were not surprised at their drunkenness, after what they had seen and heard and smelled. An intelligent overseer once remonstrated with me for advocating total abstinence among the London working-classes, as he considered that, if it was not for the drink, their life would be a burden too heavy to be borne. Now you cannot reason in this way with regard to the Parisian working-classes. They live in a charming atmosphere; all is magnificence around them. Even if a man quarrel with his employer, the matter is settled, not by an appeal to the police magistrates or the county court, as with us—that is, to a class whom he naturally supposes side with his employer—but to a council board, half of the members of which are working men themselves. Then Paris makes far more provision for his leisure hour than is the case in London. Its superb and beautiful collections of ancient and modern art are thrown gratuitously open; in every branch of knowledge lectures are delivered gratis by the most eminent professors; and all these things have a refining influence. Institutions have much to do with morals; customs do modify character; and when a man sees beauty all around him—when, wherever he takes his walks abroad, he comes into contact with grand buildings, stately monuments, fountains of exquisite beauty, gardens invested with Arcadian charms, when everything conspires to tempt him away from the drink out into the fresh air—it is no wonder that he does not drink so much or recklessly as in London, where the habit of ages, and the customs of society, and the sanctions of high life, have taught the poorest to believe that in the excitement of alcohol is to be found the highest charm of life. We are becoming wiser. Within the last few years a great progress has been made, but much yet remains to be done before the London workman becomes as sober as his brother in Paris. And now let me give the reader a caution. In writing these sketches, I must be pardoned if I lead the reader into error; he must judge for himself. I can only give my general impressions. I write only what I know. Nothing is more difficult than for a foreigner to form a judgment of a strange people. How we laugh at French pictures of the English. How angry are the Americans with the absurd misrepresentations of our writers. Even amongst ourselves what pictures are conjured up of each other, which have no existence, save in the heated imaginations of those who fancy them. I have heard Tories describe Whigs as something devilish, and I have known Whigs draw pictures of Tories quite as unflattering and quite as untrue. I have known High Churchmen describe Dissenters as infidels, and have known Dissenters describe High Churchmen as little better than the wicked. The shield is brass or gold, according to the stand-point. Why, in my small way, on one occasion, coming out of a small party in the small hours, I heard one costermonger, as he stood opposite the door watching the assembly breaking up, interrogate his brother coster thus: "Well, Jack, what's up?" "Only some of the bloated aristocracy," was the reply; and yet, perhaps, the aristocracy—I drop the expressive adjective—would think as little of me as I did of the costermonger on the occasion to which I refer. The truth is, we only write superficially, and under correction, about people. Old Blue Beard had his virtues, I doubt not; and I quite believe that a certain gentleman is not so black as he is painted. I feel with Robert Nicoll—a name of which Scotland ought ever to be proud—

"The darkest night that veils the sky
Of beauty hath a share;
The blackest heart hath signs to show
That God still lingers there.
I pity all that evil are,
I pity and I mourn;
But the Supreme hath fashioned all,
And, oh! I may not scorn."

I cannot do better than conclude with the following extract from the *Edinburgh Review*:—"To seize a character, even that of one man, in its life and secret mechanism, requires a philosopher; to delineate it with truth and impressiveness is work for a poet. How, then, shall one or two sleek clerical tutors, with here and there a tedium-stricken squire, give us views on such a subject? How shall a man, to whom all characters of individual men are like sealed books, of which he sees only the cover and the title, decipher from his four-wheeled vehicle and depict to us the character of a nation? He courageously depicts to us his own optical delusions, notes this to be incomprehensible, that other to be insignificant, much to be good, much to be bad, and most of all indifferent; and so, with a few flowing strokes, completes a picture which, though it may not resemble any possible object, his countrymen are to take for a national portrait." I trust I have not erred so much because I have not aimed so high. I have tried to divest myself of prejudice, and write in a spirit of candour and fair play; but human life is short, opportunities are brief, our most trained faculties are imperfect. It is hard to find solid ground on which to stand; at the best, we can but frame guesses at truth.

THE TOOTH-ACHE AND THE MARCHESE.

It is the Carnival—and the Carnival at Genoa is very brilliant sometimes. The day has been most propitious, masks have been travelling up and down the Strada Balbi and Strada Nuova at a furious rate; masks in grand carriages, masks in medium carriages, in shabby carriages; masks in broken-down calèches, covered with dust; and masks without any carriages at all. There have been light waggons, drawn by teams of horses, containing huge baskets of oranges, flowers, and bonbons, which masks in parti-coloured tints have shot

into the balconies, or showered into the carriages at pretty women, as they passed: Saracens and fat cooks, angels and demons, men with long noses and huge spectacles, with short trowsers and bushy wigs, knaves of the pack of cards, and, doubtless, many knaves besides, have jostled and elbowed each other through the livelong day. But night is falling, and we follow the steps of a handsome artillery officer in the service of Victor Emmanuel into the Baggi Palace, in the Strada Nuova. You know the palace, reader, for it has been somewhat graphically described by no less a personage than that supreme lover of the ridiculous, Charles Dickens himself; yea, even the wires sticking forth from the broken jointed fingers of the colossal statue in the court-yard have been held up for admiration. Well, we follow the gay cavalière into the place or court, and there make the acquaintance of a certain H. B., a very pleasant specimen of the Anglo-Saxon race, sent out to superintend the construction of a railway. H. B. appears with his face swathed in innumerable bandages—he is writhing with tooth-ache.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Piedmontese, addressing him in French, as the servant closed the door; "it is very bad—oh, very. You will not be able to go to the opera to see the masked ball as we arranged. I am truly sorry. I suppose the ladies will not go either."

"Oh," groaned the Englishman between fresh paroxysms of pain; "do n't, pray, let my misfortune be any bar to your enjoyment. Madame, my wife, I place under your especial care—you will protect her?"

"With my life!" replied the Piedmontese, placing his hand on his heart; and he meant what he said, for he was a noble specimen of a noble race.

"Mademoiselle, my sister-in-law," continued the afflicted Englishman, with an awful grimace, "I will ask my friend W. to take charge of; but, oh!" and here the groan became a little shriek,—"I really must go to bed."

"Ah!" said the Piedmontese compassionately, "that tooth-ache is a fearful thing—a very fearful thing. I know of no real remedy, unless it be fomentation, or —"

"Or what?" asked B. pettishly.

"*Extraction.*"

At that word, with a shudder, the Englishman departed.

Meantime the ladies of the family appeared, and after the refreshing cup of tea, to be had in Strada Nuova or any other strada where the English congregate, the little party sallied forth to the beautiful theatre of Carlo Felice. For the benefit of those of my readers who may not have been to an Italian theatre in the Carnival season, I may as well remark, that masks are apt to take strange liberties, and will occasionally shoot compliments as well as bonbons at the ladies. There is no redress, and it is as well to take them in the simple spirit of laughter-loving frolic in which they are generally meant.

The theatre was crowded, the gentlemen in every variety of fanciful costume, the ladies in every tint of domino; a few—a very few—in simple evening dress, and among these latter our little English party.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Piedmontese, in a ruffled tone of voice, addressing Mrs. B., "do you see, madame, that little mask, with a very red nose, and a very long pig-tail; dressed,—let me see, it is a very handsome mulberry-coloured antique dress; possibly a Marchese of the ancient time. Well really, madame, that same Marchese is insufferable,—he has been bowing to you at least a dozen times, and kissing his hand. With your leave, madame, we will walk on a little further."

Off accordingly walked the little party to the other side of the large area, but on also came the Marchese, skipping and jumping behind.

"Per bacco!" muttered the Piedmontese, becoming red with suppressed anger. "There he is again, with his long nose, pig-tail, and all, whisking along and kissing his hand. It is too bad, really too bad. Masks have licence, but then some discretion—ah, per bacco; too bad."

Again the English group sailed majestically away, and away also strutted the little Marchese, his red nose aloft, his hat under one arm, and his sword under the other.

"Ah," groaned the Piedmontese, sotto voce, "this comes of escorting ladies to such places. Ah, madame," continued he more audibly, "it 's dreadful to protect ladies against masks; there is no remedy—Corpo di Bacco—pray, madame, look another way; he is bowing and kissing his hand à furia. Pray, madame, who can the odious little gentleman be?

Mrs. B. could not imagine. Was it the Cavalière D.? it was just his height; or the Conte V.? his legs were certainly very handsome; and then those diamonds in his shoe-buckles—who could he be?

Again they turned, and again the dapper little figure floated on before them, turning every now and then to bob his head and kiss his hand.

"By all the saints in Paradise! that abominable Marchese seems to have instituted himself as our garde-du-corps; there he is again! and—but, why positively that horrid nose of his grazed the fair shoulder of mademoiselle. Oh, it is insufferable!"

"Pray, monsieur," addressing the mask, "excuse me. You see these ladies are in my charge (young W. had left him to pay a few compliments in a neighbouring box), and—in short, I see you are a gentleman, you comprehend? your attentions are superfluous, these ladies find it unpleasant. Pardon me, you understand?"

The audacious mask spread out his fingers in a peculiar way in the region of his interminable proboscis, made a caper and disappeared. The Piedmontese quickly regained his good humour in the gay scene around him. An English traveller, in a dust-coloured suit, with a monstrous straw hat, low shoes and gaiters, and a huge log book, next engaged the attention of the trio; they sat down on a bench to contemplate him more at their ease, when, behold, on an opposite bench, mimicking his every gesture like the veriest monkey, sat that thrice-odious Marchese. No sooner did his eyes light upon him than the mask jumped up, and before he could utter a word, he had shot a whole horn of bonbons into Mrs. B.'s lap, and a bouquet of violets into that of her sister.

"Pardon me, sir," stammered the now irate Piedmontese, "but your conduct is inexplicable. I request, sir, that you will do me the favour to make your attentions more general; these ladies can dispense with your

civilities" (and then, sotto voce), "these horrid masks, what can one do? one has no chance with a mask."

Meanwhile the Marchese's only response was a series of bows and kissing of hands, and off whisked the lithe little figure, bag, wig, nose, and all.

"He 's gone for good, I trust, this time," half-sighed the Piedmontese.

Not a bit of it; he had only whirled round a fat locandière, with a white apron, cotton night-cap, and a face like a full-moon; and there he was again, showering his bonbons, and kissing his hands. Now the poor Piedmontese began to have uneasy feelings about jealous husbands, pretty wives, duels, and so forth; he could really stand it no longer.

"Pray, madame, with your leave we will retire; that dreadful Marchese follows us like a spectre. Santa Maria! it is the very last time I will ever escort a lady to the opera at Carnival time. Ah! W."

Espying his friend, he related the whole annoying circumstance.

"Umph!" said W., "very rude; but never mind—the man 's been out to dinner perhaps."

"Never mind," thought the Piedmontese; "these English are incomprehensible. Out to dinner, indeed! The man ought to be called out to fight."

So saying, and so thinking, the party had left the beautiful theatre, and were quietly walking down Strada Carlo Felice, when "Buona sera" was whistled into Mrs. B.'s ear by the abominable, presumptuous, obsequious mask—the Marchese again! flitting along on the smooth marble pavement in the bright star-light, as briskly as ever. The wrath of the Piedmontese knew no bounds, he fairly ground his teeth and clenched his sword-hilt in his rage. Perfectly useless—he was only a mask.

Arrived at the Palazzo Baggi, he bounded up the flight of marble steps in anything but a happy frame of mind; he was disgusted, the evening had been spoiled. The impudence of that dreadful mask, the cool nonchalance of those English, mystified him. What would B. think of it all, if he should chance to hear? Oh, he would tell him everything. So thinking, he threw down his shako in the entrance, and entering the sala saw—could it be real, or was he mad? was it a vision? —the mask! sitting on the sofa in the B.'s salon, indulging in explosions of spasmodic laughter. The mask and wig were dashed upon the floor, and there, behold no other than B. himself—yes, B.—in his own court-suit, with the addition of the ugliest mask in Genoa.

THE HANDSOME MAN.

I was crossing Portsmouth ferry
With a party young and merry,
When I heard "*Do* see that very
Handsome beau!"
His moustache they much admired,
And his name and age inquired—
"He was all that heart desired
Here below!"

Then his voice, so soft and tender,
Made confiding girls surrender—
He was graceful, tall, and slender,
And his feet
Were encased in patent leather,
Quite regardless of the weather,
And his toilet altogether
Was complete.

He was full of foreign graces,
Attitudes and French grimaces—
He described the noted places
Of the earth.
And the ladies said, "What is it
In a continental visit
Gives an air of *ton*, exquisite,
And of birth!"

In the ball-room next I met him,
Where the crinoline beset him,
And I never can forget him,
Nor his waist.
No cosmetic was neglected,
Nor were colours bright rejected—
And the envious suspected
That he laced.

He excelled in "fancy dances,"
And his winning ways and glances,
In the language of romances,
Were "divine."
And the *beaux* their model made him,
Till a knowing one betrayed him,
And revealed—"*A tailor paid him*
As a sign!"

PHYSICAL PERFECTION.

Perfect manhood is rare. We have in these latter days learned to talk of the *mens sana* in the *sano corpore* as a thing to be desired. The men who ruled the world—the Romans—aimed at it, the Greeks aimed at it, and in so doing established a superiority to which Rome was compelled to yield the palm. The Gospel preached it, but the precious doctrine has been lost sight of in the traditions of men. Priests, in order to exalt their office, and in order to bind humanity in chains, taught that the body was to be mortified and made weak. The command "Mortify the flesh, with the affections and lusts," has been sadly misunderstood. Mistaken pietists have deemed that by continued fasting, and midnight watching, and disobedience to natural laws, they were rendering up their bodies an acceptable service to their Creator. Never was a greater blunder made, and people are beginning now to perceive that it is vain to hope to win heaven by making earth a hell. For this return to reason and common sense the world is under great obligation to temperance and physiological reformers. They were almost the first to understand and proclaim—"What a piece of work is man! how noble

in reason—how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!" They were almost the first to perceive that the body was fearfully and wonderfully made, and that to impair its strength, and to sully its beauty, and to degrade it by intemperance and lust, was in reality sin against Him in whose image it was fashioned, and who breathed into it the breath of life. The more of manly strength and womanly beauty we have the better. The homage paid to such qualities is not to be laughed at or despised. It is to debauchery, poverty, ignorance of natural law, over-exertion—physical or mental, that we have to trace ugliness in its various forms. Our first parents were, we doubt not, such as Milton has described them. Alderman Grub eats until he is a mass of corruption, and his children consequently are sallow, sickly, and pale-eyed. The Hon. Alfred Doneup, a mere wreck, marries a very plain woman for the dowry that she brings, and a very plain and imperfectly organised family are the result. A fine open-hearted lad becomes the slave of filthy lucre, and he shrivels up in consequence into a wretched and contemptible-looking man; or a rake marries, and his children, with their pale faces and consumptive habits, bear but too palpable a testimony to their father's dissipated career; or a man betakes himself to drinking habits, and we read it all in his blotched face and trembling step. Is it not right, then, that beauty, that is, physical perfection, should be loved and admired for its own sake, especially when we remember that even the commonest and earthliest form of beauty is tainted and loses much of its freshness when we read in the tell-tale face that purity is gone, that vice has become the habit of the life, that on the altar of that heart burns no inspiration from above? We believe the young men of the present generation are a much finer race than those of the past, simply in consequence of the greater care bestowed upon their physical training. One advantage of the rifle movement, now so popular, undoubtedly is, that it tends to counteract the effects of sedentary life, and to accustom us all to those athletic exercises, which not merely preserve health, but develope strength. There is a great truth concealed in the old proverb—Handsome is that handsome does. To be really handsome of course a person must be good. For instance, when the heart burns with some lofty purpose, when it sympathises with some noble deed, the face expresses what we must all admire. Again, in an enlightened age something more is required to excite our praise than mere animal beauty. No face can be admired that does not indicate intellect, and that can make even the plainest face attractive. Men and women soon tire of dolls, but of expression never. Mrs. Gaskell, in her Life of Charlotte Bronte, says of her eyes, "the usual expression was of quiet listening intelligence, but now and then, on some great occasion for vivid interest or wholesome indignation, a light would shine out as if some spiritual lamp had been kindled, which glowed behind those expressive orbs. I never saw the like in any human creature. As for the rest of her features, they were plain, large, and ill-set; but unless you began to catalogue them you were hardly aware of the fact, for the eyes, and power of the countenance overbalanced every physical defect; the crooked mouth and large nose were forgotten, and the whole face arrested the attention, and presently attracted all those whom she herself would have cared to attract." So it was with Wilkes, who found how easy it was, by his conversational talent, to remove the impression his ugliness produced at the first glance. Keats lived on poetry, and a lady writes—"His countenance lives in my mind as one of singular beauty and brightness; it had an expression as if it had been looking at some glorious sight." Again, we are told of Hartley Coleridge, that "his eyes, dark, soft, and brilliant, were remarkably alive to the movements of his mind, flashing with a light from within." Mr. P. G. Patmore tells us "Hazlitt's face was more truly and entirely answerable to the intellect that shone through it than any other I ever saw, either in life or on canvas." A great poet writes—

> "A virtuous or a vicious spirit looks out
> In every limb and motion of the body."

So far, therefore, the proverb is right. We would say, Handsome thoughts make handsome faces; cultivate a love of the true, the beautiful, and the good; scorn what is base, and low, and sensual, and selfish. Win the poet's dower—

> "the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
> The love of love,"

and you must have a noble face, and to the cultivated eye you must be beautiful. Our lady readers should remember this. No woman can be beautiful unless she cultivates the mind, strengthens its powers, and places them on what is noble and worthy of esteem. Let the cheek be flushed with enthusiasm, and you have a complexion such as Rowland's vaunted Kalydor can never give. Let there be a lofty purpose in your life, and there will be a lustre in your eye Belladonna can never bestow. Animal beauty must fade and wither. If it does not it cannot long enchain men of cultivated intellect. Many a man curses the hour when his fancy was smitten with a pretty face. The prettiest face in the world soon palls, unless its owner has other charms than those of person. Pretty women have a tendency to think far too much of themselves. They create an impression at the first glance, they make a room look pleasant, and if in a party they give it a gay appearance; in a casual acquaintance you do not see their defects. Brown, for instance, is thoroughly tired of his wife; she has no mind, and he has found it; but you meet her at a party, and you only think of her good looks, and how fortunate Brown is in having such a pretty wife. If Brown's wife cultivated her intellect as successfully as her person, Brown would be the happiest man alive. Shelley wrote—

> "Spirit of Beauty, that dost consecrate
> With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon."

Beauty, thus created—the beauty of an intellectual and moral nature, has ever had, and must ever have, an extraordinary effect upon mankind. As an instance we give a very old story, but none the worse for that. An Athenian courtesan, it is said, in the midst of a riotous banquet with her lovers, accidentally cast her eyes on the portrait of a philosopher that hung opposite to her

seat; the happy character of temperance and virtue struck her with so lively an image of her own unworthiness that she suddenly retreated for ever from the scene of debauchery. Surely nature did Socrates wrong, for there is a conformity between the body and the soul, and Cicero is right in saying, "It is of great consequence in what bodies souls are placed, for many things spring from the body that sharpen the mind, and many that dull it." Aristotle says that the right of command appertains to the beautiful, and that when there is a person who comes near the visages of the gods that then veneration is likewise due. Old Montaigne, who endorses in his peculiar way all this, adds, "Phryne had lost her cause, in the hands of an excellent advocate, if, opening her robe, she had not corrupted her judges by the lustre of her beauty; and I find that Cæsar, Alexander, and Cyrus, the three masters of the world, never neglected beauty in their greatest affairs. No more did the first Scipio. The same word in Greek signifies both fair and good, and the Holy Ghost often calls those good whom he means fair." But this is not all. The body must be kept in perfect health, or we cannot have physical perfection. Now this is what we require. To be perfect is alike the command of Scripture and common sense. Let us ask, what is perfection? The answer is, adaptation. Perfection in a horse, for instance, consists in the entire fitness or adaptation of the animal as a whole to all the functions or uses of the horse, and of each member in particular to its special function; and the external sign of this complete fitness is perfect equestrian beauty. Adaptation of form to function in different animals gives us widely differing lines, and we admire in one what would displease us in another, but in all cases it is fitness to the design of the species which seems beautiful to us. Beauty, then, whether in plants and animals, or in men and women, is the grand external sign of goodness of organization, and integrity of function, and the highest possible beauty can indicate nothing less than perfection in these particulars. In old times men thus endowed were kings and conquerors, and in these latter times, when opportunity is rare, and we are all more or less cribbed, cabined, and confined, they shine, though it may be but at tea-tables, or in drawing-rooms. Mr. Patmore tells us, "In his personal gifts and accomplishments Count D'Orsay was incomparably the handsomest man of his time, and what is still more remarkable, he retained this distinction for five and twenty years: uniting to a figure scarcely inferior in the perfection of its form to that of the Apollo a head and face that blended the grace and dignity of the Antinous with the beaming intellect of the younger Bacchus, and the almost feminine softness and beauty of the Ganymede." Goethe is another instance of this physical perfection. Lewis says, "Long before he was celebrated he was likened to an Apollo; when he entered the restaurant the people laid down their knives and forks to stare at him. Pictures and busts give a very feeble indication of that which was most striking in his appearance; they only gave the cut, not the play of features; nor are they very accurate even in mere form. The features were large, as in fine sweeping lines of Greek art, the brow lofty and massive, from beneath which shone large, lustrous, brown eyes of marvellous beauty, their pupils being almost of unexampled size; the slightly acquiline nose was large and finely cut; the mouth full, with a short arched upper lip, very expressive; the chin and jaw finely proportioned, and the head resting on a fine muscular neck." Southey was another case in point. Cottle writes—"One morning shortly after, Robert Lovell called on me, and introduced Robert Southey. Never will the impression be effaced produced by this young man. Tall, dignified, possessing great suavity of manners, an eye piercing, with a countenance full of genius, kindliness, and intelligence. I gave him at once the right hand of fellowship, and to the moment of his decease that cordiality was never withdrawn." Saints, of course, are exquisitely perfect. Saint Elizabeth of Hungary was the most beautiful woman of her time. Montalembert says, "Her beauty was regular and perfect, her entire figure left nothing to be desired in it, her complexion was dark and clear, her hair black, her figure of unrivalled elegance and grace, her walk full of nobleness and majesty." We could continue the list, but the iteration proves the same; the converse is true. Ill-favoured people are not handsome, and do n't act handsomely. Of course there are exceptions. The Irish have a proverb—Never trust a man under four feet six. They believe in muscular Christianity, in spite even of the well-remembered lines of Dr. Watts. In the proportion that we approach physical perfection we become beautiful. "The idea of beauty," says Dr. Prichard, "is synonymous with health and a perfect organization." A lack of beauty in any member or system of the body indicates a lack of goodness or health in that member or system. A deformity of limbs shows clearly enough a want of goodness in the locomotive system. A bad complexion not less certainly indicates something wrong in the vital system, and a malformation of the brain made manifest by the shape of the cranium is a sure sign of want of balance or symmetry in the mental system. This relation was well understood by the ancient Greeks, who placed beauty in this its highest and most comprehensive meaning as next to virtue, and made it an object of worship. A French writer in a similar spirit declares, that the true object of all religions is the progressive development of beauty, since that tends to unite men with God by making them like him. It follows then, we, in this age, should think more of physical perfection than we have done. We must reverence the body more, and do it more honour. We have too much lost sight of the fact that we are fearfully and wonderfully made. Let a man realise this—that the body is a trust, that it is a gift of God, that as he cultivates it his life will lengthen, his intellect expand, and his happiness increase; and what care he will take of himself, what excesses he will avoid, and what miseries he will thus escape. In the pursuit of pleasure, in the absorbing interests of trade, in the excitement of ambition, a man should remember this. Kirke White forgot this, and died. Day by day we see this truth forgotten by men of business, by sensualists, by fools who fancy a year of fame is worth buying at the price of premature decay. But not alone have we to strive after physical perfection, we have a right to demand that the idea should be seriously considered by the rising generation. Physical perfection is a thing ever to be had in view. Mr. Jacques, in his work *Hints towards Physical Perfec-*



DYING.

tion (London: W. Tweedie), says, "We have hitherto directed our attention mainly to the improvement of the various species of animals and vegetables which have proved agreeable to us. Experience has taught us that the former are completely under our control; that we can so order their propagation and development as to modify their shapes, sizes, and other qualities at will. If we have not yet placed them absolutely beyond the reach of improvement, they are at least so nearly perfect that the additional steps required seem not only possible but easy. We have remodelled the horse, for instance, a hundred times, to suit our convenience and pleasure, and to adapt him to the various uses for which he is required. For our heavy work at the plough and dray we have added thickness to his bones and muscles, strength to his limbs, and stoutness to his whole frame; for the carriage and the saddle we have imparted grace, symmetry, and a more delicately moulded form; and for the sports of the turf we have given lightness, length of limb, and a hound-like slenderness. In the same way we have multiplied varieties of the dog, the sheep, the barn-yard fowl, and the pigeon, changing not merely the forms and colours, but also to a considerable extent the natural instincts of the animals on which we have exerted our transforming power." Apples, and peaches, and garden fruits and flowers in the same way we have improved. If our young men and women understood physical laws, and acted in accordance with them in the same manner, we might wonderfully improve, in the course of a few generations, the human race. We find man at present weak, diseased, and if not absolutely ugly, far below our ideal standards of beauty both in form and face. Can he be restored to his primeval vigour, symmetry, and grace? We believe he can, just as the Spanish noble perpetuates hereditary imbecility, or as the Austrian upper-lip has been handed down from sire to son.

DYING.

MR. THOMAS has treated a painful subject with unusual felicity on the opposite page. On the theme illustrated nothing new can be said, and therefore we say nothing. In the presence of Death silence is the most fitting language. We exclaim with the poet—

"Friend after friend departs—
Who hath not lost a friend?
What union is there here of hearts
That finds not there an end?
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying none were blest."

SMITH'S.

I CANNOT live without my newspaper. I must have it when I am at breakfast, and when I dine I like to have a glance at the evening paper. I am not singular in my newspaper-reading propensities. Every one is of the same mind. I am a representative man. Mr. Cobden says he prefers a page of a paper to a page of Thucydides. I believe most of us are of the same opinion. A page of Thucydides I rather fancy would puzzle some of my friends.

But I travel occasionally, and shall I not then have my newspaper? To travel without a newspaper is something fearful. For instance—you are in a first-class railway carriage; the carriage holds eight people, chiefly railway directors and first-chop merchants, and swindlers. Depend upon it one of the lot is a rogue. Now how are you to find out the dishonest party? How is your neighbour to solve the question? You see by his suspicious glances at yourself he is as intent at getting to the bottom of the mystery as you are, and so you sit glaring at each other all the way from London to Manchester. Occasionally, I admit, you are obliged to endure still greater unpleasantnesses. On one occasion when travelling I found my *vis-a-vis* a sleek, elderly, clerical gentleman, who said very little; but whether he thought the more I really am not in a position to affirm. He had a neat leather case by his side. Long, long did I speculate as to who he was, and what he had got inside that case. The time came when I was in part to be satisfied; carefully he undid the case, and placed it before him as a table. He covered it with a snow-white napkin, on that napkin he laid a plate and a knife and fork; in that plate he deposited one of the sweetest specimens of cold fowl I ever saw in my life; then he had ham that would have tempted even a Jew, wine which would have made a disciple of Mr. Gough break his pledge, a home-made loaf of bread of which a monarch might have been proud to partake. I had nothing to do but to watch this old gentleman at his agreeable task. Surely, said I to myself, he cannot eat it all; surely he will offer me a bit of that cold fowl—a drop of that tempting wine! Will the reader believe it—not a drop or a crumb did he offer me! and there I sat watching—watching—watching, he swelling visibly before my very eyes, and I getting hungrier and more ravenous every minute. I never was so tormented in my life before. I trust I never shall experience again the wretchedness of that unutterably weary night. Let me suppose you are a second-class passenger. There is the old lady fretting about her band-box, the hypochondriac who insists upon it that he has got a cold, and will have all the windows up; the widow deep in the study of the Park Street Pulpit, and other choice specimens of theological literature—"Jolly companions every one," as the song says. You might get on a deal better in the third class, were it not for the strong smell of apples and stale vegetables emitted by your neighbours. What are you to do? Fortunately, relief is at hand. Just as you are speculating on the sin of suicide a station is reached; the train stops; a boy laden with newspapers appears upon the platform, you purchase one, and are happy for the rest of your journey. The man who was the first to organise this system of out-door relief is he whose name heads this article. The system has expanded far beyond his wildest dreams; other competitors have stepped in. There is scarcely a book, or newspaper, or magazine of any sale that you cannot buy now at a railway station; but the Smiths still take the lead, and

their great warehouse is one of the handsomest buildings in the Strand. Let us take our stand there one fine morning early, just as the day begins to break, and dissipated people, who have been making a night of it, are going home to bed. As we approach we see strings of red carts, and fine fresh horses, under the care of active-looking lads; they are the express carts, which, in a few minutes, will be tearing away to all the great railway termini in London. What capital horses—at what a speed they are driven, and, let us add, what few accidents occur! By means of them in a little while the news of the day will have been distributed all over the land; the dailies will be in Birmingham in an hour and a half; at Manchester, and Liverpool, and Leeds in a few hours more; another hour or two, and Edinburgh and Glasgow will have them, and by night the leaders in to-day's *Times* will be discussed in Dublin, and in cities further still. This is all done by private enterprise. If government took the matter in hand, I fancy they would make as great a mess of it as they did at the Crimea. Life at Smith's commences at 4 a.m. By that time nearly 200 men and boys will have been gathered together in the building before us. We enter with them, and find ourselves in the centre of a vast hall, around which are a couple of galleries, and above which is a spacious dome, that in summer sends down an ample flood of day-light, and in winter-time of gas. It is very early yet,—every one looks alive and cheerful. About five, or a little before—a little later if there is a heavy debate on—the *Times* begins to arrive, borne all wet from the printing machine by the express carts. The whole of the first edition comes here. Cart-load after cart-load is pitched into where we stand, then seized by thirty or forty, who all would begin folding it up, as if their salvation depended on the quickness with which the operation is performed; those which are to go by the day mail are of course folded still smaller. Other carts keep arriving, and as each cart comes up in staggers a porter with bales of newspaper—*Telegraphs*, *Standards*, *Stars*, of course innumerable, and *Daily News*, and *Morning Posts*, and *Chronicles*, and *Heralds*. Of a Saturday morning, the busiest in the week, some thousands and tens of thousands of public journals are thus transmitted to upwards of 120 railway stations between four and nine a.m. As you look down from the gallery the scene is amusing and bewildering. The operations going on may be briefly divided into two—folding and packing. The newspapers come in quires, and have to be folded up, and then mixed with others which have to be collected, and you hear a constant cry for something, it may be—twenty "Times," fifteen "Stars," twenty "Telys" (Telegraphs), three "Mists" (Economists), six "Illus. News," &c., and then in reply papers are flying like a snow-storm from all parts, for immediately, understand, the lad who is folding up the "Illustrated News" hears it named he flings a copy or copies to the party demanding it; and, to add to the general confusion, quires of papers are being thrown up into the galleries to be folded, or thrown down, as the case may be. Paste plays a considerable part here. We all know how much paste and scissors have to do with the composition of books, and we now see how the same invaluable but unpretending material aids in their distribution. Everywhere we see gigantic bowls of paste, into which are dipped gigantic brushes, which in their turn are applied to newspaper wrappers, all placed so that a dozen or two are operated on at once. Immediately upon that being done a lad takes these wrappers, places himself by a pile of folded newspapers, wraps up one after another, which are added to a heap, which heap, as soon as it has swelled to the proper size, is turned into a sack, for which, with many more of a similar character, the newspaper van from the Post-office is waiting outside. But on a morning the main business is to collect and make up parcels for the country agents. Each man, as he collects, has a fag who works for him. There is a constant turmoil from all parts. In the midst of all the confusion created by these cries from all parts of the building, one man remains steady and undisturbed, and that is the superintendent, who takes his position in the centre of the building. How he hurries them all on, sees that no one be behind with his work, and as the *Times* comes short sends round the order "half *Times*," which means, that only half of the required copies of the *Times* can be sent by early trains to the agents. Time passes; the superintendent rushes anxiously to the door; now the Great Western parcels—the train leaves soon after six, and they allow twenty minutes to get to Paddington. The Brighton train starts at six, and the cart must do the journey to that station in ten minutes; the Eastern Counties take a few minutes more; the Great Northern not so much; the South Western still less. It is now a quarter to six and hundreds of parcels are done up; a driver comes in and shoulders the first parcel, and then takes the seat with his reins in his hands, men rush out with more, pitch them into the cart, and away the driver hies. Sometimes he is off before he has got all his parcels—men run after him, toss him the parcel, and again he urges on his noble steed. Of course a street is blocked up, and the driver has to make a circuit. All are working at express speed, minutes are valuable here; the delay of a minute may deprive a whole town of its expected supply of knowledge. See how they run! Ah, well, it is all right at last, and the hurry, and bustle, and driving, and scrambling of the last two hours has come to a close. Now follows a lull, and the men have sent in from the coffee-house over the way a wholesome and acceptable supply of bread and butter, and coffee. Work, however, is still continued. Upstairs they are folding papers for the morning's post. On Friday no less than fourteen vans are required for this purpose. Now, as the day begins to dawn, work at Smith's slackens. However, with the second edition of the *Times* business again commences, and when the evening papers are published there is a repetition, on a small scale, of the bustle and excitement of the morning. It is really astonishing what an amount of reading matter must thus be disseminated. At Smith's newspapers are not alone supplied. At his book stall all sorts of books may be bought, and now, in organizing a railway lending library, Messrs. Smith and Sons have still further catered for the benefit of the public. A selection of books is kept at the railway stations, and any book you may want you will have down in the course of the day. When one has missed his train, or has no library of his own, or belongs to no book-club, or does not like the bother of sending to Mudie, Smith and Sons will supply him

with all he may want, and at the central depôt in the Strand there is a valuable selection of standard and popular works, of which the subscriber has the loan. As you travel from one station to another you may exchange the book which you have read through, or of which you may have become weary, or which you find unsuitable; in short, you have a travelling library placed at your disposal, and it is your own fault now if you are not well up in the literature of the day. At any rate you cannot plead travelling as an excuse. Knowledge, we all know, many years ago lifted up her voice in the streets, but now it is very clear she has taken to the rail.

ADMIRAL SPARKES AND HIS FIVE WIVES.

A TRUE STORY.

Mrs. Stubbs had a tea party; it was a large party—quite a gathering, and included all the *sets* that could or would meet in the old borough of Tweedmouth, which, as all the world must know, is as supremely aristocratic as it is ancient. Mrs. Stubbs was quite the *ton* there in those days; she lived in the centre house in the Paragon, kept a footman in a drab livery at all times, and had a duplicate set of drabs, wherein to induct Mr. Garlick, the green-grocer, whensoever occasion might require. Mrs. Stubbs, moreover, was a liberal patroness of the flyman, and the pastry-cook, the circulating library, and the ragged schools, and was altogether a very popular personage, as she had the control of plenty of money, and had no objection to spend it. It was a remarkable fact, moreover, that although Miss Sourby could not help privately remarking to her bosom friend, Miss Stiff, that she thought her a very weak and vain woman, entirely given to pleasure; and although Mrs. Gay, the lawyer's wife, utterly condemned her taste in dress and festive arrangements, and Mrs. Good was shocked at her love of whist; yet was it a remarkable fact, I say, that neither they nor their respective spouses (those who had spouses) ever declined her invitations, or appeared to be one whit slack in availing themselves of any amusement provided for their entertainment.

Mrs. Stubbs' tea table was abundantly supplied with cakes, cream, and muffins; Mrs. Stubbs' suppers were unexceptionable—the pastry was the best puff, the jellies flavoured with old Madeira instead of orange-wine, the blanc-mange the real thing, and no flimsy imitation; then, to crown all, there was plenty of game, and the very best champagne. No wonder people appreciated Mrs. Stubbs' suppers! I quite forgot to say there was a Mr. Stubbs, a retired something or other, I quite forget what; but as one never heard of him except quite accidentally and incidentally, why, one may as well consider him to have retired from the drama of life altogether. But to return to Mrs. Stubbs' tea party. It was, as I said, a large one, and was given in honour of the recent marriage of a certain Captain Sparkes, R.N., the said Captain Sparkes being *the man*, par excellence, of Tweedmouth.

There had been no little rivalry among the belles of the neighbourhood concerning him, for he was a rising man, a very rising man, an eligible man in every way, and a bachelor; not very young, certainly, and not very handsome—but what of that? he was Captain Sparkes, of Tweedmouth, all the same; and now he was lost—irretrievably lost—married! not to a Tweedmouth lady, no. Who could the envied fair one be? No one knew; some lady from London, it was opined. Then came the questions, Who and what was she? Was she young? was she rich? was she handsome? She must have some grand attraction, thought Miss Sourby—rich no doubt; yes, it must be money to catch so coy a bird as Sparkes, so thought Miss Lucinda Smirke, for there was plenty of youth, and wit, and beauty too at Tweedmouth, and yet Sparkes had escaped unscathed. The wedding had been a hurried thing, too, and so unexpected, that the news of it came like a thunder-clap; cards had been sent, and visits exchanged, and yet the queries remained unanswered. No one knew the antecedents of Mrs. Sparkes, *née* Jemima Wat. All that could be elicited was of a negative kind: she was not very young, not very handsome, not very tall, not very short; all that seemed quite certain was that she had four sisters, who were her bridesmaids, and who were staying with her. Curiosity was stretched to the utmost. It was very odd; Sparkes was usually so punctual, said Miss Sourby; he never was known to keep people waiting, and now the hand of the clock pointed to half-past seven; what could be the reason? Ah, bad influences; poor fellow—not his own master now! Should Mrs. Stubbs order tea? Really thought she must. It was now an hour beyond time, the crumpets were cold, the tea not much better; alas! alas! her hand had seized the bell-rope, when, lo! the roll of wheels, and a rat-tat-tat, loud, sharp, and sonorous, at the door—a buzz—a stifled hum below—a sound of many steps. It is a moment of breathless suspense; Mrs. Stubbs gives a hasty glance at the mirror to see that her false front and coiffure are all *comme il faut;* Miss Sourby draws up her slim figure in the hope of appearing dignified; Miss Smirke hastily smooths the bands of her shining brown hair, and sees to the correct position of her rings and jewellery, makes a slight hem, and, after arranging her flounces, sits down to contemplate the embroidered corner of her cambric pocket-handkerchief. There is a little hysterical cough in one corner, and a titter in another; really, it is a moment of extreme nervous excitement! each one had decided on her line of conduct, affability, dignity, scorn, indifference, and what not. There was a tremulous jingle in the door handle, it yields, it opens, and then comes the announcement—

"Captain and Mrs. Sparkes, and the four Miss Wats."

Yes, actually, there they are. Captain Sparkes short, spruce, long-nosed, looking wonderfully smiling and happy; Mrs. Sparkes fluttering in bridal array, undefined and undistinguishable as to make and texture, pale, quiet, complacent, and uninteresting. Next come, forming a semi-circle in the rear, the bevy of fair sisters.

Sister No. 1. Miss Wat, tall, dark, and Juno-like.

Sister No. 2. Miss Theodora Matilda, pale, dabby, and common-place, like the bride.

Sister No. 3. Miss Susannah Sophia, square-featured, small, low-browed, determined.

Sister No. 4. Miss Frederica Thomasina, quick-mannered, loud, good-tempered, something of the hoyden, with a dash of tomboy.

Such was the goodly sisterhood—at least such was the first impression, suddenly formed on that memorable evening, as they made their introductory entrée into the precincts of the Stubbs' drawing-room on this never-to-be-forgotten occasion, and such it ever remained.

They went the round of the Tweedmouth society that winter, at least all the exclusively aristocratic society of that most respectable borough; every one of that happy and distinguished class welcomed Captain Sparkes, Mrs. Sparkes, and the four Miss Wats, only they became abbreviated, and, for shortness we suppose, when named severally and separately, were known as The Bride, Sparkes, Juno, The Dab, Sturdy, and Tom. I think, of the lot, decidedly Sturdy was the favourite. Juno thought herself supremely beautiful (she was rather good-looking), and gave herself airs, which were never forgotten or forgiven by Mademoiselles Stiff, Sourby, and Co. The Dab was never known one bit more after seeing her a score of times than on the first occasion; she was the double of the bride, her sister—the same small, pale, smiling, unmeaning little bundle of satin, gauze, and lace, unvarying and unvaried from one year's end to the other. Possibly those people do n't grow old; there must be some advantage in it.

Years passed.

There was a grand ball given at the Tweedmouth Assembly Rooms, in aid of something or other, most probably the hospital. The élite of town and county were there. Miss Smirke, now Mrs. Smiles, was there as a bride, and the Stubbs' faction mustered in great force. Miss Stiff appeared in a new brocade, and Miss Sourby in an entirely new set of emeralds. Dancing had commenced. Mr. Peacock, the member, led out little Miss Dovekin, of the Grove House. It was really a brilliant affair, every one said.

There was another announcement made in stentorian accents, which quite thrilled every nerve—Admiral Sparkes, Mrs. Sparkes, and the *three* Miss Wats! Juno was Mrs. Sparkes now; poor little quiet Mrs. Sparkes No. 1, had quitted the busy stage of life, so to speak, and her sister now held the reins of domestic government.

Juno, as Mrs. *Admiral* Sparkes, acted her part to perfection. She entered the room full sail, in the plenitude of all her honours, The Dab, Sturdy, and Tom humbly following in her rear. Admiral Sparkes was of course a very different person from little Captain Sparkes, and Juno knew it, and expected every other body to know it, and acknowledge it, from henceforth and for evermore. She seemed, as it were, tacitly, but constantly, reminding them of the fact, and jogging their memories in case they might chance to forget it.

Poor Juno—her term of exaltation was very, very short. The winter following there was a small card party given at No. 4, Paragon, the house of the Rev. Augustus Smiles. Mrs. Smiles, you may remember, was originally Miss Smirke.

Mrs. Stubbs and Mr. Stubbs had been announced, and Miss Stiff, and some minor luminaries, when the neat parlour-maid (his Reverence did not keep a footman) timidly introduced—

Admiral Sparkes, Mrs. Sparkes, and the *two* Miss Wats.

Yes, it was The Dab's turn now; she was Mrs. Sparkes, and shuffled in in the true original No. 1 style. She might, in fact, have been Mrs. Sparkes No. 1 over again, every one said so. Of course they had all duly lifted up their eyes and hands, on each occasion, and had observed, sotto voce, and quite in private, to each other, that "It was odd, very odd, but Sparkes always had been a very odd man—yes, a very odd man indeed; and it was wonderful *what* he could see in those *Wats!* but so it was." He was Admiral Sparkes, and quite a leading man at Tweedmouth; that finished the argument.

Things went on much as usual in that quiet little borough. There were sundry little Smiles, but no little Sparkes, and the Stubbs' faction was great and important as ever. Mr. Stubbs, it is true, was no more, but then his existence always had been a myth.

Mrs. Gay had a fête champêtre. I forgot to say that she had lately returned to Tweedmouth after a prolonged absence on the Continent; that Mr. Gay had retired from business on his accession to a considerable fortune. The fête was very numerously and splendidly attended. A carriage and four drove into the grounds, and from it descended—

Admiral Sir George Sparkes, Bart., Lady Sparkes, and Miss Wat.

We need not say, for, perhaps, it has been already guessed, that Sturdy was Lady Sparkes now—actually, really, and truly; and there was only Tom left of the spinster sisterhood. Tom was quieter now, certainly, and pleasanter, but very Tom still—getting old Tom now, but never cross Tom. "It 's wonderful," said the Stubbs' faction, and, indeed, many factions besides; "it 's wonderful how he sticks to the Wats, and the Wats to him. Now, Colonel Trundle made Sturdy an offer, and she would not have him, and every one knows that Tom has had two or three. I expect no less than that it will be Tom's turn next; it seems a fate."

"I can't think what he can see in those horrid Wats," said Miss Stiff confidentially to Miss Sourby.

"Nor I either," replied that venerable belle. "It seems to me like witchcraft."

Their words came true. At another small party Admiral Sir George Sparkes and Lady Sparkes made their entrée, with no Miss Wat, and so with Tom died out the Wat dynasty.

Two years after that, at another of Mrs. Stubbs' teas, came Admiral Sir George Sparkes alone. He was an old man now, and greatly broken, and Mrs. Stubbs was very infirm, and more than one had disappeared for ever from the Stubbs circle. Miss Sourby had learnt to be less acrimonious, and Miss Stiff less rigid, and they met very often and very pleasantly.

After awhile there was another gap in that little society—Admiral Sir George Sparkes at last had died also. Even after he was dead every one marvelled what he could have seen in those Wats! Thus ends my true story.

THE FRENCH TREATY.

For the last few weeks the newspapers have been filled with details relative to the Treaty of Commerce we have entered into with France. The history of that treaty is somewhat singular. When it was first announced it was received almost everywhere with vehement applause. It was looked upon as the inauguration of a better state of things. The old bad feeling between England and France was to die away; instead of fighting each other we were to trade with each other; the silks of St. Etienne, the wines of Bordeaux, the tasteful bijouterie of the Palais Royal, were to find their way across the Channel; and we were to give in exchange for them Welch coal, iron from Merthyr and Aberdare, Staffordshire ware, and Manchester cottons. In a speech of extraordinary power and eloquence the Chancellor of the Exchequer laid his plan before the House of Commons. It was in vain that M.P.s grumbled; that some said Mr. Cobden ought not to have been sent on such an errand; or that Protectionists hinted that the whole thing was a violation of the principles of free trade; the public were enthusiastic, and the scheme was pronounced a decided success. In a little while, however, the giddy *Times*, with its usual inconsistency, changed its tone, and a great part of the unthinking public did the same. No allowance was made for the extraordinary difficulties in which the French Emperor was placed, and none for the unusual extent and tenacity of Protectionist principles in France. Louis Napoleon had undertaken a task almost beyond his power. He had to impose on a great nation a system universally abhorred. Every one, from the great manufacturer to the lowest ouvrier, was against him. From Lille and Mülhausen, from Marseilles and Lyons, from every sea and shore over which the tricolour waved, arose a voice of lamentation. France was betrayed, her manufacturers would become bankrupt, her hour of ruin had arrived. Before now, a cry less potent has driven away an ancient monarchy, and exiled a royal race. Under such circumstances, any attempt to inaugurate free trade was heroic, and in England should have been cordially received. Instead of making allowances for the French Emperor, we became querulous; and some men were not ashamed to declare pretty plainly throughout the whole transactions that Mr. Cobden had been hoodwinked, and that we were the dupes. Mr. Cobden, and the Ministry, and the French Emperor, had no means of setting themselves right. The details of the treaty were numerous, required much consideration, and in the discussion of them were consumed laborious days. Now, however, the details of the treaty are becoming familiarised to the English mind, the treaty vindicates itself. The iron and coal trades have already felt the benefit of it. The *Times* confesses that, so far as can at present be ascertained, the new French tariff for iron and its manufactures has been received with satisfaction by the trade. Its great feature is the placing all rolled iron, irrespective of size or quality, on one uniform duty of 70f. per 1000 kilogrammes, £2 16s. 6d. per ton, and practically including hoop iron on the same terms. This is an immense advance in simplication on the old tariff, and though 70f. per 1000 kilogrammes will shut out in ordinary times railroad and cheap common bar iron, yet it is thought we shall, after a better knowledge of the French requirements, send our superior qualities and extra small sizes for consumption into the littoral ports of France. At present the decree has caused no alteration in prices on this side, the stocks and paucity of orders being felt seriously by the makers throughout the country. In 1864 there will be a further reduction of about 15 per cent. The consumption of wine since the reduction of duty has scarcely realised the anticipations entertained. Periods of transition, however, are always unsatisfactory, and the change of system will not be fairly tested until we shall have had some few months' experience of the low rates which are to come into operation on the 1st of January. In 1859, under the old duty of 5s. 9d. per gallon, the consumption during the first eight months of the year showed an increase of about 10 per cent. over the corresponding period of 1858. During the same months of the present year, the increase has not been more than 13½ per cent. Assuming that under ordinary circumstances the rate of progress would have been the same as in the preceding year—a result which, looking at the extreme prosperity of the trade of the country, can scarcely be doubted—the increase attributable to the reduction of the duty to 3s. would appear to have been limited to 3½ per cent. In each department of manufacture the successive steps towards the elaboration of the new French tariff were watched with great interest. The deputation sent to Paris by the woollen manufacturers reported progress at a public meeting. They communicated the satisfactory assurance that woollens and all fabrics in which wool predominates will probably be admitted into France at a duty of 15 per cent., which will be reduced in 1864 to 10 per cent. The deputation, moreover, brought back an explicit assurance from Mr. Cobden that the treaty, when completed, will be a "most complete and perfect" one. The French tariff for iron and hardwares, having been officially promulgated, has been closely examined in the districts interested. *The Midland Counties Herald* anticipates "a large trade with France in goods manufactured by us," seeing that, in many particulars, the revised French tariff is more favourable than that of the United States. The duties on goods manufactured in Birmingham and the neighbourhood are considered to amount, upon the average, to about 12½ per cent.; but as an important set-off against this weight imposed upon our manufacturers in the race with those of France, we excel in many important particulars, since we possess cheaper coal, iron, better machinery, and a better supply of skilled labour. The *Wolverhampton Chronicle* delivers its opinion to the effect that "upon the whole the details of the new tariff are more favourable than could have been expected." The scheme about to be embodied in the schedules appended to the treaty substantially accords with the suggestions submitted for approval by the deputation to Paris sent from Belfast. From a letter to the *Northern Whig*, from Mr. Mulholland, a member of one of the wealthiest and most enterprising firms engaged on this species of industry, we gather that a sixfold classification of yarns and a sevenfold classification of linens have been definitively adopted;

land. ...
tend in an equa... he
French treaty must bring ... and
herein is one of its special benefits. ...loy-
ment to our manufacturers, if it places Fre... ...uries
within the reach of English consumers, if it fosters commercial ties between France and England, and thus removes still further and further the probability of war, it is a benefit, not alone to ourselves, but to Europe as well. We conclude in the words of the *Daily News*:—"The announcement in the *Moniteur* that the time will be anticipated by several months when the new duties on imported iron and imported sugar are to come into operation, may justly be regarded not only as an additional proof of the sincerity of the French Government regarding the Commercial Treaty, but likewise as a new verdict of public opinion in France in favour of an enlightened policy of trade. The Imperial Ordonnance in this instance is no arbitrary exercise of executive power; it may more fitly be termed the giving of judgment after due deliberation, and the careful summing-up of the various opinions on the question pronounced publicly *pro* and *con.* by the Chambers of Commerce throughout the Empire. The balance of opinions so expressed has now been definitively struck by the administrative head of the State. The treaty provided that in the case of certain important classes of imports the period for the inauguration of the reduced tariff should be fixed by Imperial decree; but the Emperor has wisely preferred to consult the recognised juries of industry, and to be content to abide by the moral preponderance of their decisions. The more clear-sighted men of business in France have appreciated correctly the advantage of being permitted to escape a protracted period of transition, and have demanded as the greater benefit that the new scale of customs duties should take effect as speedily as possible. The manliness and the shrewdness of this determination on the part of our neighbours will commend itself to every man of sense and sagacity on this side of the Channel. It is a testimony not to be mistaken that commercial enterprise in France is passing out of its nonage, and coming to years of maturity. We heartily rejoice at it, for the sake of our neighbours as well as

Sister No. 4. Miss Frederica Thomasina, g... though 70f. per 1000 kilogrammes will shut
nered, loud, good-tempered, something o... times railroad and cheap common bar
with a dash of tomboy. ...ght we shall, after a better knowledge
Such was the goodly sisterhood ...ments, send our superior qualities
the first impression, suddenly fo... consumption into the litteral
evening, as they made the ... the decree has caused no
the precincts of the Stub... stocks and paucity
to-be-forgotten occa... makers throughout
They went th... further reduction
that winter, a... of wine since
ciety of th... the antici-
that l... wever,
Spa...

...NE.

...; for we know well that so long as peace is
...eserved between us, the more thriving and
...s they are, the better customers they will be.
...e difference between an over-reached depend-
... a free and equal ally, between an impoverished
...nd a rich friend, between India and the United
The one is scarcely worth retaining; the value
other is beyond all count."

LEAVES FROM AN OXFORD PORTFOLIO.

LEAF III.

THE Easter Vacation had passed by; the dark brown eyes that had gladdened it had grown tearful as it fled; the dark glossy hair had lain oftener against my heart; the soft hand been tenderly pressed for the last time; the "young red lips" joined to mine "a hundred times" "in that last kiss, which never was the last." Yes, and the halo of white arms had ceased to ring me round, and I was in my Oxford seclusion again,

> "Musing, where ancient cloisters
> Hem in poor Fellows, wife-athirst,
> Alone in rooms, like oysters."

However, next Term the oysters would throw open their shells, and bask in the sunshine, at least in Commemoration week.

The old grave bells chimed solemnly in their old grave towers, and their deep mellow tones knelled the requiem of the bright little Vignette Vacation, with its back-ground of home, and its fore-ground of lovers; and bade turn over the leaves, and get at the wise sage letter-press Terms. The first white-tied ordeal of Examination had to be gone through before they closed; viz. "Smalls," or, to speak respectfully, "Responsions." This delightful examination, to one who comes up late, seems, with happy art, to have summoned all the dry elements of youth's study, long ago forgotten, back again, with spectral reproach in their eyes, and a dull rattle in their sapless bones.

Therefore, like a bee or a butterfly, it behoved me to roam from flower to flower; now piercing the closed petals of Arithmetic; now toying with a "Q. E. D." of Euclid; now burying my trunk in the sweets of "verbs in $\mu\iota$;" and resting, with folded wings, on "Arnold's Latin Prose."

The sound of the piano in the rooms of my friend and neighbour, Hilton (of whom I wrote in Leaf II.), apprised me that he was *not* there—else surely the sounds tortured from that ill-used instrument had transformed a usually quiet man into a madman, if not a murderer.

No—Harry Cobb extended to me one hand in greeting, while with the other he continued his ear-torturing pursuit. "My dear fellow, I am as proud to see you as a peacock with two tails; but just listen to this little thing I am playing. I composed it myself, in the Vac.; variations, you know, on the National Anthem." In vain I urged that it was rather *de*composition; in vain I fled to my room, for half an hour he worried the air, like a terrier with a rat, rising at last with a modest

elation, and asking me if I had ever heard anything like *that* before? I *never* had, and it took two of the "Songs without Words," together with the "Moonlight Sonata," and the "Pastoral Symphony," to get the taste out of my ears, in the course of the evening.

He informed me that he had "got into a row" with the Proctor. "What about?" said I. "Why, you see, my dear fellow—just let me look at that pin in your handkerchief a minute." (I incautiously allowed this; he gravely cleaned out his pipe with its point, and politely restored it to me.) "There was a Temperance meeting last night; I was present, and my opinions unfortunately clashed with those of the lecturer. Three times did I remonstrate, and three times was I rudely hustled out of the room. Church, the Proctor, expressed a wish to make the acquaintance of so spirited a man. Any reasonable request I always gratify. I called at his rooms at ten this morning. 'Good morning, Mr. Cobb.' 'Good morning, Mr. Church; little chapels-of-ease all well?' 'May I ask, Mr. Cobb, why you made that intolerable din at the lecture last night?' 'Because, sir, I disagreed with the sentiments expressed.' 'Well really, Mr. Cobb, you might have chosen a less startling refutation; pray, whence did you get that monstrous stick? I never saw so preposterous a cudgel. In my opinion no sane person would have bought such a thing.' 'Mr. Proctor, our sentiments, I see, differ on a great many points.' However, to cut it short, we got on capitally, and he even pressed me to leave some little token with him—a sort of Glaucus and Diomede affair, you know; so, as I happened to have a good many threepenny pieces about me, I gave him forty of them; six fellows with me, friends of mine, did the same, and (I forgot to say that of course we had n't thought it the thing to call on a public functionary on foot) we stepped into our Bath chairs again, and made quite a nice little line down the High. Proud to see you back again, old fellow. Come and take a glass of wine after Hall; a few quiet men are coming, you know them all, and I 'm going to have some music." And off he sauntered, ready for another chance of getting into trouble.

I left my room for a turn in Magdalene walk. Addison loved this walk before me; but not better than I do. The smooth grey-stemmed beech trees, when I first knew them, had only sear rustling garniture of dry brown leaves, and their branches and trunks wove a net-work pattern on the walk, with pale shadows and cold sunlight. Robins sat soberly then on the twigs, and their quiet clear song justified their poet's address—

> "The blackbird's song at eventide,
> And hers, who gay ascends,
> Filling the heavens, far and wide,
> Are sweet. But none so blends
> As thine,
> With calm decay and peace divine."

Especially did that song and that season harmonize with the ancient venerable cloisters, and the tall grave Tower of Magdalene. Their age and silence seemed flattered by the deference the year had paid them, hushing its dancing leaves and loud songsters into unison with their quiet melancholy calm.

But now the young Spring, like a merry child crowning its grandfather with May buds, had thrown round them an emerald mist, casting the fresh leaves of the creeper like a light scarf on the very stone, and dashing the lightest green spray on the crests of the elm trees, right up towards the silent grey Tower. And the harmony seemed as complete as in the Autumn quiet, and the old buildings gently acquiesced in the graceful freaks of the young year, nor checked its glee by gloomy warnings of how many bright Springs had paled into how many snow-draped Winters, while they had stood, growing grave as the years stole by them, but otherwise unchanging. And the blackbirds fluted loudly, and the thrushes' glad clear note filled up the pauses, and the ceaseless diapason of "caws" made a deeper undertone, as the black nest-builders bent and swayed in the trees to break off twigs for scaffolding. Not yet had the Fritillary, with its bending tulip head, and chocolate or white coat, chequered like a chess-board, filled the meadow which the walk encircles; but the little periwinkles that edge the path glimmered out here and there, with their grey-blue flowers, from the dark matted green. But I must leave the quiet walk, and the quiet thoughts of the best things that the two bells from the Tower summoned to the heart, as they alternated for Chapel, because I must return to Hall, and finish my narrative of my eccentric friend's proceedings; and solemn thoughts would ill harmonize with his hare-brained freaks.

After Hall, then, I went with Hilton to Harry Cobb's rooms. We found there a long table spread for dessert, and around it several men, some with their caps on, some lighting pipes; the host at the head. As a rule I did not go to regular "Wines," knowing how difficult it is for undergraduate heads to be both "merry and wise" on these occasions, and not choosing to countenance what I disapproved. But I knew that I should not here meet what is called the "Fast set,"—"Fast" man being, I take it, devil's English for the characters described by the wisest of men, in the Proverbs, as "the fool," and "one of the simple ones," &c. These were at least gentlemen, and Cobb had entreated me to attend the little concert he had got up, representing it as a more rational mode of amusement that he wanted to introduce at "Wines."

Things went on as usual at such meetings: one or two songs, for which only a "chorus" was demanded, one or two sentiments, a good deal of

> "noise,
> Of songs, and clapping hands, and boys
> That crack'd the glass, and beat the floor."

The host presently slipped out, and my amaze was not little to see a *street band* follow him on his return. These he had met, engaged, and smuggled in, in cap and gown, the evening being dark, and the Porter's eyes dim. The idea was original; but, as—had the hearing of the Porter been as bad as his eye-sight—the tremendous effect produced by the efforts of the band in a College room would have invented fresh faculties for him—short-lived. Hilton, and I, and some others, had fled in dismay, with our ears stopped, like those of Ulysses' crew against the Sirens; but the Porter's voice on the stairs, and the sudden pause in the uproar, and after-dispersion of the company, apprised us that the performance had untimely ended.

The Porter was the most shocked at the impropriety,

and that a specific duty is to be levied of ten per cent. on the former and fifteen per cent. on the latter, with which the writer, a highly competent judge, gives us to understand that he is fully satisfied. The preparations for an augmented demand appear to have been very active. People begin to think now that under the provisions of the treaty there will be a demand in France for Manchester cottons and Yorkshire woollens. Even the distress in Coventry, it is now admitted, has arisen, not in consequence of the French ribbons admitted duty free since the treaty, but owing to the change in the fashions, which has almost abolished ribbons, and brought trimmings more into vogue; and the English consumer already reaps the benefit in the use of French luxuries and delicacies hitherto beyond his grasp. Intercourse between France and England every day becomes greater. Go to Paris in the summer-time, and it is the English who are the best customers at the shops, and who swarm in the hotels. The French shop-keepers and hotel-keepers have everything to lose by a war with England. Extend the circle of our dealings, and we extend in an equal ratio the guarantees of peace. The French treaty must bring about such an extension, and herein is one of its special benefits. If it gives employment to our manufacturers, if it places French luxuries within the reach of English consumers, if it fosters commercial ties between France and England, and thus removes still further and further the probability of war, it is a benefit, not alone to ourselves, but to Europe as well. We conclude in the words of the *Daily News*:—"The announcement in the *Moniteur* that the time will be anticipated by several months when the new duties on imported iron and imported sugar are to come into operation, may justly be regarded not only as an additional proof of the sincerity of the French Government regarding the Commercial Treaty, but likewise as a new verdict of public opinion in France in favour of an enlightened policy of trade. The Imperial Ordonnance in this instance is no arbitrary exercise of executive power; it may more fitly be termed the giving of judgment after due deliberation, and the careful summing-up of the various opinions on the question pronounced publicly *pro* and *con.* by the Chambers of Commerce throughout the Empire. The balance of opinions so expressed has now been definitively struck by the administrative head of the State. The treaty provided that in the case of certain important classes of imports the period for the inauguration of the reduced tariff should be fixed by Imperial decree; but the Emperor has wisely preferred to consult the recognised juries of industry, and to be content to abide by the moral preponderance of their decisions. The more clear-sighted men of business in France have appreciated correctly the advantage of being permitted to escape a protracted period of transition, and have demanded as the greater benefit that the new scale of customs duties should take effect as speedily as possible. The manliness and the shrewdness of this determination on the part of our neighbours will commend itself to every man of sense and sagacity on this side of the Channel. It is a testimony not to be mistaken that commercial enterprise in France is passing out of its nonage, and coming to years of maturity. We heartily rejoice at it, for the sake of our neighbours as well as for our own; for we know well that so long as peace is happily preserved between us, the more thriving and prosperous they are, the better customers they will be. This is the difference between an over-reached dependency and a free and equal ally, between an impoverished victim and a rich friend, between India and the United States. The one is scarcely worth retaining; the value of the other is beyond all count."

LEAVES FROM AN OXFORD PORTFOLIO.

LEAF III.

THE Easter Vacation had passed by; the dark brown eyes that had gladdened it had grown tearful as it fled; the dark glossy hair had lain oftener against my heart; the soft hand been tenderly pressed for the last time; the "young red lips" joined to mine "a hundred times" "in that last kiss, which never was the last." Yes, and the halo of white arms had ceased to ring me round, and I was in my Oxford seclusion again,

> "Musing, where ancient cloisters
> Hem in poor Fellows, wife-athirst,
> Alone in rooms, like oysters."

However, next Term the oysters would throw open their shells, and bask in the sunshine, at least in Commemoration week.

The old grave bells chimed solemnly in their old grave towers, and their deep mellow tones knelled the requiem of the bright little Vignette Vacation, with its back-ground of home, and its fore-ground of lovers; and bade turn over the leaves, and get at the wise sage letter-press Terms. The first white-tied ordeal of Examination had to be gone through before they closed; viz. "Smalls," or, to speak respectfully, "Responsions." This delightful examination, to one who comes up late, seems, with happy art, to have summoned all the dry elements of youth's study, long ago forgotten, back again, with spectral reproach in their eyes, and a dull rattle in their sapless bones.

Therefore, like a bee or a butterfly, it behoved me to roam from flower to flower; now piercing the closed petals of Arithmetic; now toying with a "Q. E. D." of Euclid; now burying my trunk in the sweets of "verbs in $\mu\iota$;" and resting, with folded wings, on "Arnold's Latin Prose."

The sound of the piano in the rooms of my friend and neighbour, Hilton (of whom I wrote in Leaf II.), apprised me that he was *not* there—else surely the sounds tortured from that ill-used instrument had transformed a usually quiet man into a madman, if not a murderer.

No—Harry Cobb extended to me one hand in greeting, while with the other he continued his ear-torturing pursuit. "My dear fellow, I am as proud to see you as a peacock with two tails; but just listen to this little thing I am playing. I composed it myself, in the Vac.; variations, you know, on the National Anthem." In vain I urged that it was rather *de*composition; in vain I fled to my room, for half an hour he worried the air, like a terrier with a rat, rising at last with a modest

elation, and asking me if I had ever heard anything like *that* before? I *never* had, and it took two of the "Songs without Words," together with the "Moonlight Sonata," and the "Pastoral Symphony," to get the taste out of my ears, in the course of the evening.

He informed me that he had "got into a row" with the Proctor. "What about?" said I. "Why, you see, my dear fellow—just let me look at that pin in your handkerchief a minute." (I incautiously allowed this; he gravely cleaned out his pipe with its point, and politely restored it to me.) "There was a Temperance meeting last night; I was present, and my opinions unfortunately clashed with those of the lecturer. Three times did I remonstrate, and three times was I rudely hustled out of the room. Church, the Proctor, expressed a wish to make the acquaintance of so spirited a man. Any reasonable request I always gratify. I called at his rooms at ten this morning. 'Good morning, Mr. Cobb.' 'Good morning, Mr. Church; little chapels-of-ease all well?' 'May I ask, Mr. Cobb, why you made that intolerable din at the lecture last night?' 'Because, sir, I disagreed with the sentiments expressed.' 'Well really, Mr. Cobb, you might have chosen a less startling refutation; pray, whence did you get that monstrous stick? I never saw so preposterous a cudgel. In my opinion no sane person would have bought such a thing.' 'Mr. Proctor, our sentiments, I see, differ on a great many points.' However, to cut it short, we got on capitally, and he even pressed me to leave some little token with him—a sort of Glaucus and Diomede affair, you know; so, as I happened to have a good many threepenny pieces about me, I gave him forty of them; six fellows with me, friends of mine, did the same, and (I forgot to say that of course we had n't thought it the thing to call on a public functionary on foot) we stepped into our Bath chairs again, and made quite a nice little line down the High. Proud to see you back again, old fellow. Come and take a glass of wine after Hall; a few quiet men are coming, you know them all, and I 'm going to have some music." And off he sauntered, ready for another chance of getting into trouble.

I left my room for a turn in Magdalene walk. Addison loved this walk before me; but not better than I do. The smooth grey-stemmed beech trees, when I first knew them, had only sear rustling garniture of dry brown leaves, and their branches and trunks wove a net-work pattern on the walk, with pale shadows and cold sunlight. Robins sat soberly then on the twigs, and their quiet clear song justified their poet's address—

> "The blackbird's song at eventide,
> And hers, who gay ascends,
> Filling the heavens, far and wide,
> Are sweet. But none so blends
> As thine,
> With calm decay and peace divine."

Especially did that song and that season harmonize with the ancient venerable cloisters, and the tall grave Tower of Magdalene. Their age and silence seemed flattered by the deference the year had paid them, hushing its dancing leaves and loud songsters into unison with their quiet melancholy calm.

But now the young Spring, like a merry child crowning its grandfather with May buds, had thrown round them an emerald mist, casting the fresh leaves of the creeper like a light scarf on the very stone, and dashing the lightest green spray on the crests of the elm trees, right up towards the silent grey Tower. And the harmony seemed as complete as in the Autumn quiet, and the old buildings gently acquiesced in the graceful freaks of the young year, nor checked its glee by gloomy warnings of how many bright Springs had paled into how many snow-draped Winters, while they had stood, growing grave as the years stole by them, but otherwise unchanging. And the blackbirds fluted loudly, and the thrushes' glad clear note filled up the pauses, and the ceaseless diapason of "caws" made a deeper undertone, as the black nest-builders bent and swayed in the trees to break off twigs for scaffolding. Not yet had the Fritillary, with its bending tulip head, and chocolate or white coat, chequered like a chess-board, filled the meadow which the walk encircles; but the little periwinkles that edge the path glimmered out here and there, with their grey-blue flowers, from the dark matted green. But I must leave the quiet walk, and the quiet thoughts of the best things that the two bells from the Tower summoned to the heart, as they alternated for Chapel, because I must return to Hall, and finish my narrative of my eccentric friend's proceedings; and solemn thoughts would ill harmonize with his hare-brained freaks.

After Hall, then, I went with Hilton to Harry Cobb's rooms. We found there a long table spread for dessert, and around it several men, some with their caps on, some lighting pipes; the host at the head. As a rule I did not go to regular "Wines," knowing how difficult it is for undergraduate heads to be both "merry and wise" on these occasions, and not choosing to countenance what I disapproved. But I knew that I should not here meet what is called the "Fast set,"—"Fast" man being, I take it, devil's English for the characters described by the wisest of men, in the Proverbs, as "the fool," and "one of the simple ones," &c. These were at least gentlemen, and Cobb had entreated me to attend the little concert he had got up, representing it as a more rational mode of amusement that he wanted to introduce at "Wines."

Things went on as usual at such meetings: one or two songs, for which only a "chorus" was demanded, one or two sentiments, a good deal of

> "noise,
> Of songs, and clapping hands, and boys
> That crack'd the glass, and beat the floor."

The host presently slipped out, and my amaze was not little to see a *street band* follow him on his return. These he had met, engaged, and smuggled in, in cap and gown, the evening being dark, and the Porter's eyes dim. The idea was original; but, as—had the hearing of the Porter been as bad as his eye-sight—the tremendous effect produced by the efforts of the band in a College room would have invented fresh faculties for him—short-lived. Hilton, and I, and some others, had fled in dismay, with our ears stopped, like those of Ulysses' crew against the Sirens; but the Porter's voice on the stairs, and the sudden pause in the uproar, and after-dispersion of the company, apprised us that the performance had untimely ended.

The Porter was the most shocked at the impropriety,

for, on his grave report, Cobb having been summoned next day before the Vice-President, that dignitary could hardly rebuke him, for amusement at the absurdity of the notion, and of the plea that he "only wanted a little music with his friends."

But our present Leaf has been wanting in gravity. Let us promise one more dignified next time.

V. I. R.

COURT INTRIGUE AND LOVE.

"CABALE UND LIEBE" is the name of one of Schiller's least known tragedies. Mr. Carlyle says of it, "It is a tragedy of domestic life; its means of interesting are comprised within itself, and rest on very simple feelings, dignified by no very singular action. The name designates its nature. It aims at exhibiting the conflict, the victorious conflict of political manœuvring of cold worldly wisdom, with the pure, impassioned movements of the young heart, as yet unsullied by the tarnish of every-day life, inexperienced in its calculations, sick of its empty formalities, and indignantly determined to cast off the mean restrictions it imposes, which bind so firmly by their number, though singly so contemptible. August Wilhelm Schlegel speaks slightingly of the work. He says it will hardly move us by its tone of overstrained sensibility, but may well affect us by the painful impression it leaves. Our own experience has been different from that of Schlegel." Its great merit consists in the character of the hero and heroine, Louisa and Ferdinand, and in this respect it ranks at the very head of its class. As a tragedy of common life we know of few rivals to it—certainly of no superior. The villain of the story is Wurm.

The following is the scene drawn by the artist:—

Wurm—The only way to save your father is for you to release the Major from his engagement.

Louisa—His love for me I cannot prevent, and you are but mocking me if you imagine that I shall willingly submit to what is imposed upon me by force.

Wurm—My dear girl, you mistake what I mean; it is necessary that the Major should be the first to retire from his engagement, and voluntarily give you up.

Louisa—He will never do it.

Wurm—So it appears; and as you are the only one who can make him do so, we have come to you for help.

Louisa—How can I make him hate me?

Wurm—We will see; sit down.

Louisa—(Drawing back) Man! what are you going to do?

Wurm—Sit down, and write what I tell you. Here is a pen, and ink, and paper.

Louisa—(Seating herself in the greatest agitation) What am I to write, and to whom?

Wurm—To your father's executioner.

Louisa—Ha! you understand well the art of torturing souls. (Seizes a pen.)

Wurm—(Dictating) "Dear Sir." (Louisa writes it with trembling hand.)

Wurm—"Already three days—three unbearable days—have passed, since we saw each other last."

Louisa—(Starts and lays down the pen) To whom is this letter?

Wurm—To your father's executioner.

Louisa—Oh! dear me!

Wurm—"But this is entirely owing to the Major, who watches me all day like an Argus."

Louisa—(Springing up) This is villany! Tell me whom this letter is to?

HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPES.

IF any one over whom some years of the journey of life have passed will take the trouble to look back along the road he has travelled, and count up the narrow chances he has run of being extinguished like a half-burned candle, the lucky escapes he has made, it will go far toward convincing him of a superintending Providence over individuals, as well as states and worlds. "The hairs of our head are numbered," says the Good Book; "There 's a Divinity that shapes our ends," says the great poet; and though we are not always saved, though fatal casualties are constantly occurring, still the cases in which we are unexpectedly rescued from impending dangers, when the chances seemed all against us, often by the interposition of some slight circumstance no weightier than a straw, are enough to give immense point and force to the proposition, and to render the conclusion all but inevitable. The exceptional cases, where fire, flood, and slaughter are allowed to take their course, we cannot judge. Why one is taken and another left; why one man perishes by the prick of a pin or the sting of a gnat, while another is riddled with bullets and lives, belongs to a realm of causes and motives quite beyond our ken.

Surrounded on all hands by dense substances, as earth, wood, and iron, the human body which must resist them is by their side as the frailest of textures. Our soft parts mar like the rose-leaf, our hard parts fracture like porcelain. Seas, rivers, and streamlets ebb and flow, and course their way in every part of us; through conduits with gossamer banks, in which a bodkin would open a fatal leak. We sustain within ourselves a complete system of pipes and reservoirs for supply, and another for drainage, with the most extensive, complex, and perfect system of telegraph wires, delicate as frost-threads, ever devised. These rivers, reservoirs, and wires, are also locomotive. We are constantly in action; liable to break against each other, and to be broken or consumed by the harder, stronger elements about us. Brick and stone war on us at every step. Water threatens us below, the thunder-bolt above, and fire on every side. A slight fall, a slip on a stair, is enough to break a leg or the neck; a flying missile will part the skull; a straw will put out an eye, and even pierce the brain; a pocket-knife, or less, will open the grand reservoir of the heart, and let out the life. It is difficult to see how we manage to exist at all; and yet not a few pass on to old age, threescore and ten,



"That man that hath a tongue is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman."

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

COURT INTRIGUE AND LOVE—(From a German Painting).

running the gauntlet, as it were, between rocks and whirlpools on the one side, and flames and whirlwinds on the other, without serious damage from casualty or disease, to the natural end of life.

An American friend furnishes us with the following *rôle* of chances—of exposures and escapes—in his own case. Others, whose sphere of action has been wider and more various by field and flood, will be able to exhibit a more startling record; but this is sufficiently in point:—

1. Still-born, and restored to animation, not by the thunder of rejoicing cannon, as in the case of the younger Napoleon, but by being soused in a tub of cold water.

2. A permanent fracture of the sternum, at the age of a few months—cause unknown—entailing a weakness of the chest for many years.

3. At two years or thereabouts—dates only approximately correct—just escaped being crushed under a falling chimney.

4. At three, left temporal bone laid bare by a fall. Skull escaped fracture.

5. Same year, recovered from a dangerous epidemic fever, of which one or two of the family died.

6. At four, escaped from a surge of boiling water with slight scalds on face and chest.

7. At five, collar-bone fractured by a fall.

8. At six, severe blow in the abdomen from an axe, which flew out of the hands of the operator, but fortunately struck with its head instead of the sharp bit.

9. At seven, half killed by the breaking of a rope swing. Taken up senseless. Same year, choked by a button in the throat. Escaped, as it were, at the last gasp.

10. At eight, left ankle joint laid open with an axe. Limb in great danger, but saved. Followed, a year or two later, by a like, but less severe injury to right ankle joint.

11. At nine, blow on the back of the head from a stick of wood, so severe as to separate the sutures of the skull on both sides of the head.

12. At ten, wound in the knee from a knife, which penetrated the joint.

13. At eleven, blow from a handspike on the temple. Taken up for dead. Skull probably fractured.

14. At twelve, the extreme of mortal illness, lasting for months. Was supposed dying—*dead*. Relieved at the last moment spontaneously, without visible cause. Recovery slow, partial, and protracted through many years.

15. At fifteen, over Greek and Latin, suffering all the horrors of dyspepsia.

16. At nineteen, threatened with total loss of sight from acute disease of the eyes. Recovery long and tedious.

17. At twenty, life in danger on one of our inland seas from a hurricane, or blow. Escaped, after some twenty hours of exposure.

18. Same year, attacked by an armed ruffian in the woods. Kept him off by temporizing and the exhibition of a firm front.

19. At twenty-one, escaped with life by the breadth of a single hair, in a freshet on one of our large Western rivers. Same year, set upon by a company of drunken savages in the night. Escaped by flight, after a hot pursuit. Also, same year, stood the flash of a Virginia gentleman's knife, who finally thought better of it, and excused the *lie* uncourteously given him, on the score of the deficiencies of a Northern education. Also, farther, same year, overturned and thrown down a precipice in the night. Escaped with scarce a scratch, though buried under the wheels and timbers of the carriage, which was broken in fragments.

20. At twenty-two, lungs broken down. Mucous suppurations, slight hemorrhages, and an array of bronchial difficulties, extending through a period of a dozen years. Chances frequently, to appearance, not worth a mill.

21. At thirty-five, grown wise and prudent. Doctors and their drugs dismissed long ago. Health tolerable, and at *forty* pretty well established. Lungs sound, stomach ditto, limbs ditto—notwithstanding all accidents, imprudencies, and follies.

Our friend closes his valuable paper of chances with a blessing on the *vis medicatrix naturæ*—the curative power of nature—in which, no doubt, he would include the protecting care of Providence.

The accidents that make their mark, that leave their scar on us, we remember; but how many dangers there are that pass us by, near enough to whisper in our ears, which we never think of a second time, and how many others that hover over us, and fly all about us, that we never see—the pestilence, the tottering wall, the stray bullet, the electric charge, the gaping plank, the unseen missile, the threatened blow; when somebody suspects we have money, or mistakes us in the night for somebody's enemy! None of all these do we ever record, and it is well for us not to know of them. The same is true of moral dangers. Many we fall into—in our weakness yield to them; but how many thousands we escape by the merest chance in the world, by some happy diversion in our favour, an unexpected interruption, a flashing memory or thought, which starts, and braces us up, and gives us the mastery, when the weight of a feather on the other side of the scale would have insured our defeat!

THE SILVER FLORIN.

Some few years ago, when I was younger than I am now, among my particular friends was Heinrich Zahn. He occupied a room on the same floor with myself; and from my first *début* upon the artistic, Zahn had been my sworn, my esoteric friend. Our affection was immediate and unselfish. We had nothing to gain or lose from each other. When the funds were low on either side, our purses were in common. When the money market was easy, we would feast luxuriantly; steak, a beautiful bit of pork tender-loin, a Dutch herring, with bread and Switzer cheese *ad libitum*, was a supper for a king. When the money market was tight, arm in arm we walked Broadway, and trusted fortune for a change.

In a few days after our first acquaintance, which

began with the loan of a hammer, he had given me his whole history, with the exception of the one secret of his life—his love for Marguerite. This came in bits with time; and one evening, confidence begetting confidence, Heinrich showed me a silver florin, carefully stowed in cotton, nestled in a little box, and hung about his neck, where it had lain since the day he had parted with Marguerite on the banks of the Main—that sweet flowing German river within the sound of whose waters they were both born. Heinrich came to America to seek his fortune as a lithographic artist, and Marguerite returned to her little cottage home to hope and pray.

Heinrich had no dream of achieving a rapid flood of wealth and returning to his fatherland, but he had a dream which he kept ever in sight, that some day, perhaps, he would be fortunate enough to be able to send for his old mother and Marguerite, when he had a home for them and a certainty of support. Two years had elapsed, but, as yet, he had not reached that point; and in fact, at the date of my meeting with him, was as far removed as the day on which he had landed at Pier No. 4, East River.

As a special and particular favour, I was sometimes indulged with free translations from passages in Marguerite's letters. They must, as Heinrich said, have been models of epistolary style in the original, but I must confess their beauties were somewhat lost in the translation. It was in the silver florin I took the deepest interest—this marvellous piece of metal, as Heinrich insisted, being endowed with a magical charm, gained by being blessed at the spring of St. Ulrich and dipped in its waters, the powers and location of this wonderful spring always remaining a myth in my mind, thereby, perhaps, heightening the respect I bore to the charmed florin. For what do we respect so much as that we do not understand? It had the power to tell, by its dulness or brightness, sickness or joy to the absent one; coming woe or happiness. Many a time has Heinrich peeped at his magical money and announced to me, with great gravity, that Marguerite was not well today; and no gaiety could raise his drooping spirits till the real or imaginary dulness passed away from the florin. Occasionally he would tell me the florin was bright; and on that day any favourite project, either of business or pleasure, would be put in force with a confidence that could only be inspired by the omen. It was useless to laugh at this; it was two earnest.

One sunny day in June the florin shone brightly in its silvery beauty. I had only the night before rubbed it up myself, and bestowed a new bed of cotton upon it while Heinrich was putting in a few flesh touches on my great picture of Columbus Discovering America (an original idea of my own). For I felt as though I had now some property in the florin myself. Well, this June morning the florin shone very bright, and a long contemplated trip to Fort Lee was realized for that day in celebration of the event.

On the way down we had noticed a mother and child, a pretty girl of about five. I had admired the mother, Heinrich the child. He was fortunate enough to make acquaintance with the child; I was not so fortunate with the mother. It was bribery and corruption on the part of Heinrich, aided by sundry nuts and an apple, which he had pillaged from the dinner-table, and stowed in his pockets to suit an emergency.

The band was playing and the company marching up the dock, Heinrich and myself at a respectable distance in the rear, when a shriek, a woman's shriek, sounded far above the clash of the instruments and the rattle of the drums. We turned; the crowd was rushing down the dock. Not to be behindhand we followed Heinrich a little in advance. I saw as I ran my beautiful lady stand upon the string-piece of the wharf, her hands raised in the air. I understood it all in a moment. The child was in the water. Before the conception was fairly through my head I was on the string-piece beside the lady. One glance down and I saw Heinrich bobbing about in the water below. I knew then it was all right, so I took the lady by the arm and told her so, as I drew her away from the edge of the dock, where the crowd was pressing upon her, and I really feared she would be beside the child if not removed. She looked at me wildly, and catching at my coat, gave me so hearty a shaking as to change the tragedy, in the eyes of the crowd, almost into a comedy. At this moment a shout, a glad shout, came up from the people on the string-piece, and I knew the child was saved. And so knew the mother, for she fainted in my arms as the shout rose.

In a few minutes we were in a neighbouring house. The mother was consigned to the ladies, and Heinrich, and myself, and a physician were engaged reviving the babe. Shall I ever forget that little angel coming back from heaven! She opened her great blue eyes, and staring upon the doctor said, "Do n't cut off my hair, good people. I know that I am dead, but do n't cut off my hair. My mother loves my hair. My name is Lily—they call me Lily because I am so white. But do n't cut off my hair." Ah, Lily! it seemed a sin to call you back; and yet which one of us would not have given his own life to save yours, Lily? An hour or two sufficed to put mother and babe in such a state of convalescence that a carriage could be called, and they conveyed home. The carriage stopped at a handsome house in a fashionable locality, and Heinrich carried Miss Lily in, while my duty was the escort of the elder lady. The husband stood in the hall with a puzzled look as his wife threw herself into his arms in a fresh flood of tears. It was some minutes before an explanation could take place. If Livingston wrung Heinrich's hand and hugged him with half the force he did me I do not wonder that my German friend was anxious to leave immediately. All our attempts, however, at bolting were crushed in the bud by our host and hostess, who took us boldly in charge. In half an hour Heinrich, as I am convinced entirely against his will, was dressed in a dry suit from the wardrobe of Livingston, who, through the whole of that evening, seemed to be labouring under the delusion that copious draughts of claret and Marcobrunner were necessary to his happiness, while Madam suffered under the same delusion, only varied by cold turkey and broiled birds. We spent a very happy evening.

It is almost useless to say that a strong friendship grew up between the Livingstons, Heinrich, and myself. They soon became the confidants of our aspirations, and of Heinrich's love, with that true delicacy

which always marks a man of the right stamp. When Livingston's offer of aid to Heinrich did come, as come I knew it would, it came to me.

I am not now about to enter upon a statement of all my finesse; it is sufficient to say that, in three months and seven days after the first proposition, Heinrich allowed himself to accept the necessary funds to fit up a lithographic office with material and presses, and a modest house with furniture, for all of which he gave his notes payable at different dates, extending over a period of five years. Nothing was now left to do but the sending for the mother and Marguerite, which was soon accomplished. We counted the days, and consulted the oracle—the silver florin. Nothing occurred to mar its brightness. It was clear, by the magical money, that the loved ones were on their way, and happy. Every night I handled the florin with religious faith, wiped it carefully and returned it to its bed, which I renewed as often as it became soiled. Since the adventure with Lilly and its results I had become a rigid convert to the charm; in reward for which I was often indulged with its charge of an evening, as a child would be allowed to play with a toy it admires. The time drew near for the expected arrival—everything was arranged. It was agreed that Heinrich and Marguerite were to be married at Livingston's house, after which they would repair to their own. In one week, at farthest, the steamer would bring the bride. Heinrich was nervous, strongly given to silence and long walks; I to consultations with the clerk of the weather.

One bright cold morning in January, before I was out of my bed, Heinrich with hair uncombed, minus coat, vest, and one boot, rushed into my room. He was ghastly pale, his lips closed, his teeth set. In his hand he held the florin, the lid of the box open. His appearance terrified me—I sprang from my bed. To my question as to what was the matter he could only gasp "The florin! The florin!" I looked in the box, the florin was there, but how transformed! Only the night before I had wiped it, and laid it on a new bed of cotton; now, it was not only dull but positively black—dark as silver that had been years exposed to the air. I shuddered as I looked upon its ominous deadness, and turned pale as Heinrich hoarsely stammered out, "They are all lost! Dead! dead! dead!" I had no word of comfort for my friend. In my mind's eye I could see the fine ship going down at sea with all her living freight. It was not in me to bid him hope. I did all I could do—I mingled my tears with his, and together we mourned over the announcement of the florin.

It was by mutual agreement that we concluded to reserve the disastrous news from the Livingstons until the steamer was past due. Time flew away without moderating our grief, when one bright sunshiny day we were startled by the shouts of the newsboys as they ran up Broadway, "Arrival of the steamship *Atlantic*. Extra '*Erald!*" I could see the flush fly over the face of Heinrich, and then he became paler than before. It was but a few minutes and we were at the dock, where the ship was just hauling in, the passengers grouped upon her deck. How he strained his gaze! I felt that I too could have known them from sympathy. "They were not there." How my heart fell! "They have died upon the passage. The florin was right." Before the gangway plank was out Heinrich was upon the deck, I after him. "When did they die?" he said, seizing the Captain by the arm. "Die! who die?" said that jolly mariner in response. 'Twas I who answered their names. "You will find them below I take it, Sir; they was n't dead ten minutes ago." I could have hugged that splendid man; but I didn't. Instead of which I made a long leg, and followed Heinrich below, and in one minute found myself kissing a very pretty girl, about twenty, and a nice motherly-looking old lady about sixty, as though they were my own mother and bride-expectant. The old lady had been sick on the passage, and having just recovered, Marguerite had judged it best not to awaken her from her sleep. And this accounted for the non-appearance on deck.

The florin was a false prophet—Heinrich and I mutually agreed to say nothing about the deception. But in the midst of our happiness it leaked out, and the charmed piece was exhibited in all its hideous blackness: Marguerite looked grave, Heinrich puzzled, and Livingston inquiringly. It was black, even to darkening the cotton upon which it lay. Livingston took a portion of the cotton from the box and examined it, and then in a careless way held it to the light: it flashed and was gone. "The murder was out:" I was the culprit. In making the bed for my favourite, I had used a wad of gun-cotton that had laid in my room for months: sulphuric acid and silver are antagonistic, and hence the black—

We had a merry wedding, and I indorsed his taste. Marguerite was a pretty girl, and a good girl; she has been a good wife, too, for these ten years, and given three pretty children to their home. Heinrich is a prosperous man.

I hope only that I shall be as happy a one in my marriage with Lily (there's nothing strange in that, is there?). We are not to be married for two years yet, and then Lily will be seventeen, and I thirty.

A FILIBUSTER LIFE.

We publish herewith, as matter of history, the life of the famous filibuster Walker, who was executed in Honduras. His life had been eventful and romantic.

He was only thirty-six years old when he died. Born at Nashville, Tennessee, in 1824, he was bred a lawyer: his father, a Scotch banker, occupied a prominent position in society, and enjoyed the respect of the community in which he lived. The son was a scape-grace. He failed as a lawyer; tried medicine, and achieved no particular success in that profession; finally fell back on the press, and so, in 1851, at the dawn of civilization on the Pacific slopes, he looms up as the editor of a paper at San Francisco.

It seems likely that the unsettled and turbulent temper of the people with whom he lived shaped the uncertain aspirations of William Walker. He had not been very long in California, and was doing a good business, when he suddenly crossed the frontier, and, squatting on some unoccupied land in Northern Mexico,

proclaimed "an independent Republic of Lower California." This farce did not last long. There was a stir among the Mexican authorities, and an appearance of vigilance among the United States troops; but the point of the struggle was that the "independent Republic" and her newly-constituted rulers had nothing to eat. Walker surrendered himself and his party to a revenue officer of the United States, went through the form of a trial, and was promptly acquitted. At that day filibusterism was all the rage.

Not cured by experience, but rather encouraged by the sympathy his not very glorious exploits had won, Walker two years afterward undertook his second filibustering affray. The Democrats of Nicaragua offered him twenty thousand acres of land to fight on their side against their aristocratic party. A similar offer led Sir De Lacy Evans to fight against the Carlists in Spain, General Guyon to take a command in the Hungarian army of independence, Lord Cochrane to take a leading command in South America. Lafayette and Steuben fought for less in the United States. General Church was satisfied with less in Greece; Colonel Upton in Russia. General Walker made some further stipulations on behalf of his men, then chartered his vessel.

Five years ago last May that vessel, the *Vesta*, lay in the harbour of San Francisco, with General Walker and fifty-six men on board. She was under seizure. A deputy-sheriff's officer had possession. At midnight on Monday, the 4th May, Walker requested the sheriff's officer to step below to examine some documents in the cabin. The unsuspecting official complied. The door shut, he was informed that he was a prisoner.

"There, Sir," said Walker, in a slow, drawling voice, "are cigars and champagne; and there are handcuffs and irons. Pray take your choice."

The deputy, a sensible man, took the former, and was in a very happy frame of mind when he was put on board the steam-tug to be taken back to the scene of his official duties. In the month of June General Walker arrived in Nicaragua. The Serviles were prepared in force to resist him; he fought a battle every three weeks. The capture of Granada was quickly followed by the massacre at Virgin Bay, and the necessary inauguration of General Walker's power in Nicaragua.

In the course of a short while a treaty of peace was signed between the contending forces; a native named Patricio Rivas was appointed President, and Walker General-in-chief of the army. This was the culminating moment of Walker's career. He held the real power in the Government of Nicaragua, Rivas being simply his tool. He had a fine transit route in full operation, which brought him hundreds of immigrants every month. Great Britain and the United States, sick of the unsuccessful endeavours of the Spanish Americans to establish stable governments, were both ready to recognise and support him. In this country especially every one was in his favour; he could have obtained money and men to any extent on a mere requisition. Finally, there is reason to believe that the best people in Nicaragua were fascinated by his brilliant success, and really believed that he was destined to be the regenerator of their country.

All this fair edifice of present power and future prospects Walker now proceeded deliberately to destroy. He shot Corral, his old foe, the head of the Serviles—a Central American gentleman of high standing—charging him with having plotted against the government they had combined together to establish. He revoked, without cause, the transit grant to the Nicaragua Company, and seized steamers belonging to American citizens, thus shutting himself and his new country out from the world, and closing the door to immigration. He made war upon Costa Rica, and managed matters so badly that his troops were beaten at the first encounter. He lost patience with Rivas, dismissed him, and usurped the Presidency. From that moment to the close of the Nicaraguan campaign his history was one of defeat, disaster, disappointment, and distress. The Nicaraguans and Costa Ricans combined against him; drove him from place to place, and at last so beleaguered him that, had it not been for the presence of an American sloop of war, which received him and his followers on board, he must have perished then and there. So ended the second filibustering expedition of Walker.

The third and fourth expeditions, both directed against Nicaragua, may be briefly disposed of. They were both ill-advised and ill-planned; they both failed miserably; both would have terminated fatally for Walker and his followers but for the kindly interference of American and British vessels of war.

Walker's fifth and last filibustering raid was originally intended to be prosecuted against the famous Bay Islands which Great Britain is just ceding to Honduras. Several Anglo-Saxon residents of the Islands had expressed unwillingness to be handed back to Honduras; Walker saw the opportunity of erecting a new independent empire. Unfortunately for him, Honduras foresaw his game, and requested Great Britain to delay the cession of the Islands. Thus disappointed, Walker cruised about in the Bay of Honduras for some weeks, literally seeking what he might devour, and finally, to his ruin, fell upon Truxillo. Forced to evacuate this place by the British war vessel *Icarus*, he was chased to bay by the Hondurenos; and refusing to claim either British or American protection, he died the death of a soldier at the hands of the Honduras authorities.

Walker was undoubtedly a mischievous man, better out of the world than in it. He never displayed any constructive ability: his energies were wholly destructive. He was brave, persevering, and energetic; but he had little or no foresight, no compunctions of honour or conscience, and not a spark of human pity in his breast. His works, from first to last, have been injurious rather than beneficial to the world.

LITERATURE.

The Chronicles of the Crutch, by Blanchard Jerrold. (London: William Tinsley.) Mr. Jerrold is the son of his father, and bears a popular name. In literature this is much, for we are a grateful people, and believe in the hereditary principle to its fullest extent. Mrs. Ellis tells us that we get talent and genius on the female side, yet certainly if the son of a distinguished man has in

him anything of real worth, he is not long in getting at the public ear. Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, by his Life of his father, and his description of Imperial France, and his French under Arms, and his able editorship of *Lloyd's Newspaper*, has taken a high position amongst the men of letters, his contemporaries; and as these are the days of republication, when the veriest waifs and strays of the periodical press are caught up, and made up into volumes, and find a ready, and, let us hope, remunerative sale, we cannot but think he has done well in republishing the work before us. It consists chiefly of pleasant little papers, which appeared originally in the pages of "Household Words," and are connected together by a little artifice of a very simple character. Somewhere, is an alms-house of a superior description, —a chapel-of-ease for all men's miseries—"the crutch was solidly built, and capable of giving much comfort to rheumatic limbs. The lichen had greyed its walls, the weather had rounded its gables; the rustling years had well-nigh filled its little cemetery. Some few kings had reigned since masons were busy in the foundations under the lost slippers of those weary brothers into whose company we have crept. There was ivy—and enough —over the wall-ends when the first Charles suffered at Whitehall; this roomy refectory was musical with wooden platters when the Virgin Queen of the shadowless face was expecting the Spanish Armada." Here the ancient brethren met, and smoked, and told tales, sad and merry, of the past—so long gone—and of the outer world of wickedness, and vanity, and vexation of spirit, of which they had been so long free. The bell tolls the passing away of Brother Creighton from the little band; Brother Labord stands in his shoes. He is a brisk brother, has seen much, and is a welcome addition. He begins by telling them something about France; the next evening another brother comes and reads his paper, and so on. The papers form the Chronicle of the Crutch. Our readers will like them vastly; they are capital papers in their way, telling much that one likes to know with life, and spirit, and humour, especially those relating to France and her soldiers; the description of the return of the Army of Italy is masterly.

The Carieves, a Tale of the Civil Wars; by Mary Gillies. (London: W. Kent and Co.) In this little volume Mrs. Gillies, aided by twenty beautiful illustrations by Birkett Foster, has done her best to reproduce English society, and customs, and manners, in the times of Charles I. She has wisely selected that memorable time, to the struggles and trials of which we are indebted for the civil and religious liberty we now enjoy. Her sympathies also are on the right side—with the people and the Parliament, rather than with a king whom we now all know to have been false and treacherous, and full of notions of prerogative, which, if once admitted, were fatal to national well-being. By means of a family history she gives us a vivid picture of the doubts and uncertainties of the time; how families were divided and what increased suffering was the result. She writes to the young; her aim is to give some idea capable of being understood by young readers of the pure motives, the brave struggles, and the noble deeds of those great men who faced a craven court and despotic king on behalf of truth and right. Right worthily has she performed her task. We believe many of our friends will thank the publishers for the issue of this very elegantly illustrated and pleasantly written volume.

Household Songs—a Collection of Lyrical Pieces, with Illustrations by Birkett Foster, G. H. Thomas, S. Palmer, J. Archer, Harrison Weir, S. Edmonston, A. Solomon, J. Drummond, &c. (London: W. Kent and Co.) It is seldom we look at the outside of a book, but Household Songs compelled us to do so. The binding is of the most attractive character, and merely as an ornament to a drawing-room should command an extensive sale. It is really impossible to conceive anything in the way of binding more resplendent, and undoubtedly it raises our expectations when we open the volume—nor are we disappointed. Some twenty favourite Household Songs are here collected together, beautifully printed and choicely illustrated. Burns has been the principal source—his Mary in Heaven—his Duncan Gray—his Highland Mary, and Banks of the Doon—his Flow gently, sweet Avon, and the Rigs o' Barley, are dear to millions, and here find an appropriate place. Besides we have some other beautiful little lyrics—the Humble Petition of Bruar Water—Captain Grove's Peregrinations—Man was made to Mourn,—and his plaintive Address to a Mountain Daisy, all of them illustrated in a manner to set off the beauties of the original verse. Other poems are taken from Rogers, Mallet, Hood, Upton, Allingham, Mackay, Milnes, Clarke, and Keble, and whether as regards the choice made in the selection, or the care with which the artists have done their task, or the printer and binder have performed theirs, we find it difficult to say who deserves best of the public. All we can add is, that Household Songs will make a very appropriate present for Christmas or New Year. There can be few prettier gift books this season.

The Lord's Prayer explained to Children, with a Preface, by the Rev. T. M. Bellew. (London: W. Kent and Co.) In his opening preface Mr. Bellew tells us "the Lord's Prayer recommends itself to us for three reasons—1. Because it is the only form of prayer which is divine that we possess. 2. Because it is the only form of prayer which all Christians of all creeds and churches have in common. And, 3. Because it is a model of what prayer is—namely, adoration and supplication." The writer of the Explanation of the Lord's Prayer has gone about his task in a similar spirit. The seven wood engravings are faithful renderings of the passages selected. To children and young persons we heartily recommend the volume; it will show them the depths and beauty and extent of a prayer which, in all generations, and by all ages and classes, has been resorted to to express the aspirations and wants of the Christian Church.

Dr. Fletcher, of Finsbury Chapel, was one of the best known and most respected of the London dissenting ministers. He was fond of addressing the young, and his forte evidently was in that direction. He died this year at a ripe old age, and Dr. Macfarlane, of Glasgow, preached his funeral sermon. Under the title of "*Altar Light*," it has been published by James Nisbet and Co.,—of course at the request of the elders and managers of the chapel in Finsbury. Dr. Macfarlane needed no such request as his apology for venturing before the public. To the friends and admirers of the deceased it will form a welcome memorial.

Expositions of the Cartoons of Raphael, by Richard Henry Smith, Jun., illustrated by Photographs printed by Negretti and Zambra. (London: James Nisbet.) Photography is becoming more useful every year. Her mission is to bring within the reach of all, works of art which only the rich and the travelled have a chance of seeing; or, again, to reproduce, so that we can take away with us, and keep as a permanent memorial, those productions of human genius which are the richest treasures of a nation. In the case before us she has done this part of her bidding to perfection, and we have the grand Cartoons of Raphael faithfully rendered, and in a form which will make them extensively and permanently popular. The letter-press of the present volume is, however, its distinctive merit. We have engravings of the Cartoons, but we have no writers who have studied them so carefully and reverently as Mr. Smith. He tells us, some years ago he began to study in the Gallery at Hampton Court, and found himself continually falling into conversation with the visitors, who were constantly courting information about these great pictures. Becoming year after year more interested in the Cartoons as he became more familiar with them, he was led to search the Scriptures from which Raphael selected his subjects. The present book is the result of his investigation of the sacred record of the various scenes, and of his study of their treatment by the "divine painter." The photographs are added that the readers may judge of the correctness of the explanations given. Mr. Smith gives us his conception of the purpose of Raphael in this series of Bible pictures. With him evidently the work has been a labour of love, and he brings to it clearness of expression, a very copious knowledge of the subject, and an intense sympathy with the artist and the Book from which the artist took his scenes. We are much mistaken if this book does not command an extensive sale, and do much to spread a knowledge of the treasures we have at Hampton Court. Raphael may be regarded as having photographed the Bible. We have in his Cartoons almost the reproduction of the various scenes, and these photographs of the Cartoons will be the means of attracting fresh attention to the best works of this artist. Mr. Smith suggests "the use of the photographs during some part of the Sunday leisure as a thread on which may be strung some happy and holy words." On many grounds we hail the publication of this book. It may serve to increase and educate the artistic tastes of the public, and may at the same time cherish and strengthen their religious convictions. All parties connected with it have done their best. The book, as regards getting up, is admirable, and to all classes of the public, especially to that section calling itself religious, will be a great boon. Those who have never seen, and are never likely to see, the Cartoons, will be persuaded, from their knowledge of the fidelity of photography, that it may be safely trusted in a literal translation of the originals. Those who have often seen them will be induced by the novelty of this version to renew their acquaintance with the painter in his best moods.

The time is come for juvenile publications. Happy are the young for whom publishers are thus anxious to provide. We have a great faith in books for the young. Time was when we gloated over them, and still do we remember with pleasure what we then read. We have received from Messrs. Nelson and Sons some very superior specimens of the class. The first on our list is *Pride and his Prisoners*. We will explain the nature of the work. It is a tale in which figure many people: an earl, and his countess, and several others, who are all made very unhappy by their pride. The earl is proud, and will not give way, the lady does the same, and then there is a separation; but the earl has a brain fever, the countess flies to nurse him, the demon Pride is expelled, and all are happy. "Aloe" is a pleasing writer for children, and her tale is fitted to interest, and, at the same time, to do much good. *Tinsel and Gold; or, What Girls should Learn*, is the next on our list. Mrs. Veitch, the authoress, believes with Milton "nothing better can be found in woman than to study household good." The heroine of the tale has been carefully brought up by her grandmother in the country, taught to be useful and not a fine lady, and at length she marries happily, just after her father has become a bankrupt, and lost all his fine friends. Young people will like the tale, and still younger ones will like *Little Lily's Travels*, who, for a little child, is a very wonderful traveller, as her peregrinations extend all the way to Switzerland. It is a book for very little children, and we recommend it to papas, and mammas, and aunts, and grandmammas, as we do the others we have referred to as fit for children of a larger growth.

A Spring-Morning's Dream (London: W. Kent and Co.) is a poem written with a purpose. The author, Mr. Joseph Hambleton, a writer whom we remember to have met before, tells us "he indulges in no expectation of becoming fashionable and applauded as divine." He has traced from their source some of the wanderings of his own mind, and notes their progress to conviction. There is good stuff in him, but he is wilfully unpopular.

If it is not too late, we would recommend our lady readers to purchase *Rimmel's Almanack*, which is very tasteful, and very useful and convenient. Wonderful to relate, it is also beautifully perfumed. We think it, in its way, a gem, and one which ladies will prize.

THE MONTH.

DEATH has been busy since our last issue. The Empress Dowager of Russia died on Nov. 1. The deceased Empress was the widow of the Czar Nicholas, and daughter of the late and sister to the present King of Prussia and his brother the Prince Regent. She was born on the 2nd of July, 1798, and married on the 1st of July, 1817. The same week we heard of the death of Captain Maconochie, inventor of the Work System of Prison Discipline and author of many tracts and papers on that subject. One of the last of our naval heroes, the Earl of Dundonald, has also died at a ripe old age. He was in life the most brilliant remaining relic of the great war which desolated the early years of this century, and the most capable seaman in the British Navy after the death of Nelson. It is no disparagement to the claims of the Collingwoods and Pellews to say so. They also were good seamen, but Lord Cochrane was a good seaman and a man of genius. He was something more than brave, something more than competent, he was inventive. All great fighting

men, whether on sea or land, have succeeded more by the invention of manœuvres and schemes to suit the circumstances than by force. Nelson's movement at Aboukir disconcerted the whole plan of defence on which the French admiral plumed himself. Cæsar, Hannibal, Frederick, Marlborough, Napoleon, all proved superior to their antagonists in intellect and force of character. In all the engagements of Lord Cochrane with the enemies of his country he conquered by sheer mental superiority. The *Athenæum* tells us: One of the most kindly and queenly acts of our Sovereign Lady was the restoration to Lord Dundonald of the honours of the Bath of which he had been unjustly deprived. It is a fact within our personal knowledge that, when this gracious message from Windsor Castle reached the Earl, his first letter of thanks was written,—not to the Sovereign or her Minister,—but to Douglas Jerrold, who, by his frequent and masterly exposure of the wrong in *Punch*, and in other quarters, had been the chief means under Providence (as Lord Dundonald believed) of bringing the Crown to do him this great act of justice.—In the artistic world we have had to deplore the loss of Mr. Scharf.

We have to announce the death of Sir Charles Fellows. The deceased was son of Mr. John Fellows, of Nottingham, and was born in 1799. He received the honour of Knighthood in 1845, as an acknowledgement of his services in removing to the British Museum the Xanthian marbles and antiquities previously discovered by him in Lycia. He was the author of a *Journal in Asia Minor*, *Discoveries in Lycia*, &c.

On Nov. 6th, Sir Charles Napier died. The deceased admiral was in his 75th year. He was promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral of the Blue in 1846; Vice-Admiral of the Blue in 1853; Vice-Admiral of the White in June 1855; and Vice-Admiral of the Red in 1857. Sir Charles Napier has been a great politician in his time. In 1832 and 1837 he contested successively the boroughs of Portsmouth and Greenwich, and in 1841 was returned to Parliament for Marylebone. At the election for Marylebone, caused by the death of Lord Dudley Coutts Stuart, Sir Charles was readily induced to stand; but the Admiralty managed to detain him in the Baltic until the contest was over. In November, 1855, on the death of Sir W. Molesworth, he was elected for Southwark; and at the dissolution in 1857 was once more sent to the House of Commons. Sir Charles Napier married the widow of Edward Elers, Esq., R.N., whose son perished whilst in command of the Avenger steam frigate, when she was wrecked on the Sorelle Rocks in the Mediterranean. Sir Charles leaves only one child—a daughter.

The success of the volunteer movement has brought into the field many who claim to have had the honour of originating it. In truth, we believe no one originated it—it is but the revival at an opportune period of an old idea. Mr. Hans Busk, a gentleman as much connected with the movement as any one, says:—"As far back as 1837 (when an undergraduate at Cambridge) I had strongly urged upon the Government of that day the importance of sanctioning the formation throughout the country of rifle clubs, with a view to the subsequent formation of an army of Volunteers as the most legitimate, constitutional, and surest defence of the realm; that on receiving from the then Prime Minister a reply indicative of apprehension at the idea of putting arms into the hands of the people at large, I formed a model rifle club in the University, and to show that the materials of which it was composed were of the right sort, I need only say that several of its original members subsequently obtained commissions, and not a few of my warmest coadjutors have since died gloriously on different battle-fields." We dare say Mr. Busk has more claim to the honour than any one else; but the idea was created by the emergency, and not by any particular individual.

It has been resolved by some gentlemen at Melbourne to erect a testimonial to Shakspeare on the approaching tercentenary of his birth. At a meeting of the committee, it was resolved that three gentlemen be appointed in London to act as a "committee of taste" in the selection of a design for the intended statue, such committee to consist of Messrs. Carlyle and Ruskin, and Sir Charles Eastlake; and that both colonial and English artists shall contribute designs, the above committee having the power to select the most meritorious.

Baron Marochetti's Richard of the Lion Heart is at length set up in bronze in Old Palace-yard, between the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey. The model of this work will be remembered as having divided with Kiss's Amazon the honours of the colossal sculpture which adorned the Great Exhibition building in Hyde Park. A body of noblemen and gentlemen, determined that this noble design should be perpetuated in the most enduring of plastic materials, subscribed upwards of £3000 for the purpose of having the Richard cast in bronze, and presented to the nation. The casting, as well as the design, is Baron Marochetti's.

Some few years ago, the Corporation of the City of London came to a resolution to decorate the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House with eighteen marble statues. They were all to be ideal, and taken from the British poets. Thirteen have been executed, and are the works of Bailey, M'Dowall, Durham, Foley, Marshall, Theed, and Weeks. To complete the series, an invitation was issued last week, offering the remaining five for competition among fifteen selected sculptors, the sketches to be sent to the Guildhall on the 14th February next.

After eight months' negotiation, the National Gallery has recently succeeded in securing a very important and welcome accession to its store of examples of early Italian art. This is the very beautiful and elaborate picture by Fra Angelico, one of his master-pieces, "The Saviour in Glory, surrounded by Angels and Dominican Saints." It has been purchased of the banker, Valentini, of Rome, for £3400—a great, but probably not too great, price for a fine example (sorely needed by England) of this most interesting and spiritual-minded of the early Italian masters.

We learn from the authorities at South Kensington, that the number of entries for the Certificates of the Committee of Council on Education for teaching Sciences bearing on Industry, for which examinations commence in the first week of November, has increased about 50 per cent. beyond the number of last year; whilst the number of candidates has advanced from 57 in last year to 90 at the present time.

An immense quantity of fragments of vases and other pottery was discovered in progress of the works for making a large sewer to drain the new Boulevard de Sebastopol, Paris, which appeared to be Roman, indicating the site of a Roman camp. When the foundation of the Luxembourg was laid, a figure, in bronze, of Mercury, was found, six inches high; and in 1801, when some further excavations were made on this spot, there was also discovered a head of Cybele in the same material, and many figures of divinities.

The subscription raised to promote a memorial of the late Dr. Peacock, the lamented Dean of Ely, amounts to the sum of £3565, inclusive of £1000 given by the Dean and Chapter.

The Art Union of Ireland has a total number of subscribers of 1042; the amount subscribed, £1094 2s.; of this sum £651 10s. has been distributed in 112 prizes, and an additional prize of a Parian group.

Mr. Henry Cook, an eminent English artist, had the honour of waiting on the Emperor at St. Cloud, a few days ago, to submit to His Majesty three pictures, "Magenta,"

"Cavriana," and "Sermione," on the Lago di Garda, for which he had received the imperial commands last year. His Majesty expressed in very flattering terms his approval of the pictures, and paid the artist the distinguished compliment of inviting him to breakfast.

We (*Army and Navy Gazette*) understand that further experiments with Professor Way's electric light will shortly take place before the members of the Ordnance select committee, prior to a report on the subject being laid before the Government.

At length a stop has been put to the progress of decay in the stone-work of the new Houses of Parliament. The *Times* says: Mr. Szerelmey has effectually stopped the progress of decay in the stone-work of the new Houses of Parliament. His specific has now been tested by an experience of four years, and bids fair to be permanently successful. It is certainly very superior to any other, as may readily be verified by a personal inspection of the vast structure to which it has now been partially applied. There may be seen on the river face of the Palace the rival processes of various inventors, that of Mr. Szerelmey being manifestly the only one hitherto adopted which seems able to arrest the oxidation so painfully at work all over the stone-work. This is effected, too, without blemishing in any way either the natural colour of the stone or even effacing the traces of the mason's chisel, so that while the object sought is accomplished, the general appearance of the fabric is entirely preserved and even heightened, as if by the influence of a permanent cosmetic. Mr. Szerelmey's process casehardens the exterior of buildings, rendering them waterproof and impervious to the soot which makes itself so disagreeably conspicuous all over London. Rain, not being absorbed by the stone, washes its surface and keeps it clean. Moreover, all the delicate details of carving can now be preserved, and thus the immense sums which have been, as some think, wastefully expended upon the architectural decoration of the New Palace need not be so entirely lost as the rapid progress of decay had led most people to anticipate. Mr. Szerelmey's process is to be applied to the entire building, the courts which have been already treated furnishing satisfactory evidence not only of its indurating virtue, but of its preserving the cleanliness and the natural appearance of the stone surfaces. It is to be hoped that in the future selection of building material for national edifices care will be taken not to choose one so constituted as to be readily acted upon by atmospheric agencies, such as damp and the gases given off from surrounding chimneys large and small.

James Mullins, who stands convicted for the murder of Mrs. Emsley, was executed at Newgate, on Monday, the 19th instant. This was a departure from the ordinary course, which is, that a prisoner sentenced to death in London shall be executed on the Monday fortnight following the conviction. Mullins was convicted on Friday, the 26th of October, and, if the practice which has prevailed for many years had been carried out, the day of his execution would have been Monday, the 12th instant. Mullins was, therefore, allowed a week's longer lease of life than his predecessors in the crime of murder. The reason of the change has not transpired. In some of the papers there has been a little correspondence, endeavouring to make out that Mullins has been wrongfully condemned, and should be set free. Much stress is laid on the fact that the Lord Chief Baron was not entirely satisfied with the finding of the jury. In passing sentence he thus addressed the prisoner:—"If you can even now make it manifest that you are innocent of the charge, I do not doubt that every attention will be paid to any cogent proof laid before those with whom it rests to carry the law into execution." We know that the gate of mercy even in this world is never sealed against the admission of truth, but the unusual character of this address at such a time would almost lead to the belief that the Lord Chief Baron himself felt that there was a want of direct evidence against the man before him which troubled him on reflection.

The mysterious child murder at Road has become the subject of another investigation, though the inquiry has nothing of an authoritative or official character about it. It appears to have originated at the wish of the magistrates for the Bradford division, three of whom are magistrates for Wilts, and three for Somersetshire. Mr. T. W. Saunders, whose name will be remembered in connection with a debate in reference to this crime, which took place at the Marlborough sessions a few weeks back, seems to have taken the lead in this investigation, and the police, and those witnesses who had anything new to say, appear to have given him support. The first meeting took place at Road on Nov. 3rd, and a number of different witnesses were examined. Nothing transpired which immediately connected anybody with the crime, but a lot of singular incidents were mentioned which certainly ought to have come out in evidence before. The inquiry was continued many days. No doubt the proceeding is irregular, but Mr. Saunders justifies it on the ground that "it was the duty of every one to assist in investigating this extraordinary mystery." While the inquiry of Mr. Saunders was being held at Road a meeting of magistrates of the Trowbridge division took place at the Police-station in that town. Mr. Slack, solicitor, of Bath, by whom the recent prosecution of Elizabeth Gough was instituted, informed their worships that he had been in communication with the Attorney-General on the matter, and that that learned functionary was of opinion that the inquest had not been properly conducted, and that it was a proper case in which an application should be made to the Court of Queen's Bench to order a second inquest under a writ of *melius inquirendum*. The magistrates concurred in the propriety of such a course being adopted, and affidavits will be immediately prepared in support of the application, which will have been made ere this reaches the reader.

It is understood that Mr. Holman Hunt's "Finding of Our Saviour in the Temple," which continues to attract crowds of visitors, will remain at the German Gallery till Christmas, or thereabouts.

A curious relic has been discovered at Moorcourt, near Romsey, an estate belonging to Lord Palmerston, of a lady's neck ornament, of pure gold, and supposed to be of the time of the ancient Britons.

There is to be a grand exhibition of Italian pictures in Florence next summer, in aid of which the chief Italian cities are to contribute large sums of money.

At the opening meeting of the Royal Geographical Society for the ensuing session, Lord Ashburton, president, in the chair, Dr. Shaw read a copy of a letter which, by direction of the Council, he had written to the Colonial-office, advocating the expedition, which was intended to connect the travels of Mr. A. C. Gregory from the north on the Victoria and those of Mr. F. T. Gregory from the west coast—a space of between 600 and 700 miles. The letter pointed out the advantages that this country and the colonies might hope to derive from the opening up of these parts in the production of wool, cotton, rice, &c. Towards the expenses of this expedition Government would advance £2000 conditionally upon an equal sum being contributed by the Government of Western Australia. The exploration is to extend from Fitzroy River southwards.



STEPPING STONES.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

THE STEPPING STONES.

It is said Mulready's pictures do not engrave advantageously. At any rate this is not true of "Stepping Stones," which Mr. W. Thomas has engraved on wood for the benefit of our readers. A steel-plate engraving of this favourite picture is in existence, but ours is the only wood engraving of it ever published. Mr. W. Mulready, R.A., born at Ennis, in Ireland, in 1786, is one of the greatest names in the British School of Painting, and was admitted student of the Royal Academy when only fourteen years of age, before which he had won the notice of Blake, the sculptor. In 1848 there was an exhibition of his works at the Society of Arts. The Vernon Gallery has four examples of his genius, and in the splendid gift of Mr. Sheepshanks to the nation there were no less than thirty-four examples—the earliest painted in 1806, the latest in 1848. Some of these, which are now all at the Kensington Museum, are very small and comparatively unimportant, but among them are his famous "Choosing the Wedding Gown," one of the gems of British art; his very beautiful "Sonnet," and "First Love;" the popular "Giving a Bite," "The Fight Interrupted," and the "Butt, Shooting a Cherry," three of his most humorous works; his most elaborate, though not his most successful, picture of "The Seven Ages," and his very interesting "Interior, with a Portrait of Mr. Sheepshanks." From his perfect command of the language of his art, Mulready's careful sketches for his pictures have a value possessed by the sketches of scarcely any other modern painter, reminding us rather of those of the old masters. Indeed, we may add, in the words of a contemporary writer, "In all technical excellence Mulready's has been one continuous course of progressive improvement until the very last year in which he exhibited, although the elaborate finish of his latest style tends, perhaps, to excess. As a painter, his art is perfect; for luminous splendour of colour, for delicacy and completion of drawing—drawing as unerring and what artists call large in manner as those of the great Italian masters, showing that it was choice, not necessity, which confined him to small canvasses. An untravelled artist, yet triumphant over all the greatest difficulties of his art, Mulready laughs, it is said, at that supposed necessity to a painter's education—a visit to Italy." Know what you have to do and do it, was, according to Mr. Ruskin, his favourite apothegm. Engrossed, as he has been, in perfecting his powers of expression, a very simple range of subjects was throughout sufficient—the strife and humours of schoolboy life, or of the village, have supplied the material in later as well as in earlier years.

MR. THOMAS S. DUNCOMBE.

A PARLIAMENTARY SKETCH.

BY J. EWING RITCHIE.

No account of parliamentary orators would be complete or satisfactory that did not include the name of Mr. Duncombe. It is true he belongs to the past rather than to the present; but he was the pet of the people at one time, has done good service in his day, and represents a class of men becoming rare. The gay young aristocrats, who went in for popular applause, have been a numerous class. When we think of them, the names of Alcibiades, Count Mirabeau, and Charles James Fox instinctively recur to our minds. They had a love of liberty which they carried out to the fullest extent. They were the wonder and admiration of their contemporaries. How intense was their contempt of money, how ardent was their pursuit of pleasure, and how complete was their devotion to the cause of the people! Men smiled on them, and women too. In this soberer age of ours, we can scarce understand their ways, or do justice to their character. Mr. Duncombe is almost the last of his class. A rising statesman now must work hard to win his laurels. He must lecture at Mechanics' Institutions, he must attend at the sitting of

the Social Congress, he must be always at his place in Parliament, and, if he appears on the platform of Exeter Hall, so much the better. It may be that we have gained in honesty, but I am not quite so sure of that. There are whited sepulchres now as there were when the Gospel story was first published in the world.

Middle-aged and elderly gentlemen will tell you that young Thomas Duncombe, then M. P. for Hertford, was one of the handsomest and gayest men about town some twenty or thirty years ago. Whatever are their politics, they will all confess how dashing was his appearance, how sparkling was his eye, how musical his voice, and how gentlemanly his breeding. I take up a series of parliamentary portraits by a Conservative writer. He says, "If the shade of Beau Brummell had revisited the earth to nominate his presiding genius in the departments of fashion in the senate, his choice must have fallen on the honourable member, for in person Duncombe is the *beau ideal* of a gentleman; dresses well, and always in keeping, as far as fashion goes, with its most approved modes; never seen with less than a brilliantly-polished and well-fitting boot, a smart, somewhat d'Orsay hat, beautiful lavender or straw-coloured kid gloves, and a turn-out, by way of equipage, worthy of an aristocrat of the highest order. If a line be pardoned in favour of his personal attractions, we might venture to observe, in conclusion, that if the days of chivalry were returned, and a dashing cavalier selected from some gay troubadours to pay homage to the shrine of his ladye love, few knights would stand more prominent in the ranks than the popular M.P. for Finsbury." Mr. James Grant, in his "Random Recollections," gives an equally agreeable character of Mr. Duncombe. He was then a favourite in the House and a favourite out of doors. Of course, much was due to his singularly-attractive personal appearance. Few could be angry with such a well-bred, agreeable man of the world. However extreme might be his opinions, however uncompromising his speeches, however he might tease and irritate those in office (for when Mr. Duncombe was an ardent politician there were thousands of Chartists in the country—men who believed in Feargus O'Connor and the *Northern Star*, of whom Mr. Duncombe was the mouth-piece), somehow or other men did not get angry when the Finsbury M.P. was on his legs. There was always a merry twinkle in his eye, as if he were in fun, and then his manner was so easy, his voice so pleasant, his tact so admirable, that his bitterest enemies could not find it in their hearts to be angry. It was seldom that he made long and laboured speeches; his *forte* was rather in asking questions, in presenting ultra-Radical petitions, and in making statements relative to aggrieved (more especially Finsbury) individuals; and this he did to perfection. No man in the House had a happier knack of giving a clear, intelligible statement in a manner simple and unaffected, and of occasionally relieving it with a little touch of humour; and when he took up the case of Mazzini, and convicted Sir James Graham of opening letters sent through the Post Office, he achieved a triumph of which almost every man, woman, and child in the British dominions was proud. The old poet tells us, of a certain individual, that

> "If to his share some trifling errors fall,
> Look in his face, and you 'll forget them all."

Duncombe could stand this test better than any man in the House; and yet he was not merely a Liberal but an ultra-Radical, when merely to be Radical was to be low, and ungentlemanly, and little better than one of the wicked. How came Mr. Duncombe connected with such a set? The question is interesting. Sheridan said Lord Holland (Tom Moore is our authority) was an Annual-Parliament and Universal Suffrage man, but it seemed rather as a waggery that he adopted it. "There is nothing like it, he would say; it is the most convenient thing in the world. When people come to you with plans of reform, your answer is ready, Don't talk to me of your minor details. I am for Annual-Parliament and Universal Suffrage; nothing short of that." Did Duncombe act in this manner? the thought is uncharitable, yet some burning and shining lights of the popular party have been open to the charge. Orator Hunt used to tell ministers, if they wanted to silence a Radical they had only to catch him and seat him on the Treasury Benches, and he would soon be quiet enough. This process has often been called "muzzling," and has often been found to answer well, especially with gentlemen of the legal profession. We are told Wilkes was indignant when taken for a Wilkesite. Men often act from mixed motives, and even patriots are imperfect. Mr. Duncombe can, however, do what few men can—point to an independent career of many years. There was a time when the sweets of office would have been acceptable; yet he has remained unshackled by its trammels, nor has he, even to please the very large religious public of Finsbury, in any way identified himself with their proceedings. I never heard even of his being at a Ragged School Meeting, or subscribing a farthing for the reforming of young females. This is something, when we remember how old sinners by such means die in the odour of sanctity—when we remember that our Solicitor-General has just laid the foundation of a Primitive Methodist Chapel, and when we remember the Wolverhampton speech of Sir Richard Bethell. But I have been speaking of Mr. Duncombe as he was; let me describe him as he is. The gay Tom Duncombe of the fashionable world is now sedate and elderly, keeps good hours, and takes great care of his health. You do not often see him in the House after midnight, and it is seldom that he speaks now after the dinner-hour. The agile frame is now almost a skeleton; age has dimmed those eyes once so full of fire and light; the jet-black hair is gone, and in its place we have a wig; the pleasing, cheery voice sounds now very hollow and reedy; yes, there, behind the Treasury Benches—that pale, tall, thin, elderly gentleman in black—is all that remains of that universal favourite, Tom Duncombe. To this complexion we must come at last. There is still about him something of the old style. In that hour devoted to notices of motion and questioning of ministers before the orders of the day are read, Mr. Duncombe often speaks, and almost as effectively as of yore—often, as of old, by his ready wit provoking laughter; but he is growing old, and let us hope that he may do so for many, many years to come. We, in these latter days, have reason to be thankful to men who, like Duncombe, aided in the great struggles of the past. Religiously and commercially and politically free, the last thirty years have been years

of wonderful progress, of softening of party hates, of abandonment of prejudice, of rooting out of error, of exploding absurdities and injustices, and for this we have to thank men like Duncombe.

His career, as I have intimated, has been a long one. His parliamentary existence began in 1824, when he sat for Hertford, which place he continued to represent till 1832, when he was ejected by Lord Ingestre, the honour of which was not long enjoyed, as a petition against Lord Ingestre's return, by the friends of Mr. Duncombe, had the effect of unseating the noble lord. In 1834 the retirement of the Right Hon. Robert Grant caused a vacancy for Finsbury, and, agreeably to the powerful requisition of its electors, Mr. Thomas Duncombe, according to his own words, "was translated, as the bishop says, to his see." By descent Mr. Thomas Slingsby Duncombe is the descendant of a staunch line of Tory ancestry. His father was a brother of Lord Faversham, and his mother was the daughter of a High Churchman, Dr. Hinchcliff, Bishop of Peterborough. His connections are not of the class from which advocates of the Charter have sprung, though, possibly, his birth and breeding may have tended to make him more acceptable to Finsbury constituencies. Dod briefly sums up the gentleman's political creed as follows:—"A Radical reformer, is in favour of triennial parliaments and the ballot." Said I not rightly, Mr Duncombe belongs to the past rather than present? What elections now are decided with reference to triennial parliaments and the ballot? We have got beyond these formulas. The years have brought to us

"A higher height—a deeper deep."

I question if even a declaration of attachment to a complete and comprehensive measure of parliamentary reform would secure a single vote. I heard Mr. Washington Wilks say last summer that he had been engaged in bearing the red cross of Reform; but, at any rate in London, he must confess people care very little about the matter.

CANST THOU FORGET?

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Canst thou forget, dear one, the tears
That I have shed for thee;—
The hopes and fears
Of blighted years,
And all my misery?

My eyes were never closed but dreams
Would thee unto me bring;
But they have fled
Like rain-drops shed
From off an eagle's wing.

Oh, when in happy scenes of yore
I pledged my love to thee,
I did not think
So near the brink
I stood of misery.

UNDER THE FLAGSTONE.

A NEW YEAR'S TALE.

PART I.

THEY stood talking together for several minutes by the wicket-gate into the shrubbery, the watery old-year sun blinking feebly on the frosted leaves which lay dead and decaying under the beech trees.

Edna Mountjoy was no beauty; her features were heavy and irregular, her figure thickset and ungainly, and she had near-sighted grey eyes which encouraged the slouching attitude into which she naturally fell in addressing a remark, or investigating a person or thing. Now she had a large plaided shawl gathered tightly round her shoulders, and held in its place by a pair of ill-shaped hands, which the winter air had crimsoned with cold. She would not have taken your fancy in the least until she spoke, and then her clear sweet tones and her rarely-well chosen words exercised a charm for themselves, and you felt yourself instinctively turning round again to seek for the hidden attraction, the something in her mind or heart, to which that lowering brow and protruded mouth offered no index.

Her companion was still more remarkable in appearance,—a little small-boned woman with sharp-cut features on a squinny face, keen, brown, beady eyes, which had a strong mixture of cunning and sharpness in their expression, a thin-lipped mouth disclosing a row of even, white teeth; the whole surmounted by a scrupulously clean plaited net cap, and a large coarse straw bonnet, on which was crossed a broad ribbon of olive green. A seal-skin jacket, with pockets, into which she stuck hands covered with scarlet mittens, a looped-up gown of some dark material, and a short red petticoat, displaying a pair of trim well-booted legs. Such was the appearance of Mrs. Penelope Mountjoy, the mistress of the grand old estates of Burnaby and Croydean.

She was in her own grounds at Croydean now; the massive greystone building, with its two projecting wings, rose perpendicularly behind her; that was the library window to the right—round that other side the drawing-room opened out to the flower garden. She was one of the largest landed proprietors in the county, her income was a round £15,000, and she had not a single human being to interfere with the disposal of it now, or the settlement of it hereafter. She possessed no near relation; she once had a brother, but he quarrelled with his father, the soap-boiler, and by that means she became sole heiress of the soap-boiler's wealth. Years ago her brother had died, and years ago had died his only son, leaving behind him but one child, the girl Edna Mountjoy, who was looking up at the old lady with her short-sighted grey eyes. People said that she would be Mrs. Penelope's heiress, and, oddly enough, so Mrs. Penelope was herself telling her just now. It had been a sudden resolution on the old lady's part, and she often came to such sudden resolutions. Edna did not attach much importance to the announcement: in the first place, because she cared little enough about money and position; in the second, because she knew

that her worthy relative was for ever changing her mind and changing her will.

"Listen to me, Edna," the little old woman said, laying a thin finger on the plaided shawl, "I have not a relation to care for beyond you and my two great nephews, but I love you best for your own sake, and because of your first claim in being of the direct line. Rupert Grayson and Edmond Hays are but daughters' children, and I mistrust the one and can't understand the other. There, do n't colour up in that furious way; I have given my consent to your engagement to Rupert, and I am not going to retract it. I did it with my eyes open, Edna Mountjoy; I thought it over for your sake, for your happiness, and your interest, and your everything; and now that I 've made up my mind that it is best, I have secured the matter and secured you. I was not sure of either of you, for all your grand protestations; but now you can't change your minds if you would—ha! ha!" and Mrs. Penelope's sharp clear laugh rang on the air.

"I do n't think Rupert and I were in any danger of acting as you describe," Edna said, softly, but with a somewhat proud, pained accent.

"Pshaw! what do you children know about life, or even your own selves?" Mrs. Penelope exclaimed testily. "If a handsomer or more agreeable man came on to the scene, I would not trust you a minute, nor Rupert neither, if beauty or greater riches stood in his way; but now, I tell you, you can't change your minds, not even if you wish; living or dead I have secured to you the title of Mrs. Rupert Grayson, nay, Mountjoy rather, for have I not bidden him change his name? Listen; this morning I made my will, and sealed, signed, and attested, it lays at the top of my large bureau. By virtue of its contents the ground on which you stand, and the country for miles round, will be yours on the day of my death, whilst Rupert Grayson succeeds to the manor and estates of Burnaby. Your marriage will reunite the properties. You only hold them conditionally on that union; if either, on any pretence whatever, seek to evade it, the fortunes of both will be forfeited, and revert to that weak fool Edmond Hays, to be drained by philanthropic societies, and exhausted in charity. I have told Rupert, and he make no objections; now I tell you that you may have a fair chance of stating any just obstacle should it exist. I only act thus because I love you. Edna Mountjoy, look me in the face and answer me!"

Through the girl's mind were floating bright visions of Cousin Rupert; as a child she had loved him, as a woman she adored him, and he said that the feeling was reciprocated. It did not seem a very hard fate which compelled compliance with her aunt's wishes, and the inheritance of such a princely fortune by the sole obligation of becoming Rupert Grayson's wife, and Edna's short-sighted eyes were lifted up confidently in reply.

"I know of no obstacle whatever, Aunt Penelope. Rupert and I love one another very dearly."

As if impelled by some sudden impulse, the old lady drew the girl towards her, and kissed her cheek.

"If I live, Edna, we will have a grand wedding after Easter; if I die, you shall become Rupert's wife six weeks from the date of my funeral."

"Oh do n't, Aunt," murmured the girl. A spark of natural feeling gladdened the old lady's heart; some one then did shrink from the thought of her death, the girl she had nurtured and brought up was not like a vulture waiting for the carrion. She brought her lips again to Edna's cheek, and spoke more cheerfully.

"You 'd be rather sorry to lose me, would you, Edna? But it 's in the natural order of things that I should die soon. I past my sixty-fourth birthday last week, and it is only the *strong* who come to threescore and ten."

"Yes, but Auntie, you are strong—stronger than I, I am sure. Why, one of your daily walks would knock me up for a month. I am shivering even now, and you are going to walk I do n't know where."

"I 'm going to the Pine Hill, child; I go there every New Year's Eve. It is the highest point for miles round, and from it I can look down on the whole of my property, and mark the changes that have been made in it during the interval. When I am dead and gone you must do the same on the New Years' Eves."

Just at this moment a large bloodhound broke through the shrubbery trees, and, leaping the fence, dashed up to Mrs. Penelope's side.

"Down, Conrad, good dog," she said to it, and the noble animal crouched down, licking her hands.

"Do you take Conrad with you, Auntie?" the girl asked.

Mrs. Penelope objected, on account of the sheep in the turnip-field which she was about to cross, and as she turned to set out on her walk she bade Edna hold the dog's collar, and lead him back to the house. But Conrad was ambitious of the expedition, and regarded himself as his mistress' guardian and companion. Twice he broke from Edna's hands, and twice she followed and reclaimed him. Her Aunt subdued him at last by some sharp blows from her heavy old-fashioned umbrella, and went forward on her way. Edna led the dog round to the courtyard and fastened him up to his kennel; but she was hardly out of sight ere he commenced the most excruciating howls, which reverberated from side to side of the building, and defied the corrections of groom and stable-boy to silence. As Edna stood over the drawing-room fire, with her dress turned back, she could hear them still.

She had come in and was standing on the hearthrug, dreaming all sorts of pleasant dreams. She had the room to herself, and her eye glanced down to the blazing coals in the low grate, and the yellow reflections which they threw on the polished surface of the steel fender. There was a richly-carved white marble chimney-piece straight before her, the ruddy colour of the fringed velvet on its slab affording a pleasant contrast to the eye. A large mirror reached to the gilded cornice above, and reflected the painted shepherdess on the back of the centre clock of Dresden china. On either side were Dresden figures, costly Bohemian vases, and lustres, which imprisoned the prismatic colours, and trembled and glittered at each movement of the girl on the hearthrug. It was a large, handsome room, and through every arrangement the careful taste of its mistress was discernible. It was she who had arranged those choice hot-house flowers in the vases, and chosen each item of the furniture. Peculiar and penurious as Mrs. Penelope Mountjoy was in her own appearance, she spared neither effort nor expense in the appointment of her house, or

the embellishment of her property. From the merest girl she had been guilty of no personal vanity, but her pride in her possessions was without parallel. As Edna knew when she stooped down and gathered an end of embroidery cotton from the carpet, the most trivial untidiness in a room was a sovereign misdemeanor in the eyes of the old lady who, in mud-cased boots and spotted petticoats, was now tramping through the winter lanes.

The clock on the mantelpiece chimed half-past two, but early in the afternoon as it was, the daylight was dwindling away before the dense white mist which was gathering round the house. A crevice of the window was open, and it came in raw and cold like smoke, and Edna closed the window, and even drew the bolt at the top. She was thinking how unlucky it was that this heavy mist should come on now and defeat the object of Aunt Penelope's journey; why, when she reached the top of the Pine Hill she would not be able to see six yards before her. Edna almost expected to see her return in despair.

There was a door open leading into the library, and as the sound of a slight cough reached her ear, she turned and entered. The library had but one occupant, a young man some few years older than herself, with a pale, anxious expression of countenance. His face bore the traces of past ill health as well as of hard study, and when he smiled, as he did now when looking up his eye fell upon Edna, it was with a contraction of pain and thoughtfulness which was very unusual in one so young. He was Mrs. Penelope's grand-nephew, Edmond Hays—a youth whose serious disposition and nervous constitution had rendered him but a small favourite with his influential relative. He had not been much at Croydean; it always seemed an effort to him to come, and she only invited him from a sense of duty. Latterly he had visited there more frequently; perhaps the presence of his good-natured cousin Edna, who set him at his ease, and made herself a medium to Aunt Penelope, might be an inducement. At any rate this Christmas he had been invited, and had accepted readily. Aunt Penelope liked him no better as a man than she had liked him as a boy. Because she was not able to fathom the motives of his conduct, or take into consideration the shrinking nervousness of his character, she unhesitatingly pronounced him to be a fool—well-meaning and inoffensive, but nevertheless a fool.

"I did not know you were in here, Edmond," Edna said, as she drew a chair to the table.

"I did not go out after luncheon," he answered apologetically. "I fancied you were away with Aunt Penelope."

"She was going too far for me, and, besides, the cold made a coward of me. It is tiresome that this mist will prevent her seeing the view, isn't it?"

"Yes," he said, "but what a curious habit this is of her; she was telling me last night that for years past she has never omitted the same duty on Christmas Eve. She calls it a review of her year's work."

"What are you busy with?" Edna asked suddenly, laying her hand on the open book beside him.

He let it go, while a deeper colour came to his face. It was only an old leathern-backed volume, through the discoloured leaves of which were scattered the prayers and meditations of some pious heart which had long been dust, and had left its aspirations to breathe through the spirit of after generations.

"I have not been reading it just now," Edmond Hays observed nervously, half as though its possession were a matter to be ashamed of. "I was busy with other things."

Edna had been turning over the pages with a thoughtful countenance, but now she laid down the book with a gesture of annoyance which did not escape her cousin's eye; he could not interpret it; he did not know that, far from ridiculing his employment, Edna Mountjoy's honest heart was only deprecating what she fancied a cowardly shrinking on his part from the acknowledgment of his profession. There was a pause, after which Edmond inquired if Edna knew whether Rupert Grayson were in the house.

"He went down to the Ings immediately after breakfast with his gun," Edna answered shortly. "Aunt wanted some game to send away, and he thought he could find her a brace or two."

She had risen, and was leaving the room, she drew the door to after her, and again Edmond Hays was left to his solitude. But he did not resume his reading; he covered his face with his hands, and rested his elbows on the table in deep thought. Alas! that Memory should have somewhat wherewith to reproach him! He knew that he was weak—physically weak, but that was God's dispensation; morally weak—surely he ought to battle against this last, to overcome it by personal efforts, and in hard mental conflict. From a boy it had been his greatest temptation—how people would interpret his conduct, how they were regarding him now, what they thought and said of him; such were the thoughts continually before his mind, ensnaring his peace, clogging his free action. It might be weak-spirited to allow himself thus to live under the dominion of the world at large; he often told himself so, and judged himself harshly in consequence. As he sat there he was remembering how he had been guilty of prevarication, if not of untruth, simply because he feared his light-hearted cousin might turn his employment into ridicule.

He was mistaken in Edna Mountjoy; but his was a mistake that many a man makes in estimating a woman's character. There may be much frivolity and surface thoughtlessness, but because these are the more apparent qualities we have no right to think that there is neither depth nor right feeling underneath. Let the girl laugh and be careless while she can; when time or sorrow brings the necessity for endurance or heroic action, she will come all the stronger to the conflict that she has had previous rest, and if she cannot battle she will suffer bravely, ay, and show to mankind such sympathy as they cannot gain from their fellows.

For years Edmond Hays had loved his cousin Edna, but she had never suspected, and he had given no proofs of his attachment, and now she was engaged to another. Long ago he had been deterred from showing his feelings by the fear lest the world should impute mercenary motives to him. Everyone expected Edna to inherit some of Mrs. Penelope's fortune; it would follow, naturally, he thought, for people to say that he had an eye to her inheritance, and sought her on that account.

Now he would hardly speak to her, lest it should be supposed that he was trying to supersede his cousin Rupert, and all the while, poor fellow, he was only punishing himself, for the thoughts which troubled his mind had never dawned in the imaginations of others. How little Edna guessed anything about them as she sat in the large arm-chair over the drawing-room fire, with her feet propped up on the fender!

It had grown quite dusk, and the ruddy firelight was filling the room; the white mist out of doors had changed to a thick black gloom, which darkened the windows.

But a minute after the mantelpiece clock struck five, and Rupert Grayson made his appearance. Edna greeted him with a joyful exclamation, and he came forward and stood beside her on the hearthrug. She questioned him eagerly about his sport, and he told her how he had been unlucky, only killed one head of game, and how wet and cold it was in the Ings.

"I guessed it was wet," Edna said, with a pleasant glance, "for I see you have changed your clothes; you will almost be dressed enough for dinner."

"It was deuced muddy; one was over one's boot-tops in no time," he said in a hasty, embarrassed tone, which made Edna lift up her near-sighted eyes towards him in surprise.

"I hope you will not have caught cold, for you have had even to change your shirt," she questioned rather anxiously.

"I did n't," he exclaimed savagely; "it 's the one I 've worn all day. Really, Edna, I 'm fit to take care of myself."

She said nothing, but bent down her head, while a few disappointed tears overflowed her eyes. But only the firelight saw them; the same firelight which was glancing so yellowly on the starched front of Rupert Grayson's white shirt.

She had never before known him address her in that tone—she could not understand it; but, womanlike, she made excuses for him to herself: perhaps he was tired, or vexed about his ill sport, or some one had annoyed him. She was not going to be a silly girl, and create quarrels out of nothing.

Rupert Grayson was a handsome man, the firelight showed us that; tall, and well-featured, but with a certain worn, hard expression about the lips. He was considerably older than either of his cousins; he had been in the army for some years, and report spoke of the career of wildness and extravagance which he had indulged in in his youth. But now his knowledge of the world made him all the more agreeable to his associates; he was a favourite with womankind, and could talk well and adapt himself to his companions. Even Mrs. Penelope was fascinated while in his society, mistrust him as she had told Edna she did; and she had thought that he only wanted opportunity to settle down, and become a useful domestic man.

After a few minutes of calm reflection his unamiable mood passed away, and he conversed with unusual animation and tenderness with his bride elect, until the dressing-bell summoned them to prepare for dinner.

Edna Mountjoy was combing out her long light hair before the looking-glass, when a hurried tap was heard at her door. It was Waterson, the maid, who had lived with her aunt for so many years, and as she entered Edna marked the grave look of anxiety on her face. "Did Miss Edna know where Missus had gone to? She had not come in yet, and she was always so punctual to dinner-time, and the night was so awful dark and misty."

Edna had supposed her Aunt to have returned long ago, and a nervous feeling of sickness crept over her as she listened to Waterson's frightened surmises. "It was not right for Missus, at her time of life, to go tramping alone over the country; why, she might have a fit, or anything, and die before one could get to her, or she might lose her way in the mist, or catch her death of cold."

There did seem cause for alarm now, for Mrs. Penelope was not in the habit of remaining out so late, and her punctual habits made her absence still more remarkable.

Edna dressed herself hurriedly, and went in search of her cousins. She remembered afterwards that Edmond Hays treated the matter quite lightly at first, remonstrated with her on what he called her idle fears, and merely suggested the expediency of delaying the dinner-hour one quarter of an hour so as to afford time for Mrs. Penelope's return; but Rupert Grayson heard her announcement with the most evident anxiety, excitedly proclaimed that he had always prognosticated evil from his Aunt's peculiar habits and long solitary expeditions, and ran up such a string of dreadful and contingent possibilities that all the colour died out of Edna's face in listening to him, and Edmond, warmed into courage by the sight of her suffering, began to argue hastily in the contrary direction. But as time wore on, and still the old lady did not make her appearance, action became necessary, and Edna having described the route which she had heard her Aunt express her intention of taking, the men-servants were summoned, lanterns procured, and two parties, respectively under the direction of Edmond Hays and Rupert Grayson, started for the Pine Hill, one taking the high road, the other crossing the fields.

Edna was left alone, but she could not rest; she was constantly moving from one window to another, now pausing to listen, now shuddering at even the low wailing of the night-wind. She went into the hall, where the lights were burning so brilliantly, the dining-room door was wide open, and she saw the table laid out for dinner, and the plate glittering on the sideboard. Up the wide staircase she hurried in her restless anxiety, along the corridor which led to her own room. One of the windows at the side looked out into the courtyard, and as she passed she could hear the loud dismal prolonged howls which proceeded from Conrad's kennel.

Waterson was standing by the door that opened to the back staircase with a candle in her hand. She looked as white as a ghost, and at the first words which Edna addressed to her burst into tears.

"Oh, Miss Edna, she 's dead! I know she 's dead, my póor—poor Mistress! I feel as convinced on it as can be. Hark ye to that dog—he 's gone howling on like that for hours. Before ever Missus was missed, 'Martins,' says I to the groom, 'something 's going to happen; it 's no use your beating that dog; it cries out because some one 's dying.' I know all about it, for

we 'd a dog at home that *skreiked* just the same the night as my father was brought back a corpse from Bamborough market. Oh, Miss Edna, I feels all in a flutter."

Hour succeeded hour, each increasing the miserable anxiety on the girl's mind. About ten o'clock Rupert Grayson, and the men who had been with him, came home. They were wet to the skin, and when Rupert came into the drawing-room to speak to his cousin he looked so bleached and careworn that Edna's heart was quite touched. She came and stood beside him, putting her arm through his, and trying to comfort him in her soft, earnest tones. She had herself been overpowered a moment or two before, but she was strong to soothe and alleviate when she had looked on his trouble. He told her they had been to the Pine Hill, and sought carefully everywhere in vain. Edmond's party had proceeded to make inquiries in the village beyond, and Rupert said he was going to rejoin him ; but Edna expostulated ; the men might go as soon as they had had refreshment, but Rupert had been out all day, and looked so ill and exhausted, he must take a few hours' rest—for her sake. She put it so tenderly, but he still said *no ;* again and again, and he seemed to waver.

Edna went in search of the steward, and made him add his entreaties ; he would take Mr. Grayson's place, he said, and so at last Rupert appeared to yield, and the party started without him, and he and Edna were left together.

She had brought him some supper, and urged him to swallow it, but he turned from the morsels she would have pressed upon him, and again and again filled and drained his wine-glass. She put this at last out of his reach in silence, and rang for the tray to be removed. Afterwards she brought in bed-room candles, and implored him to go to rest. He promised, and she heard his footsteps on the staircase after she had gained her own room.

Conscious that sleep would be impossible, she did not even attempt to undress ; she unfastened the shutter of her window, drew the heavy curtains round it, and sat looking out into the night, straining her ears for the first sign of the returning party.

The house of Croydean was a huge pile of no particular style of architecture ; it had been added to from time to time according to the taste of its proprietors ; old parts had been over and over again taken down or blocked up, and new rooms built. Edna's window looked out into the drive, and was flanked at the left hand by a projecting wing, the oldest part of the house, an erection of greystone, with heavy mullioned windows, which stood greatly in need of repairs, and had been blocked off from the rest of the building. Mrs. Penelope had constantly talked of pulling it down altogether. Formerly it had been the chief entrance. There was a quaint, old-fashioned stone hall below, but it was damp and almost in ruins, abounding with rats and mice, and the carved oak staircase which led from it was crumbling to bits. The place was rarely entered, and always kept locked ; it was years since Edna had been in it.

But now, as she looked from her window, she was surprised to see a faint glimmer of light in the nearest casement, a steadily-increasing yellow blaze, and as she turned her eyes curiously to the large stone-framed window at the head of the oak staircase, and which was at right angles with her where she now stood, she started to see the shadow of a man on the opposite wall.

He was coming down the stairs, and he must pass the window ; she held her breath, and her heart gave a great bound.

He came nearer ; she saw the silver candlestick in his hand, the black sleeve of his coat, a white roll under his arm ; his whole figure was before her now, with the candlelight flung back on his face, and—good God ! it was Rupert Grayson ! He had passed, he was going down-stairs, and Edna pressed her hands tightly together. No thought of his evil-doing was in her mind—*her* Rupert ! of course she did not think evil of *him !* But she felt—she was sure something was wrong—there was something that Rupert had not told her ; perhaps in his love he had wished to shield her from it ; but she could not rest now till she knew all, till she had asked him ; and she pushed away the curtain, and stood in the firelight of her bed-room.

She was going to follow him—but how ? There were two ways to gain admittance to this left wing ; one was on the ground-floor, a heavy black door which was always locked ; the other was through the very dressing-room to this chamber, and a chest of drawers blocked up the entrance.

She lighted the candle, and went into the dressing-room ; she was a strong, active girl, but the heavy chest of drawers took her some minutes to push aside. It was done at last, however, and the lock yielded to her hand—she was standing in the low, dusty passage on the other side. She hurried on with a nervous, quick step, her slight evening shoes waking no echoes on the crumbling boards, the skirt of her soft dress sweeping noiselessly behind her down the steps.

There—she had turned the corner, and was looking down into the hall. She stopped, transfixed with horror, every particle of colour vanishing from her face, her hands trembling, her knees shaking together.

Straight below her, his back turned to the staircase, Rupert Grayson was kneeling on the stone flags. His candle was flaring by his side, its light fell down on a heap of glittering things on the pavement.

Anywhere Edna would have known that large gold hunting watch, and the massive cable-chain, to which were attached those ponderous seals. Many a time, when she was a tiny child, Aunt Penelope had held it to her ear, that she might listen to its *tick, tick.* And that large gold locket beyond, Edna remembered noticing it as it rested on Aunt Penelope's heart, when she was once confined to her room with influenza, and how she had been sharply rebuked when she ventured to question her about it.

What was Rupert Grayson doing with these things—how had they come into his possession ? Edna's heart sank within her in agonized misgiving, but still she gazed wildly forward, drinking in every point of the scene.

He was removing that smaller flagstone ; see—he had raised the edge with some instrument, and was inserting a wedge of wood ; how thin and white his fingers looked as they touched the stone, and when his head turned slightly to one side Edna could see the heavy

drops of perspiration which were starting on his forehead. He succeeded in removing it, but it was very heavy, and as he laid it down with a slight push it grated harshly against the other stone.

What was he doing now? He had taken up that white roll, and was unfolding it, shaking it out of its creases. Edna observed that it was a soiled shirt, the empty sleeves were hanging down, and even from where she stood she could see that the starched wristbands were saturated with blood! And there were dark red-brown spots on the sleeves—spots all over—spots of what had been warm, life-creating, human blood!

She was turning to fly in abject terror from the scene,—from what instinctively she felt to be the presence of a murderer, when her foot caught in her long skirts, and she stumbled noisily on the steps, the snuffers from her candlestick falling and rattling on the flag below.

She did not distinguish Rupert's start of apprehension, his bound forward; she only felt that his sinewy arm was holding her in a powerful gripe, while his other hand stifled the cry which was escaping her lips. He kept her forcibly down, but she could move her head round, and she did so and looked into his face. Short-sighted as were her eyes, the agony—the despairing ferocity depicted in those distorted features smote down to her soul, filling her with apprehension and dismay—with fear even for her own personal safety, for she had discovered the secret of a murderer!

"Oh! do n't—do n't, Rupert!" she struggled to articulate. He was shaking her fiercely, and she could feel that his hands were cold and clammy. "Let me speak, Rupert!" and she strove to release her mouth.

He looked at her with glaring, fiery eyes, and the tones of his voice were hollow and changed when they strove for utterance.

"Not till you swear not to scream or cry. Bow your head, so. By ——, if you break your word the next instant shall see you a corpse; look here," and he drew a large clasp-knife from his pocket, and opening it, passed the glittering blade to and fro between his damp fingers.

It was close to her—life or death in the balance! but the very emergency of the moment restored her presence of mind. She drew herself straight up before him on the steps, and her eyes looked fixed and steadily into his.

"Rupert," she said, in a voice of strange winning tenderness, "you and I are no strangers to one another, you can have no secret, no sorrow, no *crime* even, on your conscience, that does not also affect me. Accidentally I came here, accidentally I have surprised you; you best know what there is to conceal, but my surmises are dark enough. Tell me how I can best save you from the frightful consequences of this, and God knows, if it be not against my conscience, I will screen you with my life."

The memory of the old passionate love was reviving within her heart then; she could not look on his agony unmoved, and she would not believe that the ill-deed could have been voluntary—it must have been an accident: he had been out shooting, a false aim, such things do occur; she could not think of her Rupert as a murderer.

He read in a moment the thoughts passing through her mind, and he worked on the love which he saw was still battling in his favour. He left his threatening tones, and assumed the voice of entreaty; he prayed her to help and save him—he clung to her skirts, and when instinctively she recoiled from him he would not let her go. And just then on the silence there fell the chime of the stable clock telling out midnight; it was the death of the Old Year, the birth of the New. What a New-Year's dawn to Edna Mountjoy!

Rupert Grayson had been laying a large stake, but he had gained it. As the chime died on the air Edna Mountjoy swore, as in the sight of Heaven, to give his secret a grave in her heart, even to die for its preservation. She was half urged to the concession by the influence of personal fear, and personal fear was a strong motive under such circumstances. Still the fear would have availed nothing in such a mind as hers had it not been for the woman's love which pleaded so earnestly for its memories of the past. How she had once loved Rupert Grayson! could she turn from him in his sin? for *sin* she now knew it was; he had told her so, he had avowed himself a murderer. The motive was strong: he was overwhelmed with debt, delay would have been his ruin; he had never been to the Ings as he protested; he, and his gun, and his gloomy thoughts were on one side of the pine trees, on the other was Penelope Mountjoy, her mind, perhaps, even then vacillating about the disposition of her property; there had been no one near, the gravel pits offered such easy means of concealment, and the deed followed rapidly on the evil suggestion. One moment after, when the old woman lay lifeless on the wet turf under the dripping pines, he would have given all he possessed in the wide, wide world for the power to restore to her the fleeting breath of which he had deprived her, heir though he now was to her hoarded wealth—far away from him as he had thrust his debts. A mortal terror seized him, his guilt fell upon him like a pall, one thought alone was pre-eminent in his mind, to conceal the crime and escape its punishment. The mist had helped him, the body was soon hidden; he removed the watch and ornaments, so that, if discovered, suspicion would fall upon those who might find such things a temptation to their poverty. Now he was seeking to conceal those evidences of his crime; they lay glittering on the flags below where he stood by his shrinking cousin.

He told her of the danger of delay, and the necessity for immediate action; but her stunned senses scarcely permitted her to grasp his meaning.

She came mechanically at his bidding, and held the candle while he tightly rolled up the blood-stained shirt, and thrust it with the ornaments far down below the flagstone. She helped him when he moved back the heavy stone; she went on her knees, and with her handkerchief carefully obliterated all traces of their work; her hands shook, and her head throbbed, she scarcely knew what she was doing; she was only conscious of the necessity for saving Rupert.

It was all done now, but her eye shrank from meeting his; she shivered with cold, and cowered close to the banisters, the old wood creaked above her, and she started like a guilty spirit, but she did not see the dark figure turning the corner of the staircase, and gliding

away into the obscurity, neither did Rupert Grayson! They little knew that there had been an eye-witness of the whole scene!

PART II.

It was the first gray dawn of the New Year. The mist had cleared away, and given place to a keen hard frost. The purple thorns and leafless twigs showed pendant icicles, the moss under the trees was crusted with hoar-frost, and the dead leaves crackled as you trod them under foot. Daybreak slanted its pale yellow light across the Pine Hill, and the tall dark trees flung faint shadows over the ground.

Along the high road a labourer was going to his work, his pipe in his mouth, the thick white smoke from it curling and circling on the air. Every one in the village was speaking of Mrs. Penelope Mountjoy's inexplicable disappearance, and he, too, was thinking of it as he went on his way.

A dog shot past him at full speed, its head bent down, its nose to the ground as if it were following scent; everyone knew that dog and feared it—it was Mrs. Penelope's fine bloodhound, *Conrad*.

It was tearing wildly on now, and was soon out of sight.

The man's road lay through the Pine Wood, and when he was about to pass the slant of the hill which had long ago been worked as gravel-pits, he was startled by the loud prolonged cries of a dog. He went somewhat out of his way to ascertain what was the matter, and presently from the underwood sprung old Conrad, his huge, liver-coloured form quivering with excitement, and seizing a corner of the man's coat he sought to drag him in the direction from which he had made his appearance.

The man had heard stories of the instinct displayed by these animals, and he followed unhesitatingly. Conrad led him on over briars spangled with hoarfrost, under the pines, where the ground was strewn with half-eaten cones and decaying strong-smelling leaves, down a steep bank of gravel, straight to the half-filled mouth of a pit, the thorns about which gave evidence of having been recently disturbed. Ay, and as the man stood there he could distinguish that the ground was broken up as if by footsteps, and there was a tiny morsel of red cloth caught on a near thorn. The dog was stretching himself at the pit's mouth, and uttering those shrill heart-rending cries which are so startling; and tearing away the thorns and briars, the man peered down into the darkness. The pit was deep, and when he dropped in a stone he heard the sound of water below; he could do nothing alone, and he hurried back to the village.

A messenger sent to Croydean announced that the body of Mrs. Penelope had been found in the gravel-pits. Waterson came to tell Edna so, and thought it but natural when the young girl hid her head in the pillow, and indulged a torrent of tears. Mr. Grayson and Mr. Hays, the woman said, were gone off on the first intelligence of the discovery, and Edna groaned at the mere mention of their names, and shrank under the bedclothes.

The body was brought to the house, and she saw it, the wet, drabbled petticoats clinging to the still form, the sodden discoloured hue of the flesh, the bleared open eyes, staring wildly up at the daylight, one little round wound in the centre of the forehead, through which the bullet had penetrated to the brain.

Some unaccountable fascination made the girl draw near and look at the remains; but with the first glance she clenched her hands, and had to be carried away in violent hysterics. People said that it was only natural she should take the matter to heart, and no surprise was expressed when she kept her own room, and refused even to meet her cousins. And so the days passed on until that fixed for the funeral.

Rupert Grayson's plans had been well laid, and everything came to pass as he had predicted. The absence of the valuable ornaments on his Aunt's person threw the suspicion on strangers, and the police were most active in their researches; the murder had taken place on the very day following that on which the Old-Year Fair had been held in the neighbouring town, consequently many vagrants and disreputable characters would have been about, and it was surmised that some one must have been tempted to the perpetration of the deed by the loneliness of the spot, and the promise of plunder. Handbills were struck off by Rupert Grayson's directions, offering a large reward for the discovery and apprehension of the murderer. He did it to stave off suspicion, but when Waterson brought one of the large printed papers to show to Edna, the poor girl could only wring her hands in the wildest agony—the murderer indeed!

The funeral had taken place, and she was the mistress of Croydean. Her Aunt's old business factotum came to tell her so after the will was read. He had just been congratulating Rupert Grayson on his succession to the Burnaby estates. There was only one little stipulation about Edna's immediate inheritance—he hesitated, and hoped she would forgive his mentioning it, but he did so by the express orders of his late client, as specified in her will—the marriage of Miss Mountjoy and Mr. Grayson must take place within six weeks from this date.

Edna heard him in silence, and bowed her head; she was no mistress of Croydean, as she well knew, if that stipulation held good. How could she marry Rupert Grayson, her Aunt's murderer? How indeed?

But when she sent for Rupert, and strove in mild terms to acquaint him with her resolution to refuse compliance with her Aunt's condition, and to make the necessary arrangements for passing over the property to Edmond Hays, she was startled by the dark hues of passion which suffused his face, and the excited tones in which he interrupted her. It never should be—never! He had risked his all for it, and he would not be baulked at the last like this. No threats, no remonstrances on Edna's part availed with him; he was like one distracted; he said that this mad act of hers would not only deprive him of Burnaby, but also awaken suspicion; people would ask what was the strong motive which led her to resign her engagement. He threatened, too—she had put herself in his power, though she little knew it; he had no real love for her or desire to spare her, and he said that if she did not quietly submit

to the conditions he would confess himself Mrs. Penelope's murderer, but at the same time proclaim her as accessory to it; he would tell that she had instigated the deed which he had perpetrated; she was an interested party—she gained Croydean for her reward; could she deny that she had assisted in the concealment of the trinkets?

Alas, poor Edna! Alas for the strife in the girl's mind! Love, terror, self-interest, conscience, were all battling together, and when she came back to her room to think over her final determination, she was almost tempted to wish that she lay with Aunt Penelope in the cold, damp vault. She was in mortal fear of Rupert; her love had died out, and she could not have married him for anything; still she could not forget how she had once loved him, could not bear to be the instrument for delivering him up to justice and death. And had he not threatened terrible things, and bound her by that oath? God forgive her! for she had been very weak and fearful!

But she was not the only person in the house who suffered. There was another with brow as careworn, and heart as heavy—her pale-faced nervous cousin, Edmond Hays, who had been the unwilling witness of the midnight conference in the old hall. Returning to the house unexpectedly he had been attracted by the unusual appearance of a light in that wing of the building, and finding the door which led to it open, he entered, and surprised his cousins at the very moment when Rupert Grayson was making confession of his evil deed. He knew that Edna was guiltless, but he gathered that yet she loved and pitied the murderer; he heard her say with her own lips that she would die to shield him. Had it not been for that one speech Edmond Hays had not hesitated to give him up to justice. But how denounce what Edna Mountjoy would not only spare but protect?

During the days that intervened other thoughts had come to his mind; the false fears inherent from his constitutional weakness; he wondered what the world would say; he was an interested party, for the reversion of the property was his, and he loved his cousin Edna. In giving up Rupert Grayson to justice people might affirm that he acted from mercenary motives. With agony he marked the suffering that Edna was undergoing; over and over again he longed to try and comfort her, and consult with her on the best course of action for both, but he shrank from making the first confidence, and, whatever she might long to do, her oath forbade any approach to the subject. In one thing only was she resolute—she would not become Rupert Grayson's wife! no arguments during the allotted space could alter her decision. She left Croydean, and went to some relatives of her own, and the appointed day came and passed over, cancelling her own claim and that of Rupert Grayson. Aunt Penelope's whole fortune, according to her will, devolved on Edmond Hays.

Rupert Grayson and Edna Mountjoy parted after a stormy interview. She had kept her faith—her oath was inviolate; but she did not hesitate to tell him of the evil light in which she regarded his conduct, and so they parted, never to meet again. He had entered the army, and was on the eve of starting for the Crimea, but she gave him no good word—no God speed; she only yielded him her promised silence, and remembered him in her misery.

In the trenches before Sebastopol he died—that cruel, blood-stained man. He met a better fate than he deserved, and Edna read in the paper of his death, but without a tear of pity; rather she was thanking God for having taken the retribution out of her hands.

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It was New-Year's Eve again, but such as a New-Year's Eve ought to be, clear and frosty, with snow-covered ground, and the dark, glossy evergreens powdered with white. The firelight was ruddy in the drawing-room of the country-house where Edna Mountjoy, paler and graver by several years, sat busy with her embroidery. She had passed through much sorrow and anxiety, but she had learned good lessons from the experience, and gradually, in the steady performance of her duty, peace, if not happiness, had come back to her heart.

Now she had almost a smile on her face, and she drew towards her a paper which was lying on her work-table, and read over again how Edmond Hays was making himself popular and beloved in the country-side. His position had at last compelled exertion, and busy action had driven away those nervous fears of misconstruction which formerly paralysed his efforts. Edna had learnt to appreciate him at last; she was feeling proud of him now, though she scarcely knew that she was so.

o o o

"Oh, no, Edmond, you cannot ask me to be your wife; you do not know all," and she turned away her head from him, and burst into tears.

But he was bending over her, soothing her tenderly. When she shrank away he stooped down and kissed her forehead.

"But I do know all, Edna! I, too, looked Under the Flagstone on New-Year's Eve! We suffered together—let us try and make up to one another for the past."

D. Richmond.

"DO YOU BELIEVE IT?"

What an irritating question this is! Belief seems to be to some people as easy a thing as eating their dinner, and they call upon you for an answer with as much confidence as if they were asking your opinion of the viands.

Is there any one who has not been asked this question, ad nauseam, within the last three or four months? You cannot pay a simple morning call, but ere long out comes the question, "Have you read 'Stranger than Fiction?'" "Yes." "And Mr. Dale Owen's book?" "Yes." "Do you believe it?" "Believe *it*,—believe *what?*" I reply, being a quiet elderly gentleman, rather particular about the antecedents of my pronouns, which young ladies of the present day are not. "Do I believe that these writers are intentionally deceiving me? Cer-

tainly not; to think so without positive proof would be a great sin." "But do you believe that the things said to have happened really did so?" "I believe that many of the parties *suppose* that they did." "Ah," says my questioner, "I see you are an unbeliever. I suppose you would say that 'it is impossible?'" "No, I am not so *absurd* as to pronounce that to be impossible about which I know nothing, or, as Arago would say, '*so imprudent.*'" "But about 'Spiritualism,' Mr. H., do you not believe in it at all?" "I really do not know—"

My interrogator looks annoyed for a moment, but presently returns to the charge.

"So you side with 'All the Year Round,' and consider spirit-rapping all stuff and nonsense?" "My dear madam, is it absolutely necessary that I should range myself with one or other of these periodicals? I do not entirely side, as you term it, with the writer of the articles in 'All the Year Round,' to which you allude; but I do agree with him most thoroughly in his just indignation against the frauds which are so frequently practised, and in his contempt for the astonishing ease with which people can allow themselves to be deceived, and also in his belief in 'The Theory of Deception—conscious and unconscious,' which it appears to me will account for 99 out of every 100 of the recorded cases of spirit-rapping, table-moving, ghost-appearing, and vision-seeing."

This generally puts a stop to the conference.

Now, surely it is high time to put an end to drawing-room morning gossip about drawing-room evening *séances*. If there is a grain of truth in the latter, they are too good for the first; and if not, then it is a great pity to waste even that upon them. Surely all honest persons must be anxious to have the matter settled. Those who the most sincerely believe that there is wisdom in these apparent follies, truth in these seeming self delusions, must be the most desirous to have the thing fairly sifted. No amount of investigation can be too great, no exposure of detected fraud too decisive and widely circulated, to satisfy the desires of those who are sincerely seeking out truth. Let not one of the phenomena pass uncriticised, let the world know how tables may be manipulated, let the tricks be well shown, and the mediums, whoever they may be, who can *be proved* to be thus deliberately deceiving, held up to scorn and detestation. Thanks to any and all the parties who are engaged in this detective work. Clear off the 99 cases of fraud, and leave us the 100th case—if such there be—unexplained to deal with, and if there is found a remnant of truth after this careful sifting, let us treat it with all the humility that truth ever demands, and follow it whithersoever it may lead.

But supposing that it could be ascertained that in some cases there is no deception; that it could be proved that the agency moving the said tables is not human but spiritual, still it might be asked, "Is it not a questionable and most unsatisfactory way in which to seek to gain information about the spirit-world? To invite spirits to a game of romps in a drawing-room seems rather insulting to them, and to us. What kind of spirits can they be who can be induced thus to visit our world and amuse themselves—but at our expense (for I presume they do not pay for damages). I confess that I should feel excessively cross at these frolics, and be inclined to tell the spirits to find something better to do. "Very unscientific," says some one; "the *character* of the manifestation has nothing to do with its claims to investigation." "Very true, sir," *i.e.* partially true. All I ask is, that some thoroughly scientific man, with no pre-judgments, no emotions of any description, would take the thing, cast it into the iron crucible of his mind, and give the world the results.

But to find ordinary, sensible people, with all the duties, and mysteries, and sorrows of life upon them, applying for information upon subjects of importance to these exceedingly uninformed spirits, who seem (judging from the evidence offered for perusal in the periodicals devoted to their service) to have lost a great portion of their previously-acquired learning since they left our world, makes one quite angry. And it seems, to some of us at least, utterly incredible that any one can seek for help and comfort from such dubious sources, in some of the fiercest struggles with doubt and misery that human being can suffer in its earnest but painful inquiries after truth; still more so that any one who has gone to the gates of death with a beloved one, and there parted from him—who knows the agony of that time when you become *slowly certain* that you are on one side of that gate, the beloved one on the other—that the gate is shut, irremovably shut; when you strive to look through it and cannot; when every prayer twists itself into an invocation of the beloved one's name, "that he would speak, speak but once, to end the uncertainty, and let you know he yet lived, was happy, and yet remembered you;" and there comes no answer—*none*, till, awed by the greatness of the solemn silence around, the spirit ceases its mad strife with the inevitable, learns that in separation and in uncertainty lies the earthly meaning of the thing called Death, gathers up itself, takes its appointed burden of sorrow, carries it to the innermost sepulchre of the heart, and there lays it down, never more to be parted from it. And by and by the quiet, modest grass covers it up from view, and none know what lies beneath.

Will such a one, think you, allow a troop of giddy Pucks to frolic over its sacred enclosure, or a sneering Mephistopheles to drag its sorrow into open day? Is it to such aids that he will turn to assuage his grief, and solve his doubts? No—ten thousand times *No*. One would rather bear the separation and the doubt all through life—ay, and beyond it, too, than risk for one moment the being FOOLED on such a point. No, thank God! Neither man nor spirit, good or bad, can invade the privacy of a human soul, nor violate the sanctity of a human sorrow, nor play with the tortures of a doubt-stricken spirit, unless he first voluntarily resign himself into their hands.

Now, gladly leaving this particular phase of Spiritualism, which some even of its disciples dislike and disavow, just try and see what answer can be given when the question, "Do you believe it?" is asked respecting this subject as a whole. Can any other be given than the one already offered—viz. "I really do not know; my ignorance on the subject is great; how then can I say, I believe, or I do not believe?"

In some minds belief is an extremely slow-growing plant, and requires very special culture to keep it alive. "I believe" is to some the free breath drawn when they,

panting and worn, after long-protracted toil, reach the summit of some hill of truth. Many fear that they shall never gain that summit, never know the relief, the joy of that full free breath. All honour to such toiling souls; their time of rest, their breathing time *shall* come, and then the peace that follows such honest, hard-won utterance is worth the pain that has gone before.

The "I believe" from such minds is a solemn act of worship in the temple of truth, rarely offered up, but when offered it is done with all the strength and power of which the whole united nature is capable. Perhaps it is the knowledge of the pain and toil, the many sore battles that often precede this utterance that makes me wince when I hear the question lightly asked, and hastily answered. As to answering it at all upon such a subject as this of Spiritualism, it seems absurd and impossible.

Consider how *new* the *subject* is. In some guise or other it may be as old as the human race, but as a topic of definite inquiry and research, it is but of to-day. Then think of the very peculiar kind of phenomena with which it deals—phenomena confessedly "ultra-mundane," yet claiming to be amenable to physical laws; "spiritual," yet declared to be "objective realities," and as such to be treated and pronounced upon. Surely we need some new faculties, some at present unknown power with which we must work, for those we at present possess, though admirably suited for the investigation of the great wonders at our feet and above our head—though they may do for a Kepler or a Newton, a Bacon or a Faraday, yet are not fitted to cope with this most peculiar kind of phenomena.

What are we to do? Search, I suppose, for this unknown power of the soul. According to Mr. Wilkinson, Magnetism, Mesmerism, the "Sympathetic Nerve System," are some of the paths which may lead to its discovery. Very pleasant paths to walk in—very wide and far-stretching; but who are the parties most likely to explore them to some purpose? Those whose studies and habits of thought are in that direction; men who, by careful diligent use of their faculties in kindred subjects, bring with them an amount of knowledge and power which strangers to them cannot. Let our medical men, who, as a class, are certainly the most liberally educated and liberally minded, let them push their inquiries as far as they can, and learn something about this wondrous nerve-system of ours, of which they will be the first to own we at present know next to nothing. Let the men who devote themselves to physical science take up what is left of this subject, whatever it be that can assert its claim to be called an "objective reality," let them test and search it out, and meanwhile let us, who can make no claim to be called learned men, or scientific men, but simply honest men, loving truth and hating a lie, just quietly wait for the results.

Unfortunately this does not suit the views of the adherents of Spiritualism. Any one may dabble in it, and splash himself and others with its muddy waters. Hence arises one grand difficulty in grappling with this Spiritualism—the difficulty of procuring reliable information.

"Collect your facts and verify them," says the writer of "Stranger than Fiction." By all means; but there is one thing to be done first—train your collectors. It must be granted that a large part of the witnesses and recorders of these facts are persons in whom the emotional part of our nature is strongly developed, and but imperfectly educated, and also that the phenomena in question invariably appeal to the emotional. That we may often feel out truth, and truth of the highest order, by our emotions, is true; but as agents for observing, discriminating, and truthfully recording phenomena, they are always to be cautiously employed, and their evidence severely criticised. Spiritualism ranks among its most ardent believers and devoted propagandists a large proportion of ladies. They are evidently extremely susceptible to spiritual manifestations; but whether for that reason they are the best fitted to discover the truth or falseness of them is doubtful.

A great deal is often said about "the intuitive perception of truth that women possess;" their feelings are said to be their best guide; that while men slowly grope their way into light and truth, women glide easily into the right path, led to it by their finer instincts. There may be truth in this, but it is one-sided and partial. The *moral* perceptions of women on certain points ought to be, and perhaps generally are, brighter and surer than men's; they ought to be, for they have less of actual strife to dull them, less to render them unsteady, and, as a general rule, the less there is of moral obliquity the clearer will be the judgment. How many of the little mistakes in judgment, for which we so easily provide a salvo, arise from some long-established little-noticed *moral* twist! Our opinions can generally trace their pedigree more or less directly to our feelings. But in the higher class of morals, in questions involving principles of justice, honour, honesty, women's perceptions are often at fault. They will make most splendid self-sacrifices, but they will get terribly confused sometimes as to the simple justice of a thing—say, for example, in a case of the distribution of property. And one reason of this is, that they leave their feelings without any careful training. The emotional in their nature is predominant, and instead of being disciplined and strengthened, it is allowed to run wild, and to waste, to the great detriment of their other powers, like the ivy, which is alike the cause and the result of the decay which it conceals. Spiritualism should take most special care that all its students are men of honest heart, quiet pulse, enlightened conscience, largely-educated and scientifically-trained mind, else it will be very long ere it will present to the world a mass of reliable facts from which the combining law can be induced. None but those thus prepared are fitted for the calm research, the patient investigation, the careful analysis, and the simple, honest, truthful record of things—mental, or spiritual, or physical—which Truth imperatively demands of her disciples ere she will accept their worship and reveal her wonders.

RELICS.

WHY keep them? scentless, withered, as they are,
Their colour faded, hast'ning to decay;
No sense they please, what can they longer serve?
And so you bid me "fling them all away."

Yet no! for that to you which only seems
A shapeless mass of twigs, dead buds, and leaves,
To me are voices, telling o'er a tale,
Of time and place, of "when I gathered these."

Again the nut-wood, with its rocky path,
The vine-hung chasm once again I climb,
Feel the cool spray of torrents dashing past,
By flowery steep, green slope, and craggy chine.

The downs we scaled, the fragrant heather-bed,
The soundless solitude of earth and sky,
Th' expanse of park, and field, and fruitful land,
Like pictures 'neath our feet that seemed to lie.

The white beach glittering in the morning sun,
The tyrant waves we breasted in our glee;
The twilight symphony, that ushered in
That grandest glory of the moonlit sea.

"*Dead!*" did you call them?—nay, but full of life!
For to my soul communing e'en *are* they;
Gleaned from full harvestings of joy and love,
Tracks of a priceless summer holiday!

"*Fancy!*" you tell me—what have you more real?
In yon locked casket you've a treasure lies;
"Relics," you proudly tell us, "old and rare,"
Sacred you guard them, and not lightly prize,—

A monarch's ring, a cloth from Holy Land,
A splint of Beckett's tomb, or Mary's throne,
A rebel's spear-head, or a patriot's wand,
Vesuvius' lava, or Pompeian stone.

What pleasant memories link from *those* to me?
Recall one word of love, or hour of bliss?
Has well-known glance enriched the worth of that?
Lingers o'er this the fragrance of a kiss?

But *these* with me shared mountain breeze and wave,
These felt the sunshine of that happy day;
To these and memory still that time belongs,
They are *my* relics! fling them not away!

FAIRLEIGH OWEN.

AN AMERICAN MAIDEN.

BY MARY ORME.

LOOK at that vine-covered cottage, embowered with trees, in the pretty garden that slopes down to the beach. Always the waves rise, beat, and recede, to rise, beat, and recede again, at the foot of that garden, now fragrant and lovely with a wonderful beauty and sweetness. Ere long it will be winter, and snow will weigh down the rose bushes, and ice will cling to the honeysuckle vines, and the sweet clematis. But then spring will come again, and the ever-recurring rest of the flowers in their ice-bound graves, and their resurrection in sweetness and glowing beauty, will image the changes of our human life, in its storm and sunshine here, and its death and resurrection for the hereafter.

Within that cottage so embowered in fragrant loveliness, there is a grief that takes no note of the outward. A mother watches, as she believes, by the dying couch of two beautiful babes. The breath of the morning, laden with the scent of flowers, the evening air, cool with dew, and fresh from the living ocean, bring her no joy. She shuts the health-giving breeze from her babes, even as she would shut the foul and thickened air of some close alley of the city. She fears everything, in her fear of death—death to her dear ones.

"Oh, I wish Aunt Lizzy were here; I don't know what to do. She always knows, and always does right, and my husband is gone for a week, and every time the doctor comes they are worse. What can I do?"

Thus moaned the mother over her little ones, the one not a year old, the other not three years.

"Water, mamma—O dive me water, mamma!"

"You must take some tea, Nellie."

"No, no, water, mamma—my *butill* (beautiful) mamma, dive Nellie water, and dive Eddy water."

There was a coaxing, moaning misery in the dear babe's plaint for water, that pierced the mother's heart, and yet she dared not give it. Air and water seemed foes, instead of friends, to the fearful inexperienced mother. Her two babes had the dreaded scarlatina, and she was alone with a servant, who knew nothing of sickness. In the city she could have had help, but in the spring her husband had brought his treasures to the loveliest nook on the shore of lovely Staten Island, that they might be safe from sickness.

"I will send for Aunt Lizzy to come with sister Carrie," said the mother.

Sister Carrie was coming on the morrow, to stay through her brother-in-law's absence. The children had been struck with the fearful disease the day after the father left.

Slowly waned the night in that close and fevered room. The glassy eyes, the flame-like skin, and the tossing, restless agony of the sufferers, was not abated when the morning came, and the mother sent for help. How she strengthened her poor heart with patience and prayer to wait, for she felt a great hope in the skill of Aunt Lizzy.

It was a hot July day in New York. The streets seemed like a great coal fire, and the side-walks seemed like a long range over it. A young lady sat in a cool parlour "up town," looking out upon Madison Square.

"I *must* go to dear Annie. It will be so delightful when I get there, but it is such a horrid bore to dress and go."

Thus soliloquized the young lady, to whom everything was horrid, from a crushed dress or soiled glove to a shipwreck, when she heard the door-bell ring.

"Nobody can call to-day. Everybody ought to be at Newport or Saratoga. Ah, here is Norah. I am gone out, Norah."

"I thought so," laughed a merry voice back of the servant girl, "and so I like to see you when you are gone out, because nobody else comes in then;" and Letty Blake, one of the few inveterately happy people in the world, curled her little self up in an easy chair.

"Letty, you know I am always glad to see you, but I am off to Staten Island to stay with Annie for a week. How am I ever to get to the ferry? I am sure I shall be roasted and broiled."

"I think not. I have survived a walk from Union Place, and with the cool island in prospect, I think you can ride to the ferry."

"I am out of all patience with living, Letty. One should be out of the city this weather."

"Well, you are going."

"But Staten Island is so dull and lonely."

"Did not I hear you say last week, that you wanted Mr. B., your pastor, to get up a religious house, and that you would go and be a sister? Would that be very lively?"

"Oh, that is quite another thing, Letty. I want to devote myself, and do duties, or live in the world, and have things as other people have. I am tired of this everlasting talk about economy. Papa can't hear of going to Saratoga, it costs so much. Mamma says I might buy a farm of four acres with the money I spend for bonnets, and gloves, and gaiters. How I was charmed with that book, 'Our Farm of Four Acres.' I have wanted to be a farmer ever since I read it."

"You must get your pastor to buy a farm for his Sisters of Charity, Carrie. But what will you do with primrose gloves and organdy dresses, then?"

"I hope the sisters will have a becoming costume, Letty."

"But some nuns go without gloves on all occasions," said Letty, with a sly twinkle in her eye. "But you must get ready for the Island. Come, I will help you. Where is the last new pair of gloves that you have torn across?"

"I have three pairs, Letty, but they can't be mended, and they have not been worn. Is not it too bad?"

"Well, give me some soiled ones, and I will cleanse them with milk."

"Horrid, shiny, milk-cleansed gloves. Letty, do you think I would wear them? I will get some as I go to the ferry. There is the door-bell, and this time it is the postman. Ah! a letter from dear Annie—children very sick of scarlatina. Oh, is it not dreadful? Wants me to go for Aunt Lizzy to Yorkville. I must dress this minute; the cars are so slow this horrid, hot weather. It will take me an hour to dress, two hours to Yorkville and back, and an hour to the ferry from here, and I have only four hours and a half. The last boat goes at seven, and it is now half-past two."

"Let me go for Aunt Lizzy, Carrie. You can't get ready, to save you."

"I will be ready in no time, Letty. Only my hair, it is so short and thick, that it is for ever falling out of all sorts of combs, and ever so many hair-pins. And all my hair-pins are lost. There is a small measure sowed up at the Central Park, and I might find them all over my chamber, if I did not want one now."

"Here, Carrie, take my hair-pins, and make all the haste you can; that 's a dear."

"Do n't hurry me; I never could bear to be hurried. I wish my head were shaved. Never was hair so much trouble as mine.

"There! thank fortune, it is up at last. How long it will stay is another affair. Now for my gaiters. When my head and feet are dressed I am 'all right.'

"This string is in a hard knot, and I can't feel as if my feet were in prison. There! it is broken, and the other has been broken, and is tied too low for the street."

"I can't help you," sighed Letty, "for I wear Congress gaiters."

"And I have not a lace of this shade in the house, and these gaiters match my violet organdy."

"Oh, do wear a barege, and black gaiters."

"Barege is unendurably hot, and black gaiters are horrid."

"But you must get dressed, and go for Aunt Lizzy."

"Oh, I will have time, and the afternoon grows cool, and the cars will go faster."

Another dress and another pair of gaiters were substituted for the unlucky favourites, and at last Carrie found herself ready for her collar, and then discovered that her laces were at the laundress's, and that she had positively nothing fit to wear. In due time Letty had coaxed her into wearing a pretty, passé thing, and she seemed likely to be ready in an hour and a half from the time she began.

"Four o'clock—three hours; I am quite sick, Letty. I will have lunch, and go directly."

"Oh, don't stop for lunch. Aunt Lizzy will have to get ready, and time is so precious."

"Yes, indeed; the dear children *so* sick. But, Letty, I have rung for lunch, and I will only take a morsel."

The lunch was eaten rapidly, though it had been waited for full ten minutes longer than was needful, and then Carrie discovered that her bonnet was so hot and horrid that she could not endure it.

"Check silk, that looks like gingham, with a hot-house and vegetable garden in the staring front. I must have my French lace bonnet."

This needed strings, which were at length found.

"Two hours and a half, Letty. I shall do the distance like an English tourist; but I must go down to Mrs. G.'s, and get me some gloves. She has a dozen pairs to cleanse for me, and they are good enough for the island. Oh, I have not a handkerchief to my name—what shall I do? that dreadful laundress!"

Letty gave her elegant friend her handkerchief, and said—"I will be at home in ten minutes."

But she did not go home. A sudden thought darted like electricity through her mind. She almost ran to Fourth Avenue, after she parted with Carrie. She took a Yorkville car, and was carried, at what seemed to her a snail's pace, to Aunt Lizzy's.

She rang as one rings for fire. Mrs. Martin was out, but fortunately she found her in a few minutes, and, without returning home, she started for the Island.

"Bridget will expect me when I come," said the good lady, who was a sort of Sister of Charity without vows. "She will only say, 'Somebody is sick.'"

Twenty minutes after Letty and Mrs. Martin started for Staten Island, Carrie rang at Mrs. Martin's door, in very faultless gloves. She got, of course, no satisfaction, and then she took the cars with a sad heart to go to her sister, but with the feeling, "I have done my duty in the matter."

At five minutes before seven Letty left Mrs. Martin at the Staten Island Ferry, and on passing the Astor House, she saw Carrie get into an omnibus at the terminus of the Fourth Avenue cars. Letty had not stopped to buy a pocket handkerchief, and her face felt wet, warm, and dusty—but she *had* done *her* duty.

The boat was gone when Carrie reached the ferry, and she turned back in disgust at her "horrid luck."

At eight o'clock the weary, frightened, and almost hopeless Annie, and the moaning, suffering little ones, were gladdened by Mrs. Martin's coming.

"A breath of air for the darlings, Annie dear," said Mrs. Martin, "and some ice water."

Nellie sipped the water, languidly opened her heavy eyes, and said, "Bessed water." Blessed water, surely! and little Nellie was a poet, though not yet three years old. The fresh air came to the hot brows, another blessing, and before morning the dear Sister of Charity without vows had brought a joy to the ivy-covered cottage by the sea, such as it had not known before—for pain relieved is greater happiness than pleasure gained.

When Aunt Carrie came, the babes were out of danger. Twenty-four hours of wise care had saved them.

"The darlings are spared to us," said the mother, and Carrie thought, "What if they had been lost through my folly?" And the blessing went deeper into her heart than suffering and bereavement might have done.

"I will dream no more of magnificent duties," said she; "I will devote my life at home. I will rule and order it until every hour has its duties or its recreations. Heaven shall see my daily gratitude for ever, that our dear ones are spared to us."

GENOA.

GENOA, or, as it is called in Italian, "Genova la Superba," is certainly one of the most beautiful cities of Europe. From the sea, it is like some scene of enchantment. See first the dense mass of many-coloured buildings, with their countless domes, spires, and cupolas; then beyond this mass, and, as it were, loosening from it, beautiful detached villas, with their terraced roofs, and balconied windows, all interspersed with trees, vineyards, and gardens. The whole rises like an amphitheatre, and beyond all, enclosing all, like a frame to the gorgeous picture—the semi-circle of mountains with a fortress like a diadem on the crest of each.

Now see the proud city from one of these heights, and possibly you may think the view still more enchanting; for then you will see the splendid Bay, with its bluff head-land, Porto Sino, stretching ten miles into the sea; the harbour, with its forest of shipping; the masts reflected in the bright blue waters as in a mirror; the light-house, and beyond all the exquisite line of coast, clearly defined, with its far off hamlets and villages, its distant mountain-ranges, receding and diminishing until it is no more seen, but never seeming misty or indistinct. And the streets of Genoa, those far-famed streets of palaces, what of them? Look at this open square called the "Acqua Verde," it is filled with soldiers; here the raw recruits, fresh from their hamlets, are drilled into order; here the more disciplined troops are often reviewed, and here also, once a year, they take the oath of allegiance to their lawful King. Look at yonder white marble palace, it is as exquisite inside as outside; is a place of show, for the owner lives only in three rooms in one angle. A little further on is the far-famed Doria Palace. There down at the bottom of the garden the celebrated Genoese admiral put to sea; the place still remains almost as it was,—the beautiful colonades, the fresco-painted arcade, the rooms rich with lapis azuli, are still to be seen in tolerable preservation; but we retrace our steps, return through the Acqua Verde, and by and by come to the Piazza Annunziata. The church from which the place takes its name is one of the gems of Genoa; the beautiful columns, the magnificently frescoed roof, painted, if we mistake not, by Michael Angelo himself; but churches are rife in Genoa, and many others are very rich in beauty, so we cannot linger long in any one. We pass monks of various orders, and in various habiliments, priests, soldiers, and women. The women of Genoa are reputed handsome, and so in truth they often are, for with the blackest of eyes and hair they not unfrequently have white complexions, not exactly the red and white of the north, *not blond*, but a sort of clear marble opaque white; and then their dress, so neat, so prim, so faultlessly smooth, for Genoese women will scarcely think of going out twice in a dress without having had it ironed. Bonnets are confined to the upper-classes, the bourgeoise class wear pezzotas, and how becoming they are; that long piece of clear white muslin, or tarletan, primed over the glossy hair, plaited on the shoulders, and gracefully falling therefrom scarf-wise, is surely very fascinating, only a woman must be tolerably good-looking. It is not very pretty either over a bald head, a cap, or a wig. But what can one say of the stout, coloured substitutes, worn by the lower classes, called mezzaros? why, that they are hideous. Imagine, dear reader, two yards and a half of coloured calico with a huge gaudy pattern of trees, birds, and animals, pinned on the head, and falling over the shoulders; even the bright eyes, white teeth, and glossy tresses it so often half conceals, can hardly redeem it; but the rest of the female peasant dress is very picturesque, and the golden filigree ornaments which they wear in such profusion are very beautiful. But we are still hardly beyond the Piazza Annunziata; here is held a grand market early in the morning, and a scene never to be forgotten, if you could only be there at six o'clock in the morning; even now there are a sufficient quantity of mules and muleteers to attest the fact, and some few fruit and vegetable vendors here and there.

But we must pass along. What loud voices these Italians have, how they gesticulate, how distinctly you hear fragments of conversation, and with what shrieking voices do they cry their wares. There is a fountain, we passed one a little time back. How gracefully that young girl is bending to take up her pitcher, her attitude is a picture; but we must not go on too fast. So here we are in the streets of palaces—we follow the line, Strade, Balbi, Nuova, and Novissima; some of them are very grand, and all are fine; perhaps, according to our ideas, the streets are not wide enough, but how beautifully are they paved, it is like walking in a drawing-room. It is rather droll to see men roasting chestnuts or mending shoes, &c., in the very entrances of these grand old palaces, at the very foot of those splendid marble steps, yes, very odd, but very usual notwithstanding. Then the marble post-office; the Opera in Strada Carlo Felice; the old cathedral a little further

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"I have three pairs, Letty, but they can't be mended, and they have not been worn. Is not it too bad?"

"Well, give me some soiled ones, and I will cleanse them with milk."

"Horrid, shiny, milk-cleansed gloves. Letty, do you think I would wear them? I will get some as I go to the ferry. There is the door-bell, and this time it is the postman. Ah! a letter from dear Annie—children very sick of scarlatina. Oh, is it not dreadful? Wants me to go for Aunt Lizzy to Yorkville. I must dress this minute; the cars are so slow this horrid, hot weather. It will take me an hour to dress, two hours to Yorkville and back, and an hour to the ferry from here, and I have only four hours and a half. The last boat goes at seven, and it is now half-past two."

"Let me go for Aunt Lizzy, Carrie. You can't get ready, to save you."

"I will be ready in no time, Letty. Only my hair, it is so short and thick, that it is for ever falling out of all sorts of combs, and ever so many hair-pins. And all my hair-pins are lost. There is a small measure sowed up at the Central Park, and I might find them all over my chamber, if I did not want one now."

"Here, Carrie, take my hair-pins, and make all the haste you can; that 's a dear."

"Do n't hurry me; I never could bear to be hurried. I wish my head were shaved. Never was hair so much trouble as mine.

"There! thank fortune, it is up at last. How long it will stay is another affair. Now for my gaiters. When my head and feet are dressed I am 'all right.'

"This string is in a hard knot, and I can't feel as if my feet were in prison. There! it is broken, and the other has been broken, and is tied too low for the street."

"I can't help you," sighed Letty, "for I wear Congress gaiters."

"And I have not a lace of this shade in the house, and these gaiters match my violet organdy."

"Oh, do wear a barege, and black gaiters."

"Barege is unendurably hot, and black gaiters are horrid."

"But you must get dressed, and go for Aunt Lizzy."

"Oh, I will have time, and the afternoon grows cool, and the cars will go faster."

Another dress and another pair of gaiters were substituted for the unlucky favourites, and at last Carrie found herself ready for her collar, and then discovered that her laces were at the laundress's, and that she had positively nothing fit to wear. In due time Letty had coaxed her into wearing a pretty, passé thing, and she seemed likely to be ready in an hour and a half from the time she began.

"Four o'clock—three hours; I am quite sick, Letty. I will have lunch, and go directly."

"Oh, don't stop for lunch. Aunt Lizzy will have to get ready, and time is so precious."

"Yes, indeed; the dear children *so* sick. But, Letty, I have rung for lunch, and I will only take a morsel."

The lunch was eaten rapidly, though it had been waited for full ten minutes longer than was needful, and then Carrie discovered that her bonnet was so hot and horrid that she could not endure it.

"Check silk, that looks like gingham, with a hot-house and vegetable garden in the staring front. I must have my French lace bonnet."

This needed strings, which were at length found.

"Two hours and a half, Letty. I shall do the distance like an English tourist; but I must go down to Mrs. G.'s, and get me some gloves. She has a dozen pairs to cleanse for me, and they are good enough for the island. Oh, I have not a handkerchief to my name—what shall I do? that dreadful laundress!"

Letty gave her elegant friend her handkerchief, and said—"I will be at home in ten minutes."

But she did not go home. A sudden thought darted like electricity through her mind. She almost ran to Fourth Avenue, after she parted with Carrie. She took a Yorkville car, and was carried, at what seemed to her a snail's pace, to Aunt Lizzy's.

She rang as one rings for fire. Mrs. Martin was out, but fortunately she found her in a few minutes, and, without returning home, she started for the Island.

"Bridget will expect me when I come," said the good lady, who was a sort of Sister of Charity without vows. "She will only say, 'Somebody is sick.'"

Twenty minutes after Letty and Mrs. Martin started for Staten Island, Carrie rang at Mrs. Martin's door, in very faultless gloves. She got, of course, no satisfaction, and then she took the cars with a sad heart to go to her sister, but with the feeling, "I have done my duty in the matter."

At five minutes before seven Letty left Mrs. Martin at the Staten Island Ferry, and on passing the Astor House, she saw Carrie get into an omnibus at the terminus of the Fourth Avenue cars. Letty had not stopped to buy a pocket handkerchief, and her face felt wet, warm, and dusty—but she *had* done *her* duty.

The boat was gone when Carrie reached the ferry, and she turned back in disgust at her "horrid luck."

At eight o'clock the weary, frightened, and almost hopeless Annie, and the moaning, suffering little ones, were gladdened by Mrs. Martin's coming.

"A breath of air for the darlings, Annie dear," said Mrs. Martin, "and some ice water."

Nellie sipped the water, languidly opened her heavy eyes, and said, "Bessed water." Blessed water, surely! and little Nellie was a poet, though not yet three years old. The fresh air came to the hot brows, another blessing, and before morning the dear Sister of Charity without vows had brought a joy to the ivy-covered cottage by the sea, such as it had not known before—for pain relieved is greater happiness than pleasure gained.

When Aunt Carrie came, the babes were out of danger. Twenty-four hours of wise care had saved them.

"The darlings are spared to us," said the mother, and Carrie thought, "What if they had been lost through my folly?" And the blessing went deeper into her heart than suffering and bereavement might have done.

"I will dream no more of magnificent duties," said she; "I will devote my life at home. I will rule and order it until every hour has its duties or its recreations. Heaven shall see my daily gratitude for ever, that our dear ones are spared to us."

GENOA.

GENOA, or, as it is called in Italian, "Genova la Superba," is certainly one of the most beautiful cities of Europe. From the sea, it is like some scene of enchantment. See first the dense mass of many-coloured buildings, with their countless domes, spires, and cupolas; then beyond this mass, and, as it were, loosening from it, beautiful detached villas, with their terraced roofs, and balconied windows, all interspersed with trees, vineyards, and gardens. The whole rises like an amphitheatre, and beyond all, enclosing all, like a frame to the gorgeous picture—the semi-circle of mountains with a fortress like a diadem on the crest of each.

Now see the proud city from one of these heights, and possibly you may think the view still more enchanting; for then you will see the splendid Bay, with its bluff head-land, Porto Sino, stretching ten miles into the sea; the harbour, with its forest of shipping; the masts reflected in the bright blue waters as in a mirror; the light-house, and beyond all the exquisite line of coast, clearly defined, with its far off hamlets and villages, its distant mountain-ranges, receding and diminishing until it is no more seen, but never seeming misty or indistinct. And the streets of Genoa, those far-famed streets of palaces, what of them? Look at this open square called the "Acqua Verde," it is filled with soldiers; here the raw recruits, fresh from their hamlets, are drilled into order; here the more disciplined troops are often reviewed, and here also, once a year, they take the oath of allegiance to their lawful King. Look at yonder white marble palace, it is as exquisite inside as outside; is a place of show, for the owner lives only in three rooms in one angle. A little further on is the far-famed Doria Palace. There down at the bottom of the garden the celebrated Genoese admiral put to sea; the place still remains almost as it was,—the beautiful colonades, the fresco-painted arcade, the rooms rich with lapis azuli, are still to be seen in tolerable preservation; but we retrace our steps, return through the Acqua Verde, and by and by come to the Piazza Annunziata. The church from which the place takes its name is one of the gems of Genoa; the beautiful columns, the magnificently frescoed roof, painted, if we mistake not, by Michael Angelo himself; but churches are rife in Genoa, and many others are very rich in beauty, so we cannot linger long in any one. We pass monks of various orders, and in various habiliments, priests, soldiers, and women. The women of Genoa are reputed handsome, and so in truth they often are, for with the blackest of eyes and hair they not unfrequently have white complexions, not exactly the red and white of the north, *not blond*, but a sort of clear marble opaque white; and then their dress, so neat, so prim, so faultlessly smooth, for Genoese women will scarcely think of going out twice in a dress without having had it ironed. Bonnets are confined to the upper-classes, the bourgeoise class wear pezzotas, and how becoming they are; that long piece of clear white muslin, or tarletan, primed over the glossy hair, plaited on the shoulders, and gracefully falling therefrom scarf-wise, is surely very fascinating, only a woman must be tolerably good-looking. It is not very pretty either over a bald head, a cap, or a wig. But what can one say of the stout, coloured substitutes, worn by the lower classes, called mezzaros? why, that they are hideous. Imagine, dear reader, two yards and a half of coloured calico with a huge gaudy pattern of trees, birds, and animals, pinned on the head, and falling over the shoulders; even the bright eyes, white teeth, and glossy tresses it so often half conceals, can hardly redeem it; but the rest of the female peasant dress is very picturesque, and the golden filigree ornaments which they wear in such profusion are very beautiful. But we are still hardly beyond the Piazza Annunziata; here is held a grand market early in the morning, and a scene never to be forgotten, if you could only be there at six o'clock in the morning; even now there are a sufficient quantity of mules and muleteers to attest the fact, and some few fruit and vegetable vendors here and there.

But we must pass along. What loud voices these Italians have, how they gesticulate, how distinctly you hear fragments of conversation, and with what shrieking voices do they cry their wares. There is a fountain, we passed one a little time back. How gracefully that young girl is bending to take up her pitcher, her attitude is a picture; but we must not go on too fast. So here we are in the streets of palaces—we follow the line, Strade, Balbi, Nuova, and Novissima; some of them are very grand, and all are fine; perhaps, according to our ideas, the streets are not wide enough, but how beautifully are they paved, it is like walking in a drawing-room. It is rather droll to see men roasting chestnuts or mending shoes, &c., in the very entrances of these grand old palaces, at the very foot of those splendid marble steps, yes, very odd, but very usual notwithstanding. Then the marble post-office; the Opera in Strada Carlo Felice; the old cathedral a little further

on, in stripes of alternate black and white marble, it is rather curious than beautiful outside; but inside it is very grand; perhaps it may be surpassed by the Jesuits' church, a gem of beauty. But now we are in the narrow work-day streets of gay old Genoa. These are so narrow that people in opposite shops may shake hands, and two files of mules cannot pass without difficulty. Here too are beautiful churches, I dare not say how many there are in Genoa,—about seventy, I believe. There are the streets of the gold-workers, for Genoa is remarkable for its gold and silver filigree work. Such fairy fabrics are to be seen, one is puzzled where to choose; such ear-rings, and bracelets, and caskets, and ornaments for the hair, for the neck, for the mantelpiece. Then the flower-girls, their craft is unrivalled, a bouquet from Genoa is a curiosity of ingenious manipulation; the beautiful blossoms are woven into a mosaic pattern, and intermingled frequently with threads of gold. Italians on all festive occasions present these bouquets, and not unfrequently have an appropriate couplet, printed in gold or silver letters on the streamers of the broad white ribbon which encircles the stalk. The bonbon shops are also attractive; the Genoese are nice in the art of making imitation fruits in almond paste. It is as much their craft as making velvet or maccaroni. Of maccaroni shops we pass numbers, and can never draw out a purse for the purpose of paying for our purchases, without being assailed by troops of beggars. These have their proper stations, (if any stations for beggars can be called proper,) and one set may not poach on the manor of their neighbouring tribe. There was once a famous confraternity who kept a poor blind woman as their stock-in-trade, their bait, or attraction; and, if any one of the party espied a well-dressed person drawing out a purse to pay, for they could see deep into the little open shops, he would seize hold of the unfortunate hag, dance her up and down by way of gaining attention, and cry out, "Povera ciecca, signore," "povera ciecca." Presently, perhaps, other members of the same beggar-hood would see a still more promising chance, they would scamper up, tear away the old woman and jig her up and down in the opposite direction; but that gang always infested the same locality. There are members of little shrines at the street corners, with votive offerings of arms, hearts, and legs in wax, or sometimes in silver or gold. But what, do you ask, is the meaning of that horrible figure, entirely enveloped in black serge, with eyes hideously peering out of the black, and a frightful figure of a skull and bones painted on his breast? Ah! do not mention him, he is called a beccamoote, and belongs to a confraternity whose duty appears to be, as much to frighten the living as to bury the dead, for surely nothing can be imagined more appalling. It is fearful to think how much an undue dread of death may be fostered by such unearthly trappings; pass him on. Ah! there is a funeral procession, the one to which he evidently belongs; it is the funeral of some poor wretch. There is small ceremony; he will be cast into a horrible abyss called the "Fore," to be washed away by the sea; the coffin will return to be used for others. The rich only have sepulture. Oh! pass on. There are cafés and their appropriate loungers. Apothecary's shops, with their clique of gossip-mongers. We merge now on to the Acqua Sola, the pretty public walk. It is evening, and a military band is playing; carriages are whirling round and round the outer ring, and crowds of well-dressed persons are idling up and down, talking, flirting, walking, or sitting. The fountains are playing, the hedges of roses are in full bloom, the sky is very bright, and soft, and blue, and so the scene is very inspiriting. We shudder as we pass those convents, we think how wretched it must be to be incarcerated there. We pass along through the city gates into the bisagno, we pass impromptu cuisines, where fish are fried and *turta* Genoese (a national dish composed of brains, herbs, and garlick in crust), is being dealt out to passers-by. But now night falls, the gates of the city are closed, monks, soldiers, and women to their quarters, and we to our suppers.—ADDIO.

DEATH OF EPAMINONDAS.

THE history of nations is the history of men. Epaminondas lived and Thebes became great. "Antiquity," says Dr. Smith, "is unanimous in his praise, and subsequently some of the first men in Greece took him for their model. With him the commanding influence of Thebes began and ended. He won the battle of Mantinea, but he fell pierced with a mortal wound. His fall occasioned such consternation among his troops that although the enemy were in full flight they did not know how to use their advantage, and remained rooted to the spot. Hence both sides subsequently claimed the victory, and erected trophies, though it was the Lacedæmonians who sent a herald to request the bodies of the slain."

THE SONG MY MOTHER SUNG.

THE song my mother sung when I
Was but an infant child,
Brings once again before my view
Her sweet, angelic smile;
And in my hours of weariness,
Oh, welcome is the strain
That breaks upon my restless sleep,
And charms my weary brain;
And visions bright of boyish hours,
A wild, tumultuous throng,
Return, as though on angel wings,
With that remembered song.

The tide of years, upon whose flood
My soul hath held her track;
Obeys the spell of those dear notes,
And rolls its waters back;
And care and anguish flee away,
While joy and hope re-bloom;
And flowers rear their scented buds
Upon sweet memory's tomb;
And midst the tempest of my grief
Its thrilling notes will come—
Laden with joys I once enjoyed
Within my mother's home.



DEATH OF EPAMINONDAS.

THE OLD ENGLISH FARMER.

No one respects the British Agriculturist more than the writer of the present article. We have just returned from an interview with the distinguished gentleman at the Baker Street Bazaar. We were glad to see him in his usual excellent state of health. He has had a hard time of it this last summer, but he has kept up his spirits and his person. Like most of us he has to work hard to get his living; but then his work chiefly lies out of doors, it does not wear out his brains. He is long-lived, and his end, I trust, is peace.

I am now about to introduce my readers to the old English farmer. Every one has his golden age, when life went easier than at present, when white-robed innocence tabernacled on earth, when there were no evil days, and when woman had no nerves; when everything was

> "After the fashion of the time,
> And humour of the golden prime,
> Of good Haroun Alraschid."

Agriculturally speaking, that time was when we were at war with Bonaparte. The days of Mr. Pitt were the days of high prices, when, if the nation was going to the bad, the old English farmer was living at a jolly rate, and made so much money that he found it precious hard work to spend it all. Indeed, he became so wealthy and puffed-up with his wealth that he was seriously in danger of forgetting the old proverb—

> "He that by the plough would thrive,
> Must either hold himself or drive."

Mr. Orator Hunt, in a book now never read, tells us—"Those were glorious times for farmers; the price of corn, and all sorts of agricultural produce, was enormous, and as I had grown most excellent crops that season (1800), my profits were very ample. My bailiff wrote me word that he contrived to obtain the highest price in Devizes market for my corn, both for wheat and barley; and one week he sold wheat for five guineas a sack, and barley for five pounds a quarter." He gives us a fascinating picture of the life of the farmer of his time. He tells us he never lived up to his income, yet he lived more like a nobleman than a farmer in those days. He tells us, "My farming concerns were well regulated and attended to, though I spent a great portion of my time in fox-hunting and shooting, and likewise kept a great deal of company; scarcely a day in the week passed that I was not out at a party, or had one at my own house, but much more frequently at home. I kept an excellent table, had a good cellar of wine, and there never was any lack of visitors to partake of it. My life was a constant scene of uninterrupted gaiety and dissipation—one continued round of pleasure. I had barely time to attend to my own personal concerns, for no sooner was one party of pleasure ended than another was made. The hounds met at this cover to-day, at that to-morrow, and so on through the week. Dinners, balls, plays, hunting, shooting, fishing, and driving, in addition to my large farming concerns, which required my attendance at market and fairs, and which business I never neglected even in this hey-day of levity and vanity. All these things left me no leisure to think or reflect, and scarcely time to sleep—for no sooner was one pleasure or engagement ended than I found I had engaged to participate in another; and I joined in them all with my usual enthusiasm." Money lightly came, and went as lightly, in those days. Lord Warwick, in his place in Parliament, speaking of the extravagance of farmers, said that some of them had reached such a pitch of luxury that they actually drank brandy with their wine! His lordship alluded to a gentleman-farmer of the name of Jackson, in the county of Warwick, who always took brandy with his wine. Mr. Hunt adds, "I, too, knew a humorous farmer, and a very worthy fellow, of the name of Mackerell of Collingbourn, who frequently after did the same thing at the principal market-room at the Bear, at Devizes, at the head of which table I at that time presided every week. Mackerell used to call this liquor (brandy and wine) 'Lord Warwick,' and another farmer used always to drink a nob of white sugar in each glass of claret, for, be it known to the reader, that I have repeatedly seen drank at that table, on a market day, by twelve or fourteen farmers, two dozen of old port, and, as a finish, two dozen of claret. Then they would mount their chargers, and off they would go in a body, each of them with £200 or £300 in his pocket, and the Lord have mercy upon the poor fellow who interrupted them, or failed to get out of their way upon their road home! No set of men ever carried their heads higher than they did; no set of men were ever more inflated or purse-proud than were the great body of the farmers during these times of their boundless prosperity. For many years the average price of wheat was fifteen shillings a Winchester bushel. At that period it only took me a hundred sacks of wheat to pay my rent of Widdington farm." Mr. Hunt gives a still clearer view of the farming profits of those days. He writes—"In the year 1801 I grew twelve quarters of best oats per acre upon eight acres of poor down land at Widdington, the rent of which was not more than ten shillings an acre. They were sown after an uncommonly fine crop of turnips, that averaged fifty tons to an acre. The land had been very highly manured both from the farm-yard and the fold, for the turnips, which had been hoed three times. It was the heaviest and finest crop of oats that I ever saw, and they stood full six feet high in the straw. I was sitting on horseback, looking on while they were mowing them, and I recollect that when Thomas Airs, one of the mowers, who was full six feet high, swept his scythe into the standing corn, the ears of the oats frequently struck his hat as he walked along. It was very fine weather, and they were carried in and made into a rick by themselves without taking any rain. In the spring they were thrashed out, and all sold for seed at three pounds a quarter. Now, as they averaged twelve quarters an acre, the sale amounted to £36 an acre, nearly three times the value of the fee-simple of the land. There was also more than three tons of straw upon each acre, and as during that season straw sold at £6 per ton, the actual value of the produce, taking off one pound a ton for the carriage of the straw, was £50 per acre, while the fee-simple of the land would not have sold for £20 per acre." Again, in the same year, 1801, in England the average price of wheat throughout the year was a

hundred and twenty shillings a quarter, or fifteen shillings a bushel. It was estimated that nine millions of acres of corn were grown in England that year, and the price which the produce sold for may be fairly averaged at twelve pounds per acre; therefore in one year one hundred and eight millions of pounds were pocketed by the landholders and farmers in the price of corn only. This period was the zenith of the farmer's glory. If a farm was to be let scores were riding and driving over each other, ready to break their necks to take it or rent it at any price. Not only farmers, but tailors, tinkers, grocers, linen-drapers, and all sorts of tradesmen and shop-keepers, were running helter-skelter to be farmers. Mr. Hunt's father used to class the whole of these under the denomination of apron-farmers, "and never," says his son, "was there a more significant and intelligible term applied to any set of men. In every parish you now saw one of these apron-farmers, gentlemen who knew very well how to handle a yard so as to make short measure in selling a piece of cloth; men who could acquit themselves well at a pestle and mortar—who could tie up a paper parcel, or split a fig—who could drive a goose-quill, or ogle the ladies from behind a counter very decently, but who knew no more about the management of a farm than they did about algebra, or the most intricate problem of Euclid. A pretty mess these gentry made of it. Every one who had saved four or five thousand pounds by his trade must now become a farmer. They all knew what profits the farmer was making, and they not only envied him, but they made a desperate plunge to become participators with him in the booty. There was scarce an attorney in the whole country that did not carry on the double trade of quill-driving and clod-hopping. Most of them purchased land, even if they borrowed the money to pay for it, and many of them, after having farmed and farmed till they had not a shilling in their pocket to support their families, have been compelled to give up their estates to the mortgagees." Mr. Hunt mentions to us one gentleman, whose ignorance of country affairs was such that he did not know barley and wheat from grass, nor beans from oats, when growing, and who seriously proposed, as the best method of hatching ducks, to set them under rooks. Yet he must be a farmer, merely because he had married a lady with a little money. Such was farming when George the Third was king, and when England, almost single-handed, was fighting old Boney by sea and by land, in the old world and the new. I fear the poor came off badly. I hear a great deal of bread riots, and breaking of machines, and of rick-burning; but the old farmers drank good wine and brandy, like Mynheer Van Dunck, and feasted, and married, and lived thoughtlessly, as in the days before the flood. Peace came, and in spite of the Corn-laws, passed to enable him to pay high rents when high prices were gone, a sad change came over the spirit of his dream. He had to give up his feasting and riotous living, his hunting and fishing, his tandems and pointers, to work hard, to study, to become a scientific as well as a practical farmer. We have come to the period of large farms, of agricultural colleges and Alderman Mechi. We hear much now of capital and agricultural chemistry, of guano and Leibig, and, in consequence, the farmer still flourishes, and makes money, though protection is gone, and, according to some parties, he ought to have been ruined a dozen times over. Still, I dare say he looks wistfully to the past, and no wonder, for he had a jolly time of it, and a fine stalwart man was the Old English Farmer.

ION AND BRONWYN.

A BARDIC TALE.

Long, long years ago, there dwelt among the mountains of North Wales, a young man named Ion; he was of a fair and graceful presence, and long descended, though he was poor—so poor indeed that he was obliged to labour for his daily bread.

Now the farmer by whom he was employed had one only daughter, and her name was Bronwyn; she was the beauty of the little mountain hamlet to which she took the eggs and milk and butter, the produce of the farm; and Bronwyn had many suitors, for all admired, and many loved her, but none so well as Ion; and this fair Bronwyn knew, and she returned his love with all the warmth of her young, loving, trusting heart. But "the course of true love never does run smooth" they say, so no wonder if Ion and Bronwyn found some difficulties in their way. The farmer thought her rare beauty worthy of a richer destiny, and so it was, no doubt, only it so happened that the richer match, the "partie par excellence" of that district, was a far less worthy personage than the sober, industrious, gentle-minded, and gentle-mannered Ion, and so in time the parents came to think; and thus after a little wholesome delay, in which they came to value each other more and more, they were united.

For one year all went on cheerily, but there came a scarcity, the harvest failed entirely, and the father of Bronwyn had no more employment for Ion. It was a dreary prospect, for all suffered in a greater or less degree; and wages were very uncertain everywhere; and Ion was young and strong, and so at length he came to the painful determination of leaving his district and his friends, and gentle loving wife, to seek his fortunes elsewhere. It was a sad, a very sad alternative, but all agreed that it would be best, and so Ion prepared to take his sorrowful departure.

Poor Bronwyn, her heart was well nigh breaking, for there were bands of robbers called "The red robbers," who infested the dense forests in every direction; it was a wild chance, and there was no letter-writing in those old days, and if there had been, there was no post to carry them; but Bronwyn was a brave-hearted little soul for all her honest grief, and I believe she put her trust where she could never, never be deceived; perhaps too the thought that her good Ion was too poor to be a lure to robbers comforted her, and so at length she too gave a reluctant consent, and after many bitter, bitter tears and protestations of ever-enduring faith, the young husband and his lovely wife parted. For a long time Ion could see the slender figure of his pretty Bronwyn in her bright-coloured home-spun dress, before the door of her whitewashed cottage which was nestled on the mountain-side, but

when he could see it less and less distinctly until it finally disappeared, it seemed to him as if all that he had in the world was gone from him, so utterly did he feel alone.

But he had a brave spirit and a trustful. So, brushing away the rebellious tears with the sleeve of his dress, he toiled manfully forwards. It was a lovely day in the early autumn, the sun shone and the birds sang cheerily, and Ion fancied they told him to hope and not to grieve, and he thanked them in his heart for all the hope they seemed to give him; and so he toiled along over many a rugged mountain-path, hill-side, and thickly-wooded dell, across swollen torrents, and through dense woods,—he was not certain of his way, for he had not formed any distinct plan, only his path lay southward. At night, he would take shelter in some shepherd's or woodman's hut, and share their brown loaf and goat's-milk cheese, and on again the following day; and so four days passed, still travelling on and on; robbers too there were, but what had he? nothing worth the trouble of taking, and so they gave him food and sang their wild songs to him under the green forest trees. On the fifth day he came to a highly cultivated district. A beautiful stream wound along a lovely glen; fine cattle were grazing, flocks of fine sheep herding, the landscape seemed clothed with far greater luxuriance than any of the country through which he had yet passed; and a winding path seemed to lead to some habitation of unusual importance. Soon the turrets of a grand castle are seen to emerge among the dense but lovely foliage; and towards the castle Ion delightfully wends his way.

His heart bounds within him; something seems to tell him that this is the final goal of his toilsome journey. So little heeding his weary limbs and aching bleeding feet, he ascends the winding path and reaches the castle. Numbers of retainers flit in and about; some are mending bows and arrows, cleaning spears, daggers, and farming implements; Ion stops before a little group thus occupied, and asks if there might be any chance for him to have some employment; they are much interested, for it was quite a boon for them to have to chat with a stranger from whom to gather some little gossip of the world without.

So they are patient listeners and question him of the pretty Bronwyn, and of the bad harvest and long toilsome journey, until they make his little story all their own; then in their turn they tell him of the master of that grand castle, how that he is a great prince and chief, and that he is an old man, very good and gifted with great wisdom. They promise to help him in every way they can, and invite him meantime to share their tankard and their simple but abundant fare.

After the refreshing meal, the old warder takes him into the presence of the old prince or lord of the castle.

He is a tall grand-looking old man, clothed in a flowing purple robe, his beard is very long and silvery white, his head partly bald with a circlet of short snowy hair. His looks are gentle and kindly, and Ion is encouraged to tell him all his simple tale.

"Can you guard sheep, my man?" asks the old lord, "I have many flocks, and have need of a faithful shepherd; your looks please me, and I believe you are worthy of trust; say, will you take charge of my flocks and guard them? they are of great value."

"With my life will I guard them," replied the enthusiastic Ion, equally delighted with his grand old friend.

And so it was agreed, and Ion was to make his home in that castle-hall, and to receive the guerdon of nine golden pieces yearly. Gold was a scarce article in those days, more especially for the owners of land and flocks, who often paid and received in kind. So the sum was by no means a mean one. And now all went on well with Ion as to his own personal circumstances, but sorely, most sorely did his heart yearn after the gentle wife whom he had left, and often as he tended the flocks, would the woods echo with the name of Bronwyn; and in the soft pale moonlight the air would ring with the lays that he and Bronwyn had sung together, until the hot tears would roll down his manly young face and choke his voice, and the song would end abruptly in a heart-wrung sigh. Poor Ion, so it was, and his warm Welsh heart was sorely wrung, for he had but scanty news of her whom he so much loved; now and then some wandering bard or itinerant stroller, or merchant hawker, would tell him of the continued scarcity: and how the faithful Bronwyn continued faithful and sorrowing still.

Time will pass, be it pleasantly or otherwise, and so at length the first year came to an end, and Ion was told that he was to go to the top of the long board where his princely master and mistress always sat in state to receive his due.

Accordingly Ion presented himself. They received him with more than the previous kindness.

"You have been a good follower and faithful," said the noble old man, "and have well earned these nine golden pieces, the price of your services; here they are. Nevertheless, I advise you to give them back to my keeping, and to take in their stead that which will prove of far, far higher value in the time to come!" Ion is surprised; he is very reluctant to give back that which has been so hardly earned; but the old man is regarded as almost a seer, and his wisdom is fabulous, so he hesitates, and finally yields to whatsoever he may propose. It is a wise saw, or maxim, which the old man urges him to receive in lieu of those golden tokens, and is as follows:

"Never turn from the old road for a new one."

It is a quaint saying, and Ion treasures it up; for he remembers that he has been kindly fed and clothed by his strange old lord, and the accounts from his own country are not encouraging; so even without the gold he feels he must not murmur; besides, he is enjoined by his fellow-followers to treasure up the saying, which they assure him will undoubtedly one day make his fortune.

Another year has begun—it is a weary time, even more weary than the last; not all the united kindness of that kind household can compensate to him for the loss of the treasured Bronwyn. Month after month, season after season, slowly pass along. He has had but little intelligence, and that not satisfactory, of his own land; the scarcity has been painfully felt, he can do no good there; he must remain. And so he does remain, and is known by all as a faithful follower,

universally beloved. If any quarrel takes place it is Ion who is applied to, and his interference is sure to calm the jarring disputants; if any lover's difficulty arises, who so apt as Ion, who so ready to give sound and honest counsel! Intelligence and truth are the secret of his well-deserved influence, they act as they always have acted, and always will act to the end of time, as a talisman of trust and love.

And so another day of reckoning comes round, and the various members of that large household present themselves one by one to the honoured master and mistress. It must be remembered all this time that gold is not the usual form of remuneration for services; clothes for in-door retainers, cattle, land, and grain for families, are the usual modes of payment. Thus, though it seemed strange that the good old man should desire to keep back his gold, still it might not be so strange as at this day.

At all events, whether it might be strange or not, when Ion's turn came he received the same advice as on the former occasion—to take a wise saw in lieu of gold. Ion is sorely tempted to refuse the wisdom which is to be so dearly bought; he feels that he is no richer this year than last, no nearer his beloved and much-missed Bronwyn; no, he really cannot accept any proverb this time; he wants the gold to speed him on his way back to his loved one.

"Take courage," says the gentle voice of the Lady Gwentlian, "take courage; the verses will not retard thy return to thy fair bride. No, believe me, I would not deceive thee."

And Ion hesitated no longer, but looked towards the tall grand figure of his purple-robed master. All shade of reluctance fled from his countenance as he distinctly replied—

"Good lady and mistress, I yield; be it as you desire." And the old man smiled, and stretched forth his hand as he said in a distinct voice—

"Never sleep in the house where an old man is married to a young wife."

Ion repeats the strange words, said with so much mystic meaning—words, it may be, of wisdom, but so dearly bought, so apparently aimless, and unintelligible.

He sighs, poor Ion, and leaves the grand large hall of the castle to tend his flocks. The mute creatures have always seemed to be his friends, they know his voice, and follow him like children, and he knows them all, numerous as they are, and some, more than others, seem intelligent, and return his love. It is a weary time; his tale of trial is not yet complete, days swell into weeks, and those weeks again into months, and one season follows another in its term, and but few events of importance occur.

One dreary, stormy night, a poor wandering bard, old and way-worn, stopped at the castle-gate, and begged admittance. Ion had seen the minstrel before, and his heart bounded, for, perhaps, he should gain intelligence of his country and his friends; but the bard had little news for him, save that the lovely Bronwyn still lamented his loss as one dead. Poor Ion! life is almost a burden now.

Duly came the pay-time, and the proverb, for Ion made no resistance now; his spirit, and almost his heart, is broken—

"Be struck twice yourself before you strike again."

Ion receives the saying with deep gratitude, and earnestly thanking the noble old pair for all their bounty, he signifies his intention of quitting their service. The desire is natural, and the good old prince makes no objection, but gives him an earnest heart-warm blessing.

"Thou hast been good and faithful," said he, in a trembling voice, for the tears well-nigh choked his utterance, and servants were more humble friends than servants in those old times.

"Go to thy gentle Bronwyn; my blessing attend her, too, for thy sake. My old eyes may never rest on thee more, but my good-will and my prayers will attend thee."

All grieve to think that Ion will soon leave them, for his good nature and kindly offices have been freely extended to all. So true is it that riches are not necessary in all cases as a means of doing good. The pennyless Ion had been the dispenser of that greatest of human good—kindness; his life in that castle had been a true illustration of "The cup of cold water."

Sorrow purifies and ennobles the virtuous; it leads them gently on to higher virtue, causes them to feel a deeper sympathy with the sorrows of others, more forbearance with their sins and follies, and a sincere and intense gratitude for the smallest alleviation. So was it with Ion. Noble, humble, brave, and gentle, he bore away the goodwill of all, and when the day for him to depart arrived every eye was moist, and every lip trembled when the farewell was spoken.

And that princely old lady, wearing her old age like a diadem, came forth to give her benediction too.

"Go to thy young wife, good Ion," said she, in tearful accents, "go; be ever good, and true, and faithful as now, and in the happiest moment of thy blessed meeting with her cut this brown wheaten cake in twain. Remember, it is the last request I may make thee. And now, take these two good suits of clothes; they were spun by my own hands; they are my last gift. Farewell."

And Ion went, with a strange mixture of joy and sorrow lying heavily at his heart.

CHAPTER II.

Those three long years had wrought great changes in Ion. Not in his person, perhaps, though even that had become more manly, more staid, and more noble-looking far, but the inner man was changed. There was a world-wide difference between the young Ion of three years ago—the boyish Ion who first entered those castle-gates, and the thinking, feeling, high-souled Ion who now for the last time issued from them.

But the road seems less rugged than it was three years ago, and the birds sing more merrily; they sang of hope before, and they were good soothsayers—they sing of joy now. And so the day wanes on. He has a small provision in the little knapsack, and the clear brook for drink, and hope and joy are in his heart, for he has heard from a wayfarer that the last harvest has been universally good in the north, and in every part of beautiful Wales, and so he fears nothing. He is very weary at night, and not being fortunate in finding

a dwelling about nightfall he slept in the green woods, under a large spreading beech-tree. His friends, the birds, sing their gay carols at daybreak, and bid him speed onward. He has become very familiar with the language of the birds in these three years; he fancies sometimes that they tell him about Bronwyn, and the lark, as it soars on high, seems to utter her loved name. He bathes his blistered feet in a clear running stream, and after a slight breakfast, leaves his rustic quarters. On he plods, sometimes whistling an air—some strain of his childhood—as if in answer to the birds; sometimes silently and thoughtfully, over field and thicket, brook and glen, and through dense woods such as we have not in these days. Now these said woods were thickly sprinkled with robbers, as I said before, but Ion was the last kind of man that the robbers cared to attack. He was young and strong, and something in his simple careless bearing told them as plainly as words, that he bore nothing worth the risk and trouble of taking—so he passed on.

The next day he is overtaken by three travelling merchants; they are old men and rich, and pleased with his frank trustful look, they request him to bear them company; he is glad of their escort, and enters freely into conversation with them. They were well-informed jovial men, who had travelled much, for such was the practice of the merchants of those days. They went from hamlet to castle, from castle to burgh, with their rich or useful merchandise,—a sort of superior pedlar, such as *are not* in our days. They had not travelled very far, however, before they came to a cross road.

"Ah!" said Ion, stopping short, "my master did say, 'Never turn from the old road for a new one.' I did pay high for that wise saying, and it do seem to me that this is the old road, so I will keep to it; who do know what will come of it?"

"Thou art an ass, man," said one of the merchant travellers.

"May be too; yes, indeed, but I will e'en keep to the old road, and so farewell."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth and the travellers again "en route," ere strange, wild, piercing cries rent the air. Ion turns to listen, can he be mistaken? surely they are the cries of the very men to whom he has but just bidden adieu. Ion is no man to allow such appeals to remain unnoticed, so drawing his short Welsh dagger, he rushes back to the path which his former companions had taken; on he ran, and presently found the three poor old men striving vainly to defend themselves against four of the red robbers. A sharp conflict ensues, but soon Ion's strong arm and good dagger render such potent assistance to the old men, that they finally succeed in putting the robbers to flight.

"Good youth," says one of the merchants, "thy strong arm and good services have saved my life. Had the robbers deprived me of it, and stripped me of my wealth, it would have been ill for my family; the half of everything I have shall be thine."

"Not so," replied Ion, "thankful shall I be for some assistance, as I have my way to make in life, but I cannot so rate my services."

"Thou art modest as thou art brave," said another of the merchants. "And through a long life have I noted that these two qualities are ever unseparable companions. Had it not been for thy prompt and most effectual assistance, I for another had not been here to help thee or any living. Gladly, most gladly would I, like my brother merchant, share my wealth."

"Brother," said the third merchant, "I am as grateful as either of you, and ready to do all that is right; suppose we each give this good youth a hundred golden pieces, we can well afford it from the stores which have been so abundantly blessed."

"It is agreed," replied the others, "surely none can deserve it more, for it had not been ours to give, but for him."

"Most grateful am I," said poor Ion, stammering for very joy and astonishment; "still it was only a Christian deed, and I feel that, as I would have done the same to save the poorest man living, I cannot quite think it right to take so large a sum."

"I know it, good Ion, and because thou wouldst have aided the poor, let the rich have the pleasure of aiding thee."

Ion was silent and thankfully consented to accept the gold. Meantime, as the poor men were very much bruised and hurt, he would not leave them until they were comfortably lodged in a little mountain farm, which fortunately happened to be at no great distance.

Ion's proverbs are beginning to pay now—three hundred golden pieces—he is a rich man; and they are nobly earned too—so he is a happy man; but the rich have cares which the poor know not, he must be vigilant. The robbers may attack him as they did his three merchant friends; so musing and sauntering he wends his way by the old road still. But he hears footsteps, and turning briskly round with a kind of nervous fear, expressed in the twitching of his mouth, he sees two tall, stout young men behind him; he looks at them from the distance, and feels sure they are not robbers, for they are chatting gaily, and laughing with that frank, open joyousness which can never be linked with crime. When they come up to him they salute one another kindly, and each being pleased with the look of the other, they agree to continue, for the day at least, together as they are going for a considerable distance in the same direction. Each young man tells the history of his life. Ion tells of his Bronwyn, and they tell their simple tale; they are the younger sons of Welsh gentlemen, and are travelling to see some relations further north. The day passes pleasantly, for the young travellers are full of the elasticity of youth, and health, and hope, and, above all, of innocence. At length they reach the way-side inn, where they have previously arranged to spend the night.

By the peat fire of the inn kitchen sits an aged, sickly man of tottering frame and melancholy aspect; he hardly notices the entrance of the travellers, but sits looking listlessly on. The wife, meanwhile, receives the travellers with smiles and jokes; she is very much younger than her husband, and as she trips gaily along, distributing gay sallies and merry jokes, Ion thinks of the second wise saw,—

"Never sleep in a house where a very old man is married to a young wife."

Ion is determined to obey this injunction, but he sees no reason why he should not have some supper before he goes forth, especially as the dame has been fry-

ing some savoury rashers of bacon with the freshest of eggs. They diffuse a dainty and delicate odour, and he is extremely hungry. The dish is irresistible, so down he sits on the rude plank which serves as a settle; and between them the eggs and bacon very quickly disappear. Another dish follows and shares the same fate. The nut-brown ale circulates, tales and jokes go round, they are a very jovial little crew. Weariness at last warns them to sleep, and Ion has very nearly forgotten his impression; but the thought comes into his mind like a warning voice, and bids him seek another lodging for the night. It is in vain that his companions make fun of his determination; in vain the hostess assures him that she can give him the best accommodation for miles round,—he has quite made up his mind by this time.

Now there was a small mud hut immediately adjoining the inn, more like a shed for cattle than a human habitation, and to it Ion repaired. The latch was lifted by a smiling, kindly looking woman, whose hale and rosy-looking husband was eating his simple supper by her side.

The good couple are surprised at his desire to lodge there rather than in the adjoining inn; they have but that one wretched room, and so they tell him; but he is quite firm in his resolution not to sleep at the inn, so rather than he should be obliged to go further they kindly agree to sleep in another little shed beyond, so as to let him have their good bed and warm fire. Ion only begs the shelter of their roof for the night, for it is a stormy, bleak, and murky night outside; but the worthy pair are intent on their graceful hospitality, and he must yield, he can do no other; it would hurt them to persist, so presently all is arranged, they retire to the shed, and leave the little hut with its warm fire and simple but snug little bed entirely to his disposal. All is quiet, very quiet, save slight but continuous snores from the host and hostess in their shed, and the old faithful sheep dog on the hearth before the fire. Ion cannot compose himself to sleep, however, that is impossible; he can think only of the words, they have an ominous meaning, of that he feels quite sure; so his heart beats and a restless and foreboding spirit is upon him, and so he lies and listens; presently he hears a murmuring sound issuing dully through the coarse rough planks, which form the sole partition between the two dwellings; he strains both eyes and ears, and discovers a large hole from whence a knot of the wood has fallen; he kneels and applies his eye to the hole. He distinctly sees the inn kitchen where he and his companions supped, yes, he sees all in the brighter light quite distinctly, for there is a candle burning in the middle of the table, and the fire too is brisk. The sounds issue from the little narrow spiral staircase in the corner; he can hear the sharp tones of the woman's angry voice, and the querulous accents of the poor old man.

"Get thee up quickly, old dotard; come along, get up. Well would it be for me if thou wert never to come down again."

"Ah, Elspeth, I am old and sickly. Have a care—my bones ache. There, gently, I pray thee—do not push me, Elspeth; for the love of heaven, help me!"

"Help thee, old driveller? I am tired of thy peevish sickly ways. There, get thee along."

Ion can hardly restrain himself as he hears the groans of the poor old man, muffled as it were in the windings of the staircase; but then he considers that it is of no use interfering between man and wife—it is not his business, clearly. So he goes again to his couch, and all is again quiet, except that the snoring continues, the crickets chime in, and the dog snuffs about sometimes uneasily. Ion cannot sleep, it is useless to try; hour after hour pass along, and he is weary of his watching, but the boding spirit seems to bid him watch, and the strange words of the old prince seem to echo in his ear.

Ah! voices again, and stealthy footsteps, now creaking sounds—ah! what do they signify? Again he bounds to the hole; again he strains both ear and eye to the aperture.

There is a young and good-looking man in earnest conversation with the hostess. He is dressed in the long brown coat of home-spun cloth peculiar to Welsh husbandmen. What does he say?

"I cannot do it, Elspeth, no, I cannot. Shenkin Cadwallader never hurt a hair of my head. I am not the man to harm him."

"David," replied the woman, "you promised to wed me, and the time is long; he may yet live many a weary year. He is rich—why do you hesitate?"

"Elspeth, bethink you; what good can his wealth do if I am hanged?"

"Hanged, David! no, who will suspect thee? Listen—there are three travellers here this night; they are fast asleep in their beds. We can raise the alarm; suspicion will rest on them, not on thee."

"Maybe, Elspeth; still—"

"What, dost thou still hesitate? He is old and feeble, it will soon be done, and then, with the old miser's hoards, we can be rich and happy."

There is a continuous and confused murmur of voices. Ion can distinguish no more, for the man called David leans heavily against the partition for support; quick as thought Ion catches one end of the flowing coat, and drawing it gently through the chink, cuts out a portion with his shepherd's shears.

The woman, hearing the sharp click of the shears, makes an exclamation of warning, a prolonged hush-sh, but all is darkness and silence on Ion's side; so, after a pause, they continue.

Ion has no more sleep that night, one may be very sure, though he can obtain no more insight into the plot. There is a deep silence, broken only as before by the occasional snoring, and the dog, and the crickets, and the wild throbbing of his own heart, which seems to him to be the loudest of all. It is truly intolerable; so with the first streak of day he lifts the simple rustic latch, and without a word leaves the cottage.

The lovely fresh morning air gives him a new life. The songs of his old friends, the birds, fill him with delight. He has need of their cheerful consoling strains. They seem to tell of Bronwyn, and to make up for the miseries of the last few hours. He has not proceeded far, however, before there is a terrible hue and cry. Foul murder has been done in that way-side inn. He feels he must return to the rescue of his companions of the day before; he knows that they must be in strange peril, and so, notwithstanding all his haste, and all his

anxiety, he turns back to help them. And well was it for them he did so! There was a terrific stir in that small rude hamlet, the poor luckless wayfarers, already condemned by the ignorant and excited populace, would certainly have paid the penalty of death, had it not been for the timely return of the good and right-minded Ion.

"Stop," said he to the old bard who sat in judgment over the pale, trembling strangers; "stop—these men are innocent as yourselves of the death of Shenkin Cadwallader; they knew him not, neither were they aware of his riches. Yonder stands the murderess and her accomplice!"

It was in vain for Elspeth to assume the aspect of innocent indifference; the ghastly expression of her usually rosy face—her haggard eye and quivering lips, told a different tale, while David fairly swooned at the words.

Meantime Ion told his plain truthful tale, and showing the fragment of brown cloth, which corresponded with the hole in David's coat, they stood convicted.

"Spare David," said the kind man, "spare him; he knows that what I say is true; that woman is the murderess."

The young travellers are free; they bound towards him, and pour out all their gratitude. But for his timely arrival their lives would have been forfeited. They are rich, and insist on sharing their wealth with him. Again he remonstrates—he is borne down, they are determined, they show him how that his spirited defence alone saved them from the plots of the wicked hostess, and the infuriated multitude, and so he yields, and becomes very rich; yes, for he is rich in character, in happiness, in health, and in money also; and so, happy and thankful, he takes his leave of the grateful and kindly young travellers, and again turns his steps homewards. To his beloved Bronwyn on he goes; he can quite sympathise with the birds, they always appear to congratulate him, and to tell him of his bride-wife. The way seems long now for very joy and gladness, and he bounds along; still, though his spirit flies, the ground, every inch of it, must be passed.

He approaches the hamlet at length, after many a weary march; but, self-tormentor that he is, new fears assail him. His young and lovely wife-widow believed him dead; surely, surely she has not acted on that belief in all those three dreary, weary years! His heart seems suddenly to bound and collapse! his own Bronwyn, could she have wept for him, and finally found another Ion? How often do we, in the absence of real troubles, substitute artificial ones? Thus was it with poor Ion.

It was a lovely, soft, clear moon-light night when his eyes again rested on the little white-washed cot, nestled dreamily on the mountain-side. With thoughts like these corroding his heart, he could not lift that latch. Ah, no! he hovered round and round the loved portal, every nerve strained, every pulse wildly throbbing; he hears voices—clear ringing voices; he is distracted, wild, mad; he rushes with intent to plunge that little faithful dagger into the heart of his imaginary foe; but no, the words come as though inspired, clear, distinct, standing out as it were in his mind, and causing a sudden calm, like oil upon the raging waters—

"Be struck twice yourself before you strike again."

His heart beats almost audibly, but now it is with horror at the crime he might have blindly committed. He sits down beneath a fine old jasmine which has been trained into a sort of bower, there is a little trickling spring beside it, one of those famed old springs where pilgrims used to come from far to visit, because they had faith in the virtue of its clear cold waters. Ion stoops down, and has faith too, for they seem to calm every nerve; he bathes his fevered weary eyes and limbs, and rests awhile in the clear moonlight. Ah, he feels what many a weary spirit has felt before, and will ever feel while this world endures, that God is love ineffable, unspeakable, and the bright starry flowers, and delicious scent of the lovely jasmine, and the beautiful moon-light, all seem to bring the sweet assurance; his soul breathes a thanksgiving, and in the soft guidance of this, his better, holier spirit, he lifts the rustic latch, and enters the cottage; he stands beside Bronwyn—Bronwyn—Bronwyn. She turns; can it be? Is it—Ion, Ion! Ah, where is jealousy now? where? Gone for ever. Truth, love, and joy unutterable are in every line of that lovely trusting face.

And oh, the ecstasy of that meeting! Neither can speak, but only clasp the other tighter and tighter still to the bruised, almost broken, heart. Then, at length,

"Ah, Bronwyn, whose voice was that I heard speaking with thee just before I entered? It moved me to foul jealousy, and for a long time I could not enter; say, I could have sworn I heard it, too—and yet I see no one."

Beautiful was the smile of Bronwyn as she raised the covering from a small rude couch, on which slumbered a lovely infant. His clustering nut-brown curls fell over his snowy brow, and the dimpled rosy cheek was half-supported by one chubby hand, while the other lay relaxed and carelessly flung across his innocent breast, with one little upturned thumb, over which, while in the act of sucking, he had fallen asleep.

It was a picture of perfect repose and innocence, and brought warm tears into the eyes of Ion.

"See our child, our own little *Ion;* he was born some months after your sad departure, and every night I tell him of his father, and teach him to say his name."

"Ah, Bronwyn, the cake—the cake! I was to cut it in twain in the happiest moment of my meeting with thee; the good brown cake of my peerless mistress—quick, the cake!" Wonder of wonders! out roll the twenty-seven golden pieces, the hard-earned wages. There they are glittering on the blessed hearthstone.

So, loving and lovely pair, rich and good, faithful and virtuous, we wish them God-speed.

A LEAF FOR THE YOUNG.

NEW YEAR'S EVE AND DAY.

It is New Year's eve, the bells will soon ring the Old Year *out* and the New Year *in*. And what a joyous gathering time it is! A season too for hearty good-will and kindliness. The words "I wish you a happy new year," have a warm signification, they are no more empty compliments now.

We look back on the past year, and are sorry for many little acts which we would not renew during this fresh coming one. And we think how many blessings we have enjoyed, and how the trials were very light in comparison, and we pray one little earnest heart-felt prayer, that God in His mercy may send us His blessing, for, amid all its joyousness, it is a very sacred time.

And shall we take a peep into the houses of our French neighbours? How busy are French children on this new year's eve. With what palpitating hearts and joyously trembling hands are they tying up their socks and stockings, and spreading forth their shoes near the chimney. Ay, all, from the little wearers of coarse sabots (wooden shoes) to the velvet-slippered denizens of the château, are convinced that good St. Nicholas, the patron of children, will not forget them, he never does; already twice this winter on St. Nicholas' eve, three weeks before Christmas, and on Christmas eve, he has favoured them. This is his last visit for the season, and the most important too of all. They are persuaded that he comes mysteriously down the chimney to fill their chausseurs with his shower of sweetmeats.

Then what opening of eyes in the morning! what bounding forth from little beds, what running and rushing, what gleeful clapping of hands, when the well-replenished shoe and bulged-out stocking twisted with the gay comet of bonbons, show the estimation of kind St. Nicholas for the youthful owners. I should say Sweet St. Nicholas, for his idea must be a very concentration of sugar-plums in the mind of every French child. But, oh, what sorrow and consternation when a birchen rod or a horrid fool's cap protrudes its abominable unsightly form from out the dangling unfilled stocking, warning the disobedient and careless child that the patron of good children and prince of bonbons has no reward in store for *them*.

And now what visits to pay with papa and mamma, what bouquets of winter flowers, or bottles of scent, or comets of bonbons, to take to grandmamma and grandpapa or uncle! it is so pleasant to be *first*. It is an earnest of kindliness for all the coming year!

And thus in pleasant fashion are spent the social hours of the year's first day.

Turn we from our neighbours in France to our nearer neighbours in Wales, where the remnants of many a time-honoured custom still find a friendly refuge.

Early on New Year's morn, very early, when yet the sky is grey, little steps are heard pattering up the paths of our lawns and gardens, and little voices, *some* very little and very young, lisp and quaver to some simple old rustic air the following carol:—

"I wish you merry Christmas,
And a happy new year,
A pocket full of money,
A cellar full of beer.

God bless the master of this house,
God bless the mistress too,
And all the little children
That round the table grow.

For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas-day,
They laid Him in the manger
Where oxen feed on hay.

I 've done, I 've done, my carol 's done,
You 've got no more to hear;
I 've done, I 've done, my carol 's done,
I stay no longer here."

But they do stay a little longer,—they stay for a shower of pence and sugar-plums, poor shivering little creatures; they stay too for a few kind words, for they are the household treasures of our poor friends and rustic neighbours.

Each of these tiny well-wishers is provided with a wonderful-looking something, which on examination proves to be a large apple; three wooden skewers have been inserted at one end to serve for legs whereon to stand it at will, and another at the side to serve for a handle, a sprig of rosemary is stuck on the top, corns of barley are pricked in all round like almonds in a tipsy cake, and the whole is dusted over with flour.

Very evidently the apple represents the fruits of the earth generally.

The flour—bread, the staff of man's life, the corns of barley—beer, for which the kindly Cambrians have an undeniable predilection, and of which their tiny representatives are wishing us an ample supply.

While the sprig of rosemary has from time immemorial borne so many various significations that it would be difficult to define the half,—perhaps however we may consider it an emblem of another and a higher life to come.

I love old customs, most especially do I reverence kindly ones, and among the oldest and the kindliest is to wish my dear young reader very many happy New Years.

CHURCH BELLS.

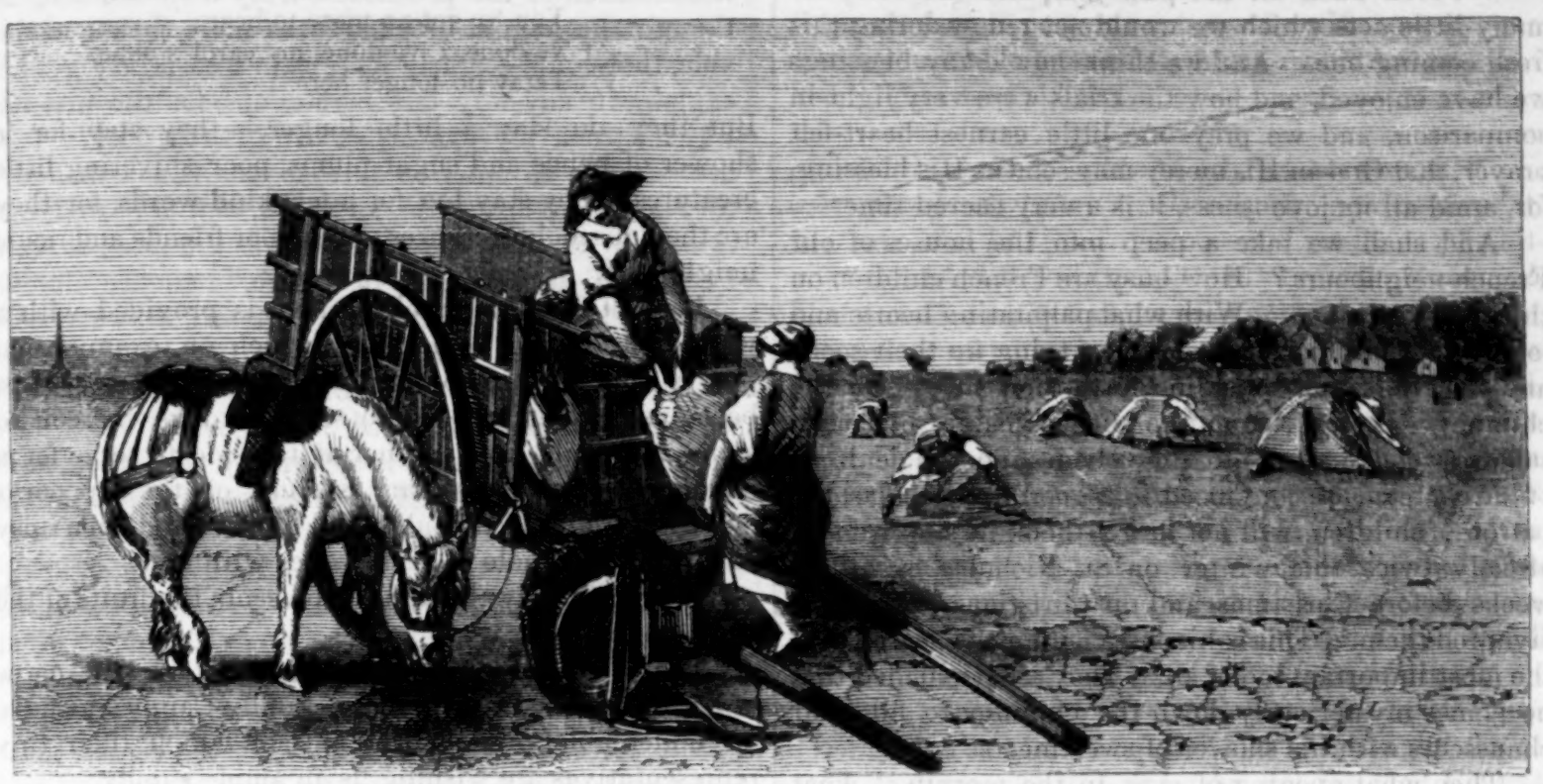
PLACED high above our little winding ways,
Those bells their sweet unvaried music swing;
The same in joyous as in troubled days
The old aërial voices ever sing;
Just so they sounded in my childish ear—
Just as they rung when those who sleep were near.

And yet they have another meaning now,
Each trembling cadence seems to check a sigh,
As if they felt, but would not e'en avow,
A tender thrill of human sympathy.
With strangely sad, and strangely merry chime,
They mix the notes of past and present time:

And, mingled thus, earth's tale to echo tell,
And echo, sighing, whispers back again,
(While on the wind the tones of gladness swell,)
"Lost friend, lost hope, lost love, we seek in vain:
But all time brings, e'en grief must lose its power,
Therefore, sing on, nor heed the present hour."

Ah, yes, ring on, ye voices of the air;
But while I listen tell me what ye say
Of all that once I knew, so good and fair,
Of all that *was*, and now is passed away.
My heart heard clearly when that peal began,
But now your language is not known to man.

By the author of "Morning Clouds."



POTATO GATHERING IN FRANCE.

In all parts of the world the potato is a national food, and as much as bread must be considered the staff of life. How it is grown and gathered in this country we all know well. We copy from a French engraving how it is harvested by the frugal French.

A WEEK A-FOOT IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

Looking back at the summer which has just expired, the heading of this article may appear suggestive of nothing but a suicidal course of peripatetic hydropathy, undertaken in a season when each succeeding month, occupied in weeping over the short-comings of its predecessor, omitted to bestow his own share of brightness to alleviate the prevailing gloom; in this too much resembling certain of our terrestrial brethren, who appear to prefer expending their energies in lamenting the depravity of the last generation, to the endeavour of adding to the glory of the present.

But we are apt to chronicle far more emphatically the disagreeables of the bad days than the pleasures of the fine; and when we assure our readers that our week's ramble was performed without aid of umbrella or goloshes, and was strictly "a-foot," we may as well add that we were signally favoured in having chanced upon perhaps the only week of continuous fine weather which has occurred this summer, namely, the last days of September, and the few first of October.

Any one who has seen anything in print during the last six months can hardly have failed to become familiar with the announcement of "Eight days at the seaside! 10s. 6d. to the Isle of Wight and back." Of this opportunity did we avail ourselves—as we are not above confessing—by third class.

Not for a moment be it *mis*understood that we do not duly appreciate the superior accommodations of the first class; or that, with the widest possible sympathies and philanthropic love for the universal brotherhood of our species, we would actually give the preference to holiday-making Mile End, or Whitechapel; or that, in our zeal for the study of the natural, we rejected the conventionalisms of refinement for those of vulgarity. The fact being, that—whatever round-hand texts and story books tell us—merit is *not*, at least in this world, its own reward; that industry and perseverance (not to mention other estimable qualities) do not *always* win wealth and distinction: meanwhile we travel third class.

Au reste the lively episodes mutually indulged in by my communicative female fellow-travellers merged into those of the book I tried to be intent upon, and lent a charm of variety, if not always of a strict congruity, thus—

"And my Bill 's such a chap, he is; he never says 'no' to anything I 'm set upon, so when I told him, he says—"

("At morning from the sunlight
I shall miss your sunny face,
Leaning, laughing, on my shoulder,
With its careless infant grace,
And your hand there.")

"'Harness old Buck,' he says to Tom, that 's our boy—no, ma'am, I aint no family, ma'am—and my husband says, 'Well, my gal,' he says, 'you aint had your "out" this long while, and why shouldn't you?'—he could n't leave the shop, you see, ma'am—so he says, 'Take care of yourself, and don't you trouble about nothing here; *I'll* see to all that.'"

("Who grows gloomy?
Being free to work, as I am?

Yet these autumn nights are cold.
How I wonder how you 'll pass them,
Ah . . . could all be as of old!
But 'tis best so.")

"Oh, you need n't be afraid of it, ma'am! I never take it strong. If you do n't mind the bottle, sir—thank you; here 's the same to you, I 'm sure, and wishing you a pleasant 'out.'"

With much of the same. At last, associations being somewhat strong with me, and fearing for future ones, I defer further communion with the "Wanderer" to more congenial surroundings, and leaning my head against my corner, and closing my eyes, yield to the necessity of sharing the numerous confidences relative to "Bill's ways," and "my last girl," and am enlightened as to numerous infantile disorders and idiosyncracies in general, to an extent that might really be valuable were I in a position to make the knowledge available.

At Bishopstoke the train was detained over three quarters of an hour, without any apparent reason, unless it might be to avoid the possibility of encountering the last boat for the island that night, which end was fully attained, as we did not arrive at Landport till half an hour after the departure of the boat from Portsmouth, which must have been exceedingly gratifying to most of the passengers, who, like myself, had intended proceeding to their destination at once. However, there was no help for it, and weary of our protracted *séance*, and disappointed, we at once started for Portsmouth by the omnibus from the station.

Being totally unacquainted with the town, and anxious to obtain refreshment and repose, we had made inquiries at the station, and left to the choice of a variety of Georges, Dragons, &c., including The Spring, we had made choice of the latter simply from the desirable associations of its name. Accordingly we were set down at the door of the hotel, where the very limited extent of our luggage might certainly have been relied on for subduing any very exalted estimation of their customer by the host of napkined servitors that rushed out at the stopping of the coach.

Alas! not so it proved.

Having disposed of a moderate meal, I very shortly betook myself to bed. My recollections of Portsmouth are thus very limited, extending merely over the occurrences of the following morning.

The first was, that waking at an early hour, and being anxious to assure myself of the aspect of the weather, my eyes lighted on a group in the street below of three dromedaries, the centre one mounted by a native to all appearance, clothed in the approved costume of the East. No one else was visible, the houses and shops were not yet open, the bright sunshine, the vivid blue of the sky, and the whiteness of the streets and façades opposite, struck me with so much of agreeable novelty, I was almost inclined to believe that I might have been transported in my sleep to the environs of Ispahan or Bagdad. I got into bed again, however, and my second awakening could admit of no doubt, for in no country surely but our own could such a document have been presented as that which I received at the close of my morning's repast.

I have no recollection of having indulged in an illumination of the premises on my own account, and though the ham at breakfast was more than questionable, that could scarcely help us to a surmise; yet how explain, in any way less mysterious, for the first item which struck my eye of "wax-lights 2s. 6d.!" I had not courage to enter on further details, marshalled as they were in lengthy file, and each, as it appeared, multiplied by the last, so enormous was the total, at which I rushed in despair, paid in silence, in silence clutched my carpet-bag, for I felt words even might be expensive in such a place. I doubted whether if I had sneezed, groaned, or coughed, it might not have been added to that dread account, at which I have never since dared to glance, though I have it still in my possession, at the service of any of my readers who may be about starting on an economical trip.

A pretty beginning it was to mine, I thought as I waited on the pier for the steamer. I recalled the history of Mr. Straggles and how he went cheap to Ascot; though I did not, like that hero, resolve on mulcting myself of any projected indulgences as a sort of penance for my involuntary extravagance, for the reason that I had already laid my plans on the scale of the most rigid economy. And while I anathematised the informant who had directed me to that spring of bitterness, I believe—such is human nature—that I actually derived some amount of gratification from the conviction that despite the unfavourable prestige of a third-class traveller, carrying his own small portmanteau, I had been estimated at the rate of an eligible for first-class charges.

But the boat is in sight, the sun is shining, the diamond spray tossing and dancing with its shifting lights: and, wonder of wonders, there is a London paper in the hand of the spectacled old gentleman who has just passed—to-day's too, yes! and another in the hand of that lady who is not reading—where are they coming from? everybody has one—we ascertain the source, and provide ourselves with one just as the boat starts; when, having secured a convenient seat, we set about devouring the smallest atom of news of, and belonging to, the place and people we were so desperately bent on rushing from yesterday: and to our amazement find that they have only got a day more forward since we quitted them: that the adjourned case was resumed from yesterday, that the Crystal Palace advertisement still heralds the same concert for Saturday the ——, and that in fact no very remarkable change has taken place in the affairs of men, since—yesterday. It is ludicrous, this singular idea, which we all laugh at yet all share in, measuring time as it were by distance: it is as if we had lived in times when miles where miles, and computed by stage-coaches, more or less fast.

But we have finished our paper, or at least as much as we care for: seeing that neither the National Gallery, nor Buckingham Palace, nor any other of the architectural glories of our metropolis, has been burned down; no new murder perpetrated, nor old one made clear, "since we left;" we feel rather disgusted at the lack of news, and the more inclined to do the rational thing by becoming oblivious of the every-day business world we have quitted, in the enjoyment of the present.

The wind had been fresh as we crossed, just ruffling the sparkling waters of the Solent, tossing the feathers of the ladies' hats, and making a close arrangement of

drapery in general advisable abroad; but once landed on the pier it is a pleasant breeze only, and tempers the warm rays of the sun, which would else be oppressive.

And now it appears almost superfluous to talk to you about the first impressions of Ryde as we walk up its fine pier. Even when we see it for the first time we seem familiar with the scene, so often have we met with it in portfolios as a sketch, in vignettes to all sorts of sentimental and romantic outpourings in "beauties of England" and in guide books.

The pier, which, as these latter phrase it, "invades Neptune's dominions to the unwonted extent of 2226 feet," cost £1200 in building; and though beyond a doubt the extreme convenience of such a provision for passengers can be estimated by even those who cannot remember the miseries of the old style of landing by means of the small boat and luggage cart; still the perpetual levying of 2d. per head each time of footing the pier, is, to say the least, a bore, not to mention the toll upon luggage, which, belonging, we suppose, to that category of things stigmatised as having neither "head nor tail," are subject to variations of appraising, appearing to defy calculation or average of any description. We were given to understand that all visitors sojourning at the Pier Hotel are free of this infliction of black mail, which certainly offers inducement, if one could be assured of its not being charged double in the bill, under the head of, perhaps, "Gas."

There is now in course of construction another pier, which is to rival the old-established one in every point of convenience and accommodation, and we may hope will be productive of the usual results of competition by affording these at a somewhat lower rate.

But not thy piers, O Ryde! nor thy yachts, their club-house,—not thy terraced villas, nor their snow-white fronts, that look like swans nestling amid sea-girt verdure, brooding over the cygnet cuts below,—not thy silver Solent, nor thy healthy breezes,—but thy girls shall, O lovely Ryde! inspire my song, or rather my sermon. Beautiful a few, pleasant most, and, alas! *fast* almost all. Now we are *not* fogies, we are not afraid of carrying back our reminiscences "as long as we can remember," without the least risk of untimely betrayal; we have no personal interest in the advertisements of patent hairdressers and dentists; we put no faith in goloshes nor over-coats; and by no means believe a country dance to equal a *deux temps;* crinoline we do not object to in moderation, and think the hats adapted within the last few summers, by the ladies, so becoming and useful, that it is a pity they seem to stand no chance of gaining universal favour.

But we do object to see a young, soft, timid girl—to whom nature has given, in her silken brown hair and smooth rose-tinged cheek, the outer attributes of the sweetness and gentleness within—for whom, one should say, nothing could be too ethereal, too light, and soft, and feminine—to see her arrayed in a complete costume of stiff, thick, pea-jacket stuff of sailor blue, with saucer-like buttons, and pockets à la gents paletôt. On her head a little roundabout hat and short ungraceful plume; one hand stuck in a front pocket, the other switching a smart cane, or grasping a small brass bugle. So at Ryde we meet them, boating, driving, riding, or walking; with an imitation of the tone, the actions, the gait of their brothers, lovers, or, Heaven preserve us! their husbands! above all; at the hours of fashionable promenade upon the pier we encounter them in single and double file, in couples, groups, and trios, of every age, and of many degrees, intermingled with specimens of another style, the aim of which seemed who should carry the most variety and the greatest quantity of the contents of a draper's warehouse on and about them,—silks extended to full twenty feet around, rich lace that dragged the flooring of the pier, and shawls whose very weight appeared cumbrous to the wearer. It was to us truly refreshing when a really graceful, unspoiled, simply dressed figure passed us in its turn—we did see one such, who by the charm of her flowing muslin drapery and well-chosen combination of tints outvied in loveliness all we had seen. We felt that with such a companion—but *she* had a companion already, a gentleman too, who appeared fully capable of appreciating his lovely companion, and whose attention was fortunately so closely engaged that he did not observe our perceptible admiration. We are not going to discuss the question of how far these "fast" young ladies may be qualified as wives and mothers: we believe that a person may, to a certain extent, yield to the follies of the day, yet on occasion prove to have no mean complement of available intelligence; and a young lady who has blown a bugle and played at yachting and tandem, may no doubt bring up her children to fear God and honour the Queen, and be a loving and loyal wife to her liege. But only viewing the thing as a matter of taste, where can be the attraction in this hybrid costume, this aping of masculine frivolities? One would feel inclined to suspect that it could only find favour with such of the opposite sex as, themselves wanting in the better characteristics of manliness, fail to perceive this caricature of their own feeble attainments and petty aims.

We tarried no longer at Ryde than was necessary to inform ourselves of some desirable particulars regarding our route; and, starting that afternoon by the high road, our first halt was made at the old-fashioned village of Brading, where at least the eye cannot be offended by any signs of *fastness.*

The ancient houses with their quaint gable ends covered with ivy; the primitive aspect of the little post-office, with its leaded casements, contrasted in the mind of a Londoner with St. Martin's-le-Grand and Charing Cross; the quiet easy-going village folk, to whom the most exciting event appears to be the passing through of the Ryde coach; all combine to impress the wayfarer with that prevailing, but we fear erroneous, idea of the innocence and freedom from anxiety which belong to a country life. Brading church is built upon the site of the very first place of worship which was erected on the island, and looks in itself ancient enough to be (as it is often asserted) the oldest, but it is not so. Legh Richmond, the author of the "Dairyman's Daughter" and other religious works, was for some time curate of Brading.

The Downs here are very fine, and there is a monument erected on them to the Earl of Yarborough. The harbour too is remarkably good, and deserves a more especial notice than we bestowed upon it; being anxious to make the most of the fine weather vouchsafed us, we only tarried long enough for rest and refresh-

ment, and were soon again *en route* for Sandown, where we slept that night.

Never shall I forget the scene on which we suddenly came, after plodding for some time through fields of corn, and grass meadows, and by lanes where the thick foliage of the trees arched overhead—the silence only broken by the occasional chirp of a bird, or the unfrequent rencontre of some other wayfarer. Half hidden in the leafy luxuriance of groves and woods and gardens nestled the snug farmhouse, the white villas, and all their beautiful appendages of conservatory, arbour, or summer-house, with here and there the turrets of some fancifully-planned ruin, aptly constructed to fill the measure of delight to the eye. Beyond Sandown Bay, with the Culver Cliff glittering silvery white in the full rays of the evening sun; while a hundred feet below us lay the beach with its huge masses of fallen rock, the rippling tide, its tiny waves tipped like snow-flakes, widening, spreading, deepening, far as the eye could reach into the vast ocean, flashed with the tints of golden purple, green, and orange; then fading into grey and cloud-like mist, where it melts into the horizon. And all so still, the very burst of our admiration seemed a wrong towards the peaceful loveliness of the scene.

There is a fine wide sandy beach at Sandown, and the aspect of the rocks, with the huge strata of coal-black and iron rust, impart a grimness and solemnity to the place, much less attractive than the chalky cliffs of Ventnor and its neighbourhood. But it is a lovely spot; and that it is a favourite one is evident by the elegant little villas which line its rocky beach and perch here and there on the heights like contented birds in a pleasant resting-place.

It is the great charm of footing it, as we did on our little tour, that you may at any time choose your path and vary the scene at will. Satiated with the beauty and stillness of the upper route, by woody labyrinth, by field and grove and homestead, you can at once descend, by some not over facile and rocky descent, to the shore; where, still pursuing your course, you may study the grander features of Nature in her frowning cliffs, her wide-stretching sands and twilight caves; mark the white speck just dimly seen upon the horizon, and with your glass learn her capacity, her bearings, and what sail she carries; or as you trudge along in meditative silence, fashion after your own mood the monotonous voices of the waves, and find a soothing companionship in the subdued murmur of the never quiet sea.

Loitering pleasantly along thus, we came to Shanklin—and its Chine; and now I could fain lay down my pen in the certainty that to attempt description would be only to mock the beauty, the serene tranquil perfect loveliness, of this picturesque gift of Nature. I have read more descriptions of these spots since I visited them than ever I had before: and I can but say, that not one, by pen or pencil, will give you even the faintest idea of the exquisite delight afforded by the original. I may tell you that it is a combination of Nature with Art; that a wide chasm in the rocks of a smooth beautiful bay has been enclosed; that the wild flowers and vegetation have been here and there trained and added to, till the rocky walls are completely covered with wild creeping shrubs and flowers; that the trees grow in fantastic crevices or ledges and in clefts, overhanging gulfs, sweeping your face with their soft foliage; that a hundred varieties of flowers, and ferns, and heaths, the lively maidenhair and crisp smooth ivy, mixed with the fuchsia, the rose, and geranium, climb, hang, cluster, and blossom in every available nook and cranny; while, to all seeming perched on nothing, tiny chalets, and snug nests of luxury peep through the boughs; reached by rustic bridges and rude steps in the rock. And for the music of this island Elysium is the voice of the cascade dashing and tumbling from the head of the Chine o'erleaping every obstacle, scattering its spray in invisible showers wild and impetuous, like enthusiastic youth and haughty manhood, till in a smooth channel at the bottom of the Chine it glides a peaceful stream, with the serenity of old age, away to the eternity of the great ocean.

I might tell you all this, and of the romantic bowers, and rustic seats, and tiny weird caves that belong to this sweet place, and yet you could *never* realize its reality. Indeed, it must be seen to be understood, and all that words can ever do, will be to induce him who has not yet enjoyed the delight of such a visit, to take an early opportunity of judging for himself, that in turn he too may exhaust all known terms of admiration, and feel how far short they fall of the truth.

Shanklin boasts some of the coziest nests of dwelling-places that mortal man has perhaps ever inhabited, though so folded and hidden away, like a billet in a bouquet, that it needs some more than ordinary clue to come at most of them. It struck me that the ladies must be possessed of some resource unknown to our London belles, for certainly the "shopping" can stand them but in little stead there.

The desideratum of a London paper we had of course soon been compelled to give up any hope of supplying; and having with the oversight of inexperienced tourists omitted to supply our knapsack with anything edible, we found ourselves at the close of a long march somewhat in need of refreshment.

The sight of a sort of baker's and confectioner's, with the announcement in the window of "Tea and Coffee," we hailed with delight, and having obtained the only thing in form of solids the shop afforded, viz. some plum cake, we desired to be served with coffee. After a considerable delay, during which there appeared to be some difficulty in the way of hot water, and the shopwoman, having made a visit to the next shop, a grocer's, returned with a very suggestive screw in her hand—the coffee was served, black, thick, and milkless. The reply to our not over gentle exclamation was that there was no milk to be got! The woman seemed surprised at our evident discomfiture, but said "she would try;" in awhile she returned (oh! shades of Tarrance and Gunter) with a small portion *in a tea-cup*, which she evidently considered as something of value, and not lightly to be disposed of.

We afterwards found the rarity of this essential article to be common to the island, and even in houses of good standing too it was often apologised for; why, we are at a loss to conceive; we saw plenty of horned cattle, and remarkably fine ones too, with that peculiar rich brownness of tint which makes them appear the originals of the cows in Cooper's landscapes.

But we must be moving, much as we should love to linger on the road at quiet Bonchurch, with its glassy pond and overhanging elms, its wondrous old church, now closed, its small solemn churchyard and moss-covered graves, and that endless flight of steps to the "Pulpit Rock." A new church is building, and new villas springing up along the white road, each having its fanciful little grotto or arbour or summer-house, half way up the downs of St. Boniface which shelters the pretty gardens at its base. We pass by, in recalling all these, and so come to Ventnor, "the Madeira of England," as it has been called.

Tranquil, beautiful little town, that sits smiling at the foot of the dark old hills, like a fair woman gazing upward to the face of an ancient old warrior. Whether I recall its terraced gardens, its groups of picturesque little villas, its white cliffs and pebbly beach, or its verdant hills and woods,—all is beautiful, peaceful, solitary, for fashion has happily not yet to any extent invaded the primitive simplicity, which is its chiefest charm. Defended by the downs of St. Boniface from the north-east winds, breathed on by the luscious South, fanned by the salubrious sea-breezes, Ventnor well merits the universal reputation it has acquired; and one can well imagine the worn invalid regaining new strength and spirits in a place where the very atmosphere seems to bear health and soothing palpably to the senses. The environs too of Ventnor are so unexceptionably delightful.

Up that cool, shady, unpeopled lane, under the overhanging trees, to where the ancient well of St. Lawrence lies in its time-worn mossy hide,—and the stone seats, where you must sit awhile after drinking of the clear, cold spring, where, despite the "Robinsons" and the "Smiths" and the "Browns" who have here shamefully immortalised their miserable patronymics in the green damp old stone—imagination carries me back to the time when pilgrims have blessed the welcome draught, resting here perhaps on their foot-sore journey to the shrine of "Sainted Lawrence" on the height above.

It is a terrible shock the lover of old and sacred associations is doomed to, in thus constantly being brought to face the fact: "Bill Codgers and me come here, June, 1836," — or "Matilda Anne and Vincent Snooks from London, May, 1842," or that "Samuel Wobbles in 1850,"—wasted an hour, and spoiled a knife here. It is a fact worthy of remark, that we never meet with the name of a foreigner among these odious contributions; and that on the continent such sign-manuals, if visible, are almost wholly confined to those of our countrymen.

The church of St. Lawrence, built in the time of Richard I., is the smallest we ever entered, and indeed we believe there is but one smaller in England. It is but 25 feet long, 12 wide, and measures only six feet to the eaves. The whole parish contains but 111 inhabitants; so even this scanty accommodation is not found at fault.

I do hope that should my reader ever visit this interesting little sanctuary, the occasion may remain photographed among the pleasantest of his memories, as it is with ours.

The mellow September sun was shining, the air soft, and the sky without a cloud. We had wandered up the rocky path from Ventnor beach, and we came upon the little church. Its congregation had overflowed into the grassy churchyard, where they sat on benches under an awning. A board at the gate of the churchyard warned visitors disturbing the service by entering idly: we sat down on the dry, mossy bank, outside the old stone wall —and if ever a Sabbath were made visibly present upon earth, we thought it was then. Above us towered the huge massive rocks, grand and perpetual, here grey and barren, there hung with verdure, with the purple heath, and ferns and wild flowers,—below the wide solitary beach, and the sea glittering in the sun; not a sail, not a bird's wing even to break the vast expanse—all at rest. Not a chirp, not the buzz of an insect, made itself heard; nothing, but the voice of the clergyman in prayer, from the open casements of the church, and the faint measured plash of the waves upon the sands hundreds of feet below.

A scene so truly solemn, so free of human pomp, and pretension, and display, yet so impressive, I never beheld: that unbroken stillness and those abiding works of a great Creative hand awoke more solemn thoughts than all the sensuous devices of worship ever planned. No cathedral display, white stoled and green and gold, with incense cloud or sculptured altar-piece, ever spoke to the soul of man as did that simple worship among the hills. The impression was not broken, even when moire-antique, and silken mauve and lustres, rustled out from the ancient shrine, and instead of the venerable grey-headed pastor we had pictured to ourselves, came a young gentlemanly clergyman, whose nice-looking lady-like wife awaited him at the gate, and, arm-in-arm, chatting with some of his congregation, they proceeded a short way down the hill, to their dwelling-house, a pretty nest of a place, with only a cottage or two near it. The service was over by a quarter to twelve, and the small congregation was soon dispersed, and the tiny sanctuary hushed. There is a fine echo in the rocks overhanging the road above the church —we could not but fancy the effect would be fine of a hymn well sung here.

We rested awhile at Ventnor, strolling along its sheltered beach, till we came to Luccombe Chine and its foaming cascade,—a similar spot to that of Shanklin, though wilder and, to our delight, more difficult of ascent; though we are sorry to see Art has here commenced improvements (?), and "no thoroughfare" bars the more lovely portion. An artificial rim erected at this point is seen from the inland path with great effect.

We had been haunted hitherto through our ramble by the ghost of an absurd ditty (sometime chanted by Mrs. Florence of Yankee memory, concerning my "Mary Ann"),—apparently without any sufficient reason or concatenation of associations, till we became awake to the fact that on every part of the beach we had encountered a sort of wicker baskets, like gigantic black beetle traps; in fact, the "lobster pot," in which the said song depicts the agony of the imprisoned fish as small compared with the departing lover's. Singularly enough we had never met with any of the victims of the fisherman's wickered snares, nor indeed any other fish—till we chanced upon those two romantic little cabins near Luccombe Chine, where the bronzed

youngsters rolling upon the beach and romping amongst the fishing tackle were the only living creatures we had met for an hour and a half.

We made a short stay at these isolated huts of the fishers, and some lobsters, having been just taken from the pots, were by our desire boiled for us; but we were far from realizing the feast we had anticipated,—whether it was that they were not quite cool, we had not time to spare, or that, being ravenous, we were past dainties, I cannot say, only I would not recommend my friends to try the experiment with any vivid expectations of a treat. Not so concerning another feat, which I believe no one will repent of achieving—the ascent of St. Boniface, which keeps solemn guard over beautiful Ventnor. The foot of the beaten track will be found at Bonchurch just past the church now building, thence the ascent will be found easy and gradual, but if missed, the unlucky tourist may find himself, as we did, involved in a thicket of thorns and brambles, of what genus I will not pretend to say; only they stood upwards of five feet, and we had literally to force our way defying scratches and torn pantaloons. No gossamer flounces nor drawing-room boots need attempt St. Boniface, nor indeed any of the explorations on which the sole delight of such a holiday depends.

And here a word. Many men, and all ladies (well *almost*) seem terribly in the dark as to the requirements of the toilette in such cases; they burden themselves, and retard the progress of a party, with a host of things they will never, in all probability, make any use of. A change of linen, comb and brushes, are really all any one need be provided with, linen can always be washed during a day's stay; and for the ladies, supposing they could make up their minds to "rough it," and thus really enjoy themselves—I can recommend nothing more suitable than a skirt and loose jacket of strong brown holland, with as much fanciful braiding about it as they please. These pack close, can be intrusted to any laundress, will defy brambles and rocks, are rather partial than otherwise to sea-water and shingle, with which they harmonise; they leave the wearer at liberty to use her limbs in perfect freedom, and, with a wide-brimmed straw hat, form as becoming a toilette as need be desired. It is painful to see ladies mounting rocks and edging through a labyrinth of woods, where both hands are required, their long dresses catching their feet, and distended flounces forming an attachment more determined than agreeable, silks spoiled by sea-water, and thin boots cut to pieces on the shingle. A mind ill at ease and disturbed about such mishaps cannot be at liberty to enjoy to the full all the delights Nature so lavishly spreads to our view; and with such a costume as I have sketched, in the event of any accident, they can afford to laugh at the damage.

Men cannot go far wrong with the "Tweed suits complete," and for both—besides the telescope, to be slung out of the way—a thick woollen shawl will be found to answer many useful purposes, of protection in wind or rain, folded into a cushion for a temporary seat, and is easily carried across the arm on the march.

With regard to other matters, I am of opinion that a heavy meal in the middle of the day interferes sadly with the progress and enjoyment of a pedestrian expedition. A hearty breakfast to commence the day upon, a few biscuits in the pocket or knapsack, with a little ripe fruit, a draught of water or milk, upon the road, we have ever found the most suitable bill of fare, both as to economy and enjoyment. At the close of the day's march a solid meal of whatever be most attainable will be doubly welcome. This gossip is passing on the summit of St. Boniface, where we take breath, seated on the fragrant heather which grows in the wildest luxuriance of purple beauty, here eight hundred feet above the sea.

There below lie Bonchurch and Ventnor, with their white roads winding through the hills and woods; with the glass we can make out the streets, the window of the chamber where we slept last night; the hotel, the marine villas, and away there to the right Steephill Castle with its flag, and St. Lawrence, its church, and the woods that lie below. We own that never did Fancy sketch such a picture of perfect repose and loveliness, every element of beauty so mingled, hill and dale, shade and luxuriance, turf and down, and flower garden, stern rocks, and smiling landscape,—with ever that eternal frame, the everlasting sea.

Skirting the top of the hill, among fern, and briar, and heath, we come to another point of the downs, where we have another view looking inland; we look down upon Appuldurcombe park, another variation of scenery; cultivated lands, fields rich in golden promise, orchards with their tempting branches well laden; and here and there a farmhouse nestling so closely amid bushy woods as to need the aid of our glass to disclose them. In the midst stands the mansion of Appuldurcombe, built by the Worsley family, the seat of the late Earl of Yarborough, now an hotel! belonging to a company; one meets with its prospectuses, and its omnibuses run to and fro,—"Isle of Wight Hotel, Appuldurcombe." It is a fine situation for the purpose, though to my mind somewhat too far inland to be fully enjoyable to sea lovers. So we stroll on, over the downs, and by the steep winding road down to Ventnor stopping again and again at each new point of view, to observe under different aspects the matchless scene.

Another delightful walk is from Ventnor to Shanklin, by the upper cliff path. Through nut woods, and by a rocky path, where the huge fragments, fallen from the old gray masses above, have gradually become covered with verdure,—ivy, maidenhair, and waving fern, wild strawberries, and flowers in endless variety. As for the blackberries, they were in thickets and the bushes laden; the nuts too clustered in profusion; and though from the backward season they were not yet matured, a fine promise was afforded for the coming month. But they will ripen and decay, and sow anew the old boulders of gray rock, for those arrant blackberry hunters, "the boys," are rare in Ventnor, and the echoes of this sylvan spot are rarely awakened. It is here one learns how the highest efforts of Art do but imitate Nature, and that poorly. What study of the picturesque, what labour after effect, could ever attain that glorious perfection of mingled softness and severity—those breaks of light and shade, those rushing cascades, those tumbled rugged steps by which we mounted imperceptibly; yet when we turn to gaze, are awe-struck by the prospect! That back-ground of gray barrenness, like old castle buttresses, the masses of delicate green,

the red sumach, the waxen ivy, the drooping ash, and a hundred others on the other side the rocky path, again the wilderness, tangled, almost impenetrable, till here and there we come upon a cleft, an opening, fringed with shrubs and trees, that seem to hang by the roots, so fantastic is their posture; a winding precipitous pathway to the beach below, just where you would expect to see a Dinorah or a Lize, hair dishevelled, and with fluttering drapery, tiptoing her descent, as she bewails, in thrilling harmony, her woes, or warbles her joy. But no painted scene of most skilful brush ever rivalled Nature here! Who has seen Ventnor by moonlight and will ever forget? The full moon rising out of the silver ocean, into which she seemed to smile back lovingly, as one might think, remembering some other world of beauty she had left there below,—the diamond spray that rippled and broke and plashed unceasingly, the myriad stars twinkling above, like a deputation from the sparkling sea waves to their sovereign lady. Then all was so still, the faint singing could be heard of the freshets or mountain streams, as they make their way through the earth beneath, till they unite and burst into visible life, as those purling brooks or foaming cascades which form one chief feature of the island's beauty.

To any of our friends contemplating a sojourn at the island we recommend Ventnor as the head-quarters. In no other spot we know of will they find, within easy distance, scenes more lovely. In the autumnal season more especially is this locale to be preferred from its sheltered position and soft temperature. It possesses all the charm of natural gifts with the conveniences of civilization. We got the *Times* every day of publication, the magazines and all books of note were attainable, the shops are excellent, and there are a library and reading-room, while the hotels are first class. One finds it difficult to realize at the present day that thirty years ago Ventnor was a mere hamlet; it now numbers 2569 inhabitants, the visitors usually doubling the natives.

But all may not be disposed to foot it, as we did; and here are no railways, be it remembered, to waft one from this side to that of the little island.

Should legs, breath, or time fail—you mount an original coach, and behind four spanking horses, with at least *mettle* enough among them to go to the composition of the iron one, rattling through umbrageous lanes, and down steep hill-sides, you obtain such glorious views of the island scenery, inhaling such instalments of vigour and spirits by the way, as tempt you to regret this almost extinct feature of the "good old times."

Walking on the beach one morning we were struck by some object which was on a rapid descent towards us. Nearer it became visible as a gentleman's white hat, and the owner stood at the verge of the cliff above, watching in hapless dismay the erratic course of his property. Half-way down the uncertain beaver changed its course and returned, actually touching the edge of the cliff, and with a sensation of horror we saw the man make a grasp at it. A sudden step or snatch forward must have been instant destruction, and the temptation was great, as the hat rested almost at his feet. Again it inclined to a sea dip, and this time descended gently to within a few feet of where we stood. Then with a pause it commenced a second ascent, and deliberately rose till it reached terra firma, and was captured by the owner. He waved it exultingly to those below who had shared his anxiety, and now cheered in sympathy.

Here it was too that at very early morning we espied a couple, who, defying all the ordinary paraphernalia of bathing, had betaken themselves to a sheltered cave among the rocks, and there disported themselves in true native fashion among the waves. Each in turn kept watch and ward over the possessions of the other, a snug cave in the rocks forming a disrobing room.

I observed a boat some way out. The fishermen in a while marked the original bathers, and seemed disposed to take a closer observation; but ere they had pulled within eyesight, the couple had assumed a civilized state, and were hastening up the rocks, doubtless having no desire to be hereafter recognised as the performers in the little aboriginal episode.

But we bid farewell to Ventnor, its beach, and hills, and downs; and once more are "a-foot." We pass through Niton, a charming village, whose chalybeate springs have made it a favourite resort, and where one may see the beau-ideal of a bower for the honeymoon, in the Sandrock hotel— a perfect *jardin de délices* to pass that blissful morning dream which precedes the waking to cold and dreary day. (That is the poet's version, not the writer's. Heaven forbid he should say so!) The "pretty girls of Niton" has grown into a proverb; we confess we did not meet with any, if we except an old witch who was driving an ass, and who in answer to our inquiry for the locality of Black-Gang-Chine, replied with "Git oop, will ye."

We adopted her locanic admonition, and next noted Black-Gang-Chine. Grand, gloomy, austere—scant of vegetation, cliffs black as midnight—fit scene for a tragedy of mystery and blood—apt resort of a pirate gang. But we hear of nothing worse than shipwreck. In 1836 the Clarendon West Indiaman went to pieces on these rocks; not a plank was left of her, not a soul was saved, and most of those who were washed ashore, are buried in the neighbouring churchyard of Chale.

On a plateau of the Undercliff here, is a villa tenanted by Mr. Letts of "Diary" renown. The contrast from Cornhill to Black-Gang-Chine must be as complete, one may suppose, as could be well devised. Chale has little of interest to detain us, though 'tis a primitive and pretty village; still moving on, we pass Brixton and Northstone Downs, where are some Druidical remains; bleak and barren these parts, but the scenery around is of the finest, and the sketcher will be apt to linger behind those who are anxious to be a-foot.

Freshwater possesses an interest of itself. The Bay is lovely, the bathing perhaps the best in the island; the cliffs are the resort of aquatic birds, and the way in which they are captured is peculiar. Men are lowered down the perpendicular face of the rocks 700 feet high, a peculiar noise is made to scare the birds from their holes, as they appear they are beaten down with sticks, and gathered from below. It is a perilous undertaking, and the sight is more novel than pleasant.

So we footed it to Yarmouth, but you must not sup-

pose that because we pause not by the way there are wanting subjects of interest. The scenery is always beautiful; then there is the Lighthouse, and the Needles, those isolated rocks so called, of which the highest, being some time since undermined, fell into the sea, and wholly disappeared. There is Alum Bay too, with its rocks of glittering many-coloured strata; which, when the sun shines upon them, exhibit a vivid brilliancy, that more than anything reminded me of the caves of jewels in which that fortunate son of a tailor was entrapped in the Eastern story.

Yarmouth is four miles distant from Lymington by ferry. It was formerly much larger, but has suffered from repeated invasions of the French. At the George Hotel is a small platform transferred from an old mansion in the town, where Charles I. addressed the people, on his way from Carisbrooke to Hurst Castle, a short time before his execution.

Newtown consists of twelve cottages, and a population of 100 inhabitants. It was formerly a borough, and returned a member to parliament! The famed Duke of Marlborough and George Canning each in his time represented it.

We have arrived at the capital town of the island, Newport. A bustling and consequential little place it is: I hope the natives will pardon me the latter adjective, the more readily that I confess to a liking for Newport. There is an air of snugness and well-to-do compactness about it, the streets well kept and regular, the shops thriving and cheerful. The Town Hall is an object of attraction, instead of being a failure and a reproach, as these too often are. There is a Literary Institution, which is well supported. Its lace factories are mentioned as well worth a visit, and there is a Whitsuntide fair, during which it is said no writ can be executed, except from the Pie Poudre Court. The old church was built in 1172, and dedicated to St. Thomas a Beckett, but it has recently been rebuilt, Prince Albert laying the foundation stone in 1854.

From Newport it is a pleasant shady walk to Carisbrooke. The village itself has little of interest besides the ancient church, save in the historical associations with which memory and fancy may people it. Exploring our way to the famed Castle, we stumbled upon an incidental curiosity of whose existence we were unaware, and of which no mention has, to our knowledge, been made in any similar sketch.

A large painted board, near the vicarage grounds, bears the announcement with an indicating hand, "To the Roman Villa." On inquiry we found that the remains of a Roman building, in very good condition, had been laid bare in the course of draining a meadow, some sixteen months ago, on the vicar's grounds, and has, under the directions of that gentleman, been properly preserved, and that visitors are allowed to see it with a fee to the exhibitor.

The remains of the walls, about two feet high, show clearly the arrangement and position of the rooms, of which there are three open, with a red-tiled compartment at some little distance, said to be the bath, a flue communicating with it, we understood to have been destroyed accidentally during the disinterment. Some coins that were found here bear the inscription of the time of Claudius Cæsar; the ruins are thus accounted to be 1700 years old. Under a wooden shed, carefully covered in, is the most interesting object of the whole,—a beautifully inlaid floor, in the most complete state of preservation.

One fails to realize almost the space of time that has elapsed since these ruins were a dwelling; since that coin was current. What did it last purchase? Whose feet trod these floors? Who last had that bath heated for his pleasure? What voices echoed through those walls? Think! when all this was; the great Christian story was a thing of the last century, just as the American war or the Gordon riots of this, and men told it to their wondering children as the tale of their youth. Since then, whole dynasties have fallen and arisen and decayed; nations have changed the governments and religions; cities and castles and churches have been built, grown ancient, and are crumbled into dust. Normans and Saxons, Briton and Gaul, York and Lancaster, have had their bloody struggles, and are passed away. New countries have been discovered; laws have been made, and fallen into disuse; the Reformation has swept its purifying blast over the land; kings have been beheaded, tribes massacred; winter and summer have come and gone, hundreds of seasons: yet still and quiet lay this buried dwelling-place, under the sod of the little meadow, a few yards beneath men's feet, undreamt of, till the stray pick of a labourer lays it bare in 1859, and it is a show for curious people to gaze at. Ah me! it is enough to bate the pride of some of us to think that our great city we think so much of, the mansions we have planned and are proud of, that our children were born in, that we hope to die in, may in time become a show-place for curious folk to stare at and say, "This is the way those Londoners built then!" and perhaps for the Joneses and Robinsons of that day to score their autograph upon; but let us hope the enlightened New Zealander will know better than this.

A shady lane, a green slope, a grassy ditch, the moat once, and we are at the famed Castle.

There is a board at the great gates, setting forth at how much per head is fixed the remuneration of the warder for the showing of parties round the place. 'Tis a sad shock to all received legends of castle gates; but worse still is to follow, for the great bell has clanged, the gate is opened, and the warder appears. Not in chain armour, (though certes a garment of steel may be suspected,) nor with venerable beard descending to his breast. Clad in fashionable costume, of the pattern we believe called "check," trimmed with velvet, lace sleeves and bracelets, a Spanish hat and feather and spangled hair net, for head gear; this is the warder who bids you, in silvery tones, "turn to the left." And who, I should like to know, is to reckon up the heads of his party and tender the added fourpences to a warder like this?

'Tis a downright "sell," the only one, by the way, we found in the Castle. But it is good to be allowed to roam at will over the grand old ruin, being free of the chatter of the stereotyped guide, and we wander away to the ramparts where trees now grow, and which the strong-limbed ivy literally binds together; here we sit and look down into what was once the interior of the Castle, where flowers and fruit-trees now flourish,



A VIEW NEAR MANTUA.

and where gay parties are sunning themselves on a smooth grass-plot in the centre.

Everybody knows the history of the unhappy King Charles's confinement here, or thinks he does, till he has seen Carisbrooke, when he finds his ideas on the subject hazy, and reads it up again, but there is nothing now to mark any particular scene. The window is still shown whence the royal prisoner tried to escape, and there are some received legends connected with several spots, but beyond general associations there is really nothing.

The view from the top was to us the most attractive, and this from all points is undeniably beautiful. Here we take in the villages of Carisbrooke Lake and Parkhurst. The towns of Newport, Cowes, and Osborne, with the silvery Medina winding through the meadows from Cowes to Newport; field, road, woods, hills, and dales; every feature of the island Eden is before us, the sleepy farms, the Italian villas, the ivy-covered ruin, fruitful orchards and aristocratic parks bounded by the eternal sea wall.

Let me not forget the famous well of Carisbrooke Castle. It is said to be 300 feet deep, and as you watch the descent of the flame let down by the windlass, till the faint splash announces its touching the water below, one thrills with a sensation of indefinable awe; of what secrets may not that well be the repository! what oblivion to deeds of darkness its cold depths would insure!

Visitors find much amusement in the aspect of the patient old ass, which performs the part of drawer, footing it steadily on in his circular cage, like the poor squirrel, with which we are all familiar.

So we quit Carisbrooke, and are once more on the shady road to Parkhurst. And here, did not time press, we might find food for chat, in the reformatory, where 200 children are taught and trained, let us hope, for some better aim than their neighbours of the barracks. We were pleased to learn that at no previous time were the good effects of the peculiar system so evident, and that the result is, on the whole, satisfactory.

Cowes, too, her yachts, and club-house, and brilliant society, we might find attractive under other circumstances, but we have been hand in hand with sweet dame Nature of late, and cannot too easily accustom ourselves to the kid glove, dainty though it be, of her pale sister.

So we pass on. We come in sight of the tall campaniles, surmounted by the British flag, and are at Osborne. No more fitting residence could be imagined for an island monarch than this gem of isles—this jewel on the eternal mantle that enfolds our England, studded with the white emblems of her power and her pride, may they never fail her! Whatever be her failings, she is our home,—to us no other can be.

A VIEW NEAR MANTUA.

THE engraving we have given is from an original drawing by Mr. Macquoid when in Italy, of the old Italian town, which was the birthplace of Giulio Romano, and yet boasts a cathedral one of the finest in Italy.

A REMONSTRANCE WITH THE GHOSTS.

BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

SPECTRAL objects of our childhood's wonder,
Peopling earth with airy, fearful forms,
Ere our railways rent your haunts asunder,
Ghosts of night and day, of calms and storms—
Spirits bright, through moonlit valleys straying,
Goblins prowling round the nightly beds,
What queer pranks are those ye now are playing?
What wild whimsy turns your phantom heads?

Water maidens, rising from the fountain,
Elves and fairies dancing round the tree,
Skin-clad giant of the German mountain,
Brocken witches, famed in minstrelsy,
Ghastly forms in winding-sheets appearing,
Sprites who bore corpse-candles over Wales—
Can it be of ye that we are hearing
All these new and very comic tales?

Irish banshees, leprachauns, and fetches,
Headless horsemen galloping by night,
Ye familiar in Maclise's sketches,
In the legends Croker used to write;
Brownies, kelpies, second-sighted sages,
Highland, Lowland, Ossianic sprites—
Ye so read in Scott's or Campbell's pages,
What has lured you to such silly flights?

Have you really left your realms of fable,
Left your mists, and caves, and streams, and rocks,
Just to come and caper with a table—
Just to batter out some stupid knocks?
Where the poet saw a sylphide dancing,
Heard the loreby's beguiling airs—
Now he only sees his wash-stand prancing,
Hears his chest of drawers climb up the stairs!

Now we need no mystic incantation,
Sword and fiery circle, magic glass;
All we want for spectral invocation
Is a claw of wood and face of brass.
Once the lore of sorcerer or fakir
Failed to bring ye down to earth, mayhap—
Now ye come, like butcher or like baker,
When you're ordered, with a single rap!

Where some kindly goblin once repaid us
For our daring with his hoard of gold,
Now behold the tricks ye lately played us—
We it is who pay, and who are sold!
No more our ears, attuned by witching glamour,
Drink in greetings from the spirit throng;
Now a medium spells them with a hammer,
And he spells them very often wrong!

Oh, ye ghosts! if any one still lingers
Round our dull and working world to-day;
If ye can but speak with feet and fingers,
Hold your tongues and toes for ever, pray!
If the medium dodge alone enables
Ye among the quick to keep your post—
Goblins, living in the legs of tables
Do, for decency, give up the ghost!

ADEN POWER; OR, THE COST OF A SCHEME.

BY FAIRLEIGH OWEN.

CHAPTER I.

IN BRETTLE'S BUILDINGS.

"THE babby 's gone, then, at last? I knew it could n't live; *I* only wonder it 's held out as long, and her with that fever on her, poor soul. You 've got the box of Mr. Asher, of course; he 's a convenient man he is." The speaker laughed a sad, unpleasant laugh, as she glanced at the burden of the other, half-hidden by her apron.

She who had been arrested on her way up the dirty narrow stairs by her fellow-lodger's gossip, paused, one foot on the first step of the next flight, and resting her load upon the one above, replied,

"Well, it ain't to say gone yet, poor brat, but it can't live, that 's certain; and so, as Asher's got another job in the morning, and he 'd told me I could have the box, I just brought it with me, for it 'll be best put out of *her* sight, poor gal."

"Ay, dear heart, yes; then she 's no better?"

The old woman shook her head, stooped to resume her burden, and continued to ascend the stairs.

"You 've got *your* hands full, and no mistake," said the other, as she stood a few moments with her flaring candle-end in a bottle-neck, holding it to light the elder woman on her way to the topmost attic, which having reached, she once more paused, panting for breath, and fumbling in her pocket for the key of a door which she opened, and entering softly, closed it after her.

It was a miserable place; the very articles the room contained told of abject slatternly poverty far more than bare walls could do.

The ceiling sloped at one side down to the floor, the window, patched and cracked, was curtained by a ragged apron, which had dropped from one side and left a space, where the clear frosty moon looked severely in upon the dreary attic. A carpet was on that part of the floor near the fire-place, ragged and filthy with the accumulation of dust and grease. The small round table, covered by a ragged checked cloth, was littered with some tumbled articles of baby attire, a cracked tea-cup, a black tea-pot scorched and chipped, and in the midst a bottle of the dusty-cobweb exterior, suggestive of "fine old port." There was but one chair, its rush bottom sadly dilapidated; a twisted, broken wire fender was heaped with ashes, that must have been the deposit of a twelvemonth, judging from the scanty fire which to-night twinkled below the second bar; not to mention the egg and oyster shells, lemon-rinds, and apple-parings decorating the dingy mound, to which the latest contribution appeared in the despoiled stalks of what had evidently been fine bunches of grapes. A rusty saucepan handle surmounted the whole, promoted to the dignity of poker, or, indeed, of the whole set whose place it filled.

Not a thing within those four walls that would have fetched twopence, even to the dress of the old woman herself, which was frowsy, neglected, and meagre in the extreme, with the exception of her bonnet, which was decent, and had been apparently a tasteful and expensive one; perhaps that had been found unavailable as capital, or it would not have remained.

Beside the window, resting one end upon a low wooden bench, the other on a broken chair and a handleless pail turned upside down, were laid two deal boards, such as laundresses use for ironing dresses on. Placed on these was a straw palliasse, a flock bolster, a folded woollen rug, and over that a small ironing blanket. This was the bed. With a poor attempt at appearances, where sheets should have been visible at top was laid an old calico petticoat, unripped and spread open, then another threadbare blanket, destitute of nap, and lastly, a piece of patchwork, so washed out and tattered, not even the sanguine pawnbroker at the corner of the "Buildings" would have bestowed a second glance upon it.

The moonlight came in slantwise across this miserable pallet, and showed the form of a woman apparently sleeping, huddled to one side; an old handkerchief was tied over her hair, her face was almost hidden under the covering, and beside her some odds and ends of poor feminine apparel were huddled together upon the outside, as if even this trifling addition had been resorted to in hopes of shielding the occupant of the wretched couch from the biting external air. For it *was* cold! bitter, keen, cutting, that November night. The very stars seemed frozen into the solid block of blue icy sky too fast even to twinkle. The flood of moonlight was a bar of frosted silver that pierced you like an icicle, and the wind, that every now and then ventured out in a sudden bluster of intent, might have been nipped as it came, so suddenly was it hushed into silence. It was past even the pleasant experience of a brisk walk, made agreeable by the contrast of the cheerful home picture awaiting one; people in warm houses, and plentifully clad, drew closer to the roaring fire, and said, shuddering, "Ugh! there 's no keeping the cold out;" even in beds of down, and with well-lined hangings and muffled doors and windows, nipped toes and aching shoulders were by no means rare experiences. How then fared the poor inmate of that miserable garret, where the cold seemed positively more intense than in the open air? There stood, beneath the window, an earthen pan of dirty water—a cake of ice covered it; a tin bowl had been hastily turned upside down to serve for footstool—a ring of ice now held it to the floor, and that within a foot of the hearth.

Upon a ledge of the window, near the bed head, stood a candle in the remains of an old lanthorn; a thimble, cotton, and scissors were beside it, and among the loose articles drawn over the sleeper was a piece of finely-stitched linen-needlework, half completed. There was also a plate, with a cold potato, a scrap of bread, and a portion of a gaunt coal-shed red herring. The smell of the lately extinguished candle floated through the atmosphere of the attic, which already combined those of fried fish, gin, fat, tobacco, dirty linen, and, alas! the faint unmistakeable odour of the sick chamber, unsoftened by any of the thousand artful niceties of luxury and taste, which can succeed in rendering even such far from unbearable.

Depositing her load in the corner by the door, the old woman shuffled across the room to the grate, and

stirring up the red cinders, managed with some difficulty to light a piece of paper, and the long wick of the candle at the bed's head. Putting it on the table, she turned towards the bed.

"Mary," she said softly; then again louder, "*Mary*, dear."

There was no answer. "She 's asleep," muttered the old woman; "and thank goodness she can, poor girl."

Crossing the room she set the candle on the floor beside what seemed a heap of rags, old bits of carpet, and dismembered matting, partially covered with the scarlet uniform jacket of a soldier. Hurriedly she lifted this, and looked beneath and around.

"Where 's the child?" she cried, flinging the rags here and there; "Good Lord, where 's the child?"

"Mother, is it you?" said a faint voice from the bed, for her loud exclamation had aroused the sleeper, who had raised herself on one hand, and was looking round her for the moment in the bewilderment of sudden awakening. She was a very young woman, not more than twenty certainly; but the face was pallid, the eyes sunk, every feature shrunken and emaciated, more from starvation than even the recent pain of illness; in every gaunt, hollow, and sharpened outline there was the semblance of a corpse restored to life, as in a weak voice she repeated—

"Mother!"

"The child, Mary! I can't find it."

"He is here, mother; I 've got him."

"*You have!* How on earth, Mary, how dare you?"

"Do n't be angry, mother," said the poor creature, as the other hastily approached the bed; "I could n't help it. My eyes ached, and I felt so faint I could n't see to work, and I put out the candle and laid down; but, oh! I was so cold I could n't sleep, and I heard the poor babe whine so, I thought he must feel it too, and that we 'd both be warmer—"

"How ever did you get out, you fool of a thing as you are?"

"I helped myself along by the shelf, and then I pushed the chair before me till I reached the corner. Oh, *do n't* take him away, mother! we 've both slept since; the poor lamb nestled so in my arms, and I was just dreaming, oh, so beautiful!"

"Dreaming—fiddlestick!" said the old woman, as she lifted an infant of some few days old, from the bed where it had lain rolled completely in the threadbare blanket, and covered up by the few extra things heaped over it. The poor mother had stripped herself for her child, and close huddled in her arms both had slept, soothed by the mutual warmth; but it awoke, and set up a pitiful wail as the elder woman tried to remove it.

"I 'll tell you what it is, Mary," she said sharply, "you 'll be the death of yourself, and the child too, with that fever and cough too upon you. You heard what the doctor said—"

"That I was not to nurse him, mother, and no more I have n't; oh," she cried, still holding on to the child with her thin hand, "may n't he stay? may n't he just lay here by me? I won't touch him, mother, I won't; I 'll lay the other side, only let him be near me, pray do. I 'm better, mother, and so is the baby—I 'm sure he is, since I had him—"

"I tell you, Mary, the child can't live; *there*, you may as well know it first as last: we all saw it plain enough, and the only chance for it is you letting him be; you 're stronger, and the fever 's gone. Do you want to see him go sooner than maybe he would?"

"No, no, no; take him, then, oh, take him!" cried the young mother, as she put the babe from her, then drew it again hastily to her breast and kissed it, while the tears poured down her hollow cheeks and into its wan little face. "Take him away, mother, but oh! do n't say that he 'll die, *do n't*. He 's all I have left of *him*—it 's poor Jack's child, you won't let him die, mother, oh! take him then, till I may have him myself."

She fell back, covering her face with her thin hands and sobbing feebly, while the old woman bore off the child to its bed of rags, and returned to her daughter.

"There, do n't you be fretting yourself ill again," she said roughly; "I've had work enough, Lord knows, with you. *Poor Jack*, indeed! I do n't know what you 'd snivel after him for, taking you over to foreign parts, and then leaving you to come back to me with your trouble, and me next door to the work'us; it 's me need to fret, *I* think. Drat all the red-coats, the pack on 'em, say I!"

"Do n't, mother," sobbed the sick girl, "do n't say anything again him that 's dead, and was always good to me, and that I loved. I know it was n't right of me to leave you as I did, and I 'm a trouble and a burthen to you now, I know, but I had n't nowhere else to go to when my time came, I had n't; and, indeed, as soon as ever I can get up I 'll work for us all—the lady 'll come again, won't she? and she 'll maybe know where I can get work. She promised, mother, did n't she?"

"Oh, ay, she promised; but them fine folks do n't think much of promises to *us*."

"But, mother, you said she spoke kindly, and the wine she gave you did *him* good, you said. She *will* come again."

"I wish there was a drop left for you," said the old woman, going to the table as she spoke, and turning the bottle upside down for the twentieth time over the tea-cup.

"Give it to him, mother, if there is," said the girl eagerly, "*I* do n't want it."

"There ain't, child, there ain't a drop; you had the last, but there 'll be more, Mary, there 'll be more."

"You think she will come then, mother, and you 'll ask her about my baby, won't you? It 's likely she 'll know of what may do him good. God bless her! and you won't let him die, dear mother?"

She was sobbing again, as she laid her head on the hard pillow; the harsh old parent soothed her in her way—"There then, hush! here 's the physic that you was to take, and try you to sleep a bit. I 'll take care of the boy, never fear; it may live after all, there 's no knowing."

The girl took the medicine passively from her mother's hand, who, after covering her up, stood watching her for a few minutes as her eyes closed, and her breathing became more steady.

"He said it was to make her sleep," the old woman said to herself, "and he 's right. I've given her a little more than was put on the bottle, it 'll do her no harm to sleep a bit till I 've got something for us to eat."

ADEN POWER; OR, THE COST OF A SCHEME.

BY FAIRLEIGH OWEN.

CHAPTER I.

IN BRETTLE'S BUILDINGS.

"THE babby 's gone, then, at last? I knew it could n't live; *I* only wonder it 's held out as long, and her with that fever on her, poor soul. You 've got the box of Mr. Asher, of course; he 's a convenient man he is." The speaker laughed a sad, unpleasant laugh, as she glanced at the burden of the other, half-hidden by her apron.

She who had been arrested on her way up the dirty narrow stairs by her fellow-lodger's gossip, paused, one foot on the first step of the next flight, and resting her load upon the one above, replied,

"Well, it ain't to say gone yet, poor brat, but it can't live, that 's certain; and so, as Asher's got another job in the morning, and he 'd told me I could have the box, I just brought it with me, for it 'll be best put out of *her* sight, poor gal."

"Ay, dear heart, yes; then she 's no better?"

The old woman shook her head, stooped to resume her burden, and continued to ascend the stairs.

"You 've got *your* hands full, and no mistake," said the other, as she stood a few moments with her flaring candle-end in a bottle-neck, holding it to light the elder woman on her way to the topmost attic, which having reached, she once more paused, panting for breath, and fumbling in her pocket for the key of a door which she opened, and entering softly, closed it after her.

It was a miserable place; the very articles the room contained told of abject slatternly poverty far more than bare walls could do.

The ceiling sloped at one side down to the floor, the window, patched and cracked, was curtained by a ragged apron, which had dropped from one side and left a space, where the clear frosty moon looked severely in upon the dreary attic. A carpet was on that part of the floor near the fire-place, ragged and filthy with the accumulation of dust and grease. The small round table, covered by a ragged checked cloth, was littered with some tumbled articles of baby attire, a cracked tea-cup, a black tea-pot scorched and chipped, and in the midst a bottle of the dusty-cobweb exterior, suggestive of "fine old port." There was but one chair, its rush bottom sadly dilapidated; a twisted, broken wire fender was heaped with ashes, that must have been the deposit of a twelvemonth, judging from the scanty fire which to-night twinkled below the second bar; not to mention the egg and oyster shells, lemon-rinds, and apple-parings decorating the dingy mound, to which the latest contribution appeared in the despoiled stalks of what had evidently been fine bunches of grapes. A rusty saucepan handle surmounted the whole, promoted to the dignity of poker, or, indeed, of the whole set whose place it filled.

Not a thing within those four walls that would have fetched twopence, even to the dress of the old woman herself, which was frowsy, neglected, and meagre in the extreme, with the exception of her bonnet, which was decent, and had been apparently a tasteful and expensive one; perhaps that had been found unavailable as capital, or it would not have remained.

Beside the window, resting one end upon a low wooden bench, the other on a broken chair and a handleless pail turned upside down, were laid two deal boards, such as laundresses use for ironing dresses on. Placed on these was a straw palliasse, a flock bolster, a folded woollen rug, and over that a small ironing blanket. This was the bed. With a poor attempt at appearances, where sheets should have been visible at top was laid an old calico petticoat, unripped and spread open, then another threadbare blanket, destitute of nap, and lastly, a piece of patchwork, so washed out and tattered, not even the sanguine pawnbroker at the corner of the "Buildings" would have bestowed a second glance upon it.

The moonlight came in slantwise across this miserable pallet, and showed the form of a woman apparently sleeping, huddled to one side; an old handkerchief was tied over her hair, her face was almost hidden under the covering, and beside her some odds and ends of poor feminine apparel were huddled together upon the outside, as if even this trifling addition had been resorted to in hopes of shielding the occupant of the wretched couch from the biting external air. For it *was* cold! bitter, keen, cutting, that November night. The very stars seemed frozen into the solid block of blue icy sky too fast even to twinkle. The flood of moonlight was a bar of frosted silver that pierced you like an icicle, and the wind, that every now and then ventured out in a sudden bluster of intent, might have been nipped as it came, so suddenly was it hushed into silence. It was past even the pleasant experience of a brisk walk, made agreeable by the contrast of the cheerful home picture awaiting one; people in warm houses, and plentifully clad, drew closer to the roaring fire, and said, shuddering, "Ugh! there 's no keeping the cold out;" even in beds of down, and with well-lined hangings and muffled doors and windows, nipped toes and aching shoulders were by no means rare experiences. How then fared the poor inmate of that miserable garret, where the cold seemed positively more intense than in the open air? There stood, beneath the window, an earthen pan of dirty water—a cake of ice covered it; a tin bowl had been hastily turned upside down to serve for footstool—a ring of ice now held it to the floor, and that within a foot of the hearth.

Upon a ledge of the window, near the bed head, stood a candle in the remains of an old lanthorn; a thimble, cotton, and scissors were beside it, and among the loose articles drawn over the sleeper was a piece of finely-stitched linen-needlework, half completed. There was also a plate, with a cold potato, a scrap of bread, and a portion of a gaunt coal-shed red herring. The smell of the lately extinguished candle floated through the atmosphere of the attic, which already combined those of fried fish, gin, fat, tobacco, dirty linen, and, alas! the faint unmistakeable odour of the sick chamber, unsoftened by any of the thousand artful niceties of luxury and taste, which can succeed in rendering even such far from unbearable.

Depositing her load in the corner by the door, the old woman shuffled across the room to the grate, and

stirring up the red cinders, managed with some difficulty to light a piece of paper, and the long wick of the candle at the bed's head. Putting it on the table, she turned towards the bed.

"Mary," she said softly; then again louder, "*Mary*, dear."

There was no answer. "She 's asleep," muttered the old woman; "and thank goodness she can, poor girl."

Crossing the room she set the candle on the floor beside what seemed a heap of rags, old bits of carpet, and dismembered matting, partially covered with the scarlet uniform jacket of a soldier. Hurriedly she lifted this, and looked beneath and around.

"Where 's the child?" she cried, flinging the rags here and there; "Good Lord, where 's the child?"

"Mother, is it you?" said a faint voice from the bed, for her loud exclamation had aroused the sleeper, who had raised herself on one hand, and was looking round her for the moment in the bewilderment of sudden awakening. She was a very young woman, not more than twenty certainly; but the face was pallid, the eyes sunk, every feature shrunken and emaciated, more from starvation than even the recent pain of illness; in every gaunt, hollow, and sharpened outline there was the semblance of a corpse restored to life, as in a weak voice she repeated—

"Mother!"

"The child, Mary! I can't find it."

"He is here, mother; I 've got him."

"*You have!* How on earth, Mary, how dare you?"

"Do n't be angry, mother," said the poor creature, as the other hastily approached the bed; "I could n't help it. My eyes ached, and I felt so faint I could n't see to work, and I put out the candle and laid down; but, oh! I was so cold I could n't sleep, and I heard the poor babe whine so, I thought he must feel it too, and that we 'd both be warmer—"

"How ever did you get out, you fool of a thing as you are?"

"I helped myself along by the shelf, and then I pushed the chair before me till I reached the corner. Oh, *do n't* take him away, mother! we 've both slept since; the poor lamb nestled so in my arms, and I was just dreaming, oh, so beautiful!"

"Dreaming—fiddlestick!" said the old woman, as she lifted an infant of some few days old, from the bed where it had lain rolled completely in the threadbare blanket, and covered up by the few extra things heaped over it. The poor mother had stripped herself for her child, and close huddled in her arms both had slept, soothed by the mutual warmth; but it awoke, and set up a pitiful wail as the elder woman tried to remove it.

"I 'll tell you what it is, Mary," she said sharply, "you 'll be the death of yourself, and the child too, with that fever and cough too upon you. You heard what the doctor said—"

"That I was not to nurse him, mother, and no more I have n't; oh," she cried, still holding on to the child with her thin hand, "may n't he stay? may n't he just lay here by me? I won't touch him, mother, I won't; I 'll lay the other side, only let him be near me, pray do. I 'm better, mother, and so is the baby—I 'm sure he is, since I had him—"

"I tell you, Mary, the child can't live; *there*, you may as well know it first as last: we all saw it plain enough, and the only chance for it is you letting him be; you 're stronger, and the fever 's gone. Do you want to see him go sooner than maybe he would?"

"No, no, no; take him, then, oh, take him!" cried the young mother, as she put the babe from her, then drew it again hastily to her breast and kissed it, while the tears poured down her hollow cheeks and into its wan little face. "Take him away, mother, but oh! do n't say that he 'll die, *do n't*. He 's all I have left of *him*—it 's poor Jack's child, you won't let him die, mother, oh! take him then, till I may have him myself."

She fell back, covering her face with her thin hands and sobbing feebly, while the old woman bore off the child to its bed of rags, and returned to her daughter.

"There, do n't you be fretting yourself ill again," she said roughly; "I've had work enough, Lord knows, with you. *Poor Jack*, indeed! I do n't know what you 'd snivel after him for, taking you over to foreign parts, and then leaving you to come back to me with your trouble, and me next door to the work'us; it 's me need to fret, *I* think. Drat all the red-coats, the pack on 'em, say I!"

"Do n't, mother," sobbed the sick girl, "do n't say anything again him that 's dead, and was always good to me, and that I loved. I know it was n't right of me to leave you as I did, and I 'm a trouble and a burthen to you now, I know, but I had n't nowhere else to go to when my time came, I had n't; and, indeed, as soon as ever I can get up I 'll work for us all—the lady 'll come again, won't she? and she 'll maybe know where I can get work. She promised, mother, did n't she?"

"Oh, ay, she promised; but them fine folks do n't think much of promises to *us*."

"But, mother, you said she spoke kindly, and the wine she gave you did *him* good, you said. She *will* come again."

"I wish there was a drop left for you," said the old woman, going to the table as she spoke, and turning the bottle upside down for the twentieth time over the tea-cup.

"Give it to him, mother, if there is," said the girl eagerly, "*I* do n't want it."

"There ain't, child, there ain't a drop; you had the last, but there 'll be more, Mary, there 'll be more."

"You think she will come then, mother, and you 'll ask her about my baby, won't you? It 's likely she 'll know of what may do him good. God bless her! and you won't let him die, dear mother?"

She was sobbing again, as she laid her head on the hard pillow; the harsh old parent soothed her in her way—"There then, hush! here 's the physic that you was to take, and try you to sleep a bit. I 'll take care of the boy, never fear; it may live after all, there 's no knowing."

The girl took the medicine passively from her mother's hand, who, after covering her up, stood watching her for a few minutes as her eyes closed, and her breathing became more steady.

"He said it was to make her sleep," the old woman said to herself, "and he 's right. I've given her a little more than was put on the bottle, it 'll do her no harm to sleep a bit till I 've got something for us to eat."

She put the bottle of medicine on the table, shaded the light of the candle from her daughter's eyes, and, going to the heap of rags in the corner, took up the child, and sat down with it in her lap.

"It does look bad for certain," she muttered to herself; "likely enough she 'll be off her bargain if she sees the thing like this."

Moving cautiously about she set about washing the child, and put on it a bed-gown, very coarse and old, but clean; then—for the poor infant had not ceased to whine and fret since taken from its mother's side—the old woman dropped a few drops of the medicine into the food on which the babe had been fed since its birth: a few spoonsful of this she administered, and the little creature was soon asleep under the tattered jacket of the dead soldier.

The old woman stood for a minute or two looking down at her sleeping grandchild, and as she moved about the room, making here and there an attempt at tidiness, she let fall now and again a word which intimated some conflict in her mind.

"It does seem hard too—she 'll never see him more. But the brat *can't* live, and surely when it 'll save her and me from starving—"

She opened the door of a cupboard which the blackened walls and floor showed to have served the purpose of a coal-cellar, just as if she had not done so half a dozen times before, and did not know how empty it was.

"Not a atom, not so much as a crust, nor a drop, and her so ill! A better child never was to me till she took up with him. Only to save her. It can't live neither—it 's only a little sooner to part 'em, after all."

Putting the candle on the hob, at length she sat down near the door upon the little deal coffin, rolled her arms in her tattered shawl, and huddling herself into a heap, sat shivering, but evidently intent on listening for some expected approach, as she now and again applied her ear to the door, opening it stealthily an inch or two, then closing it as the keen draught swept up the stairs, and cut her to the bones. The candle guttering on the hob threw its light no further than the heap of ashes, whose component parts it made only too distinctly visible: the rest of the room was in shadow, except where the moonlight fell across the low bed, and showed the pale tear-stained face of the sleeping woman. She huddled in her arms a portion of the blanket which had covered the child, and this she still clasped closely to her breast. Her slow faint breathing hardly broke the deep stillness of the room.

From the gradual quieting of the court below, and the dulled roar of the great thoroughfare on which it opened, it was apparent that the hour was late. The old woman was growing anxious, her listening grew more eager, and she cast frequent looks towards her sleeping daughter.

Presently she started up as a stair creaked, then another; she stood up, opened the door of the attic, the faint rustle of a silk dress was heard, but not a footstep, and the next minute the door was opened to the full, the old woman curtsied low, as a tall female figure, clothed in black, and wearing a thick veil, glided in, and closed the door hastily behind her.

Curtseying again, the old woman hurried to the fireplace, and was in the act of lifting the candle to the table, when the stranger said in a clear whisper—

"Leave it there, leave it there, we have light enough, quite. Now, quick, tell me, have you made up your minds?"

"Yes, my lady," replied the woman, with another curtsey.

"Smith—Mrs. Smith is my name, I told you before," said the other in an impatient tone.

"Then your daughter is willing to part with the child?"

"Yes, ma'am," whined the old crone; "you see we are all but starving, and what is a body to do? It was all I could do to get along when it was only myself, and it comes hard upon me, ma'am, I assure you—"

"No doubt; then I take the child at once—Is it there?"

The stranger made a step towards the bed near the window, but the old woman hastily stopped her, catching her by the arm.

"Not there, not there, my lady! ma'am, she 's asleep, I don't want her waked up, you see she took on so about the boy."

"Where is he, then? be quick, woman, I have no time to waste."

The lady threw off the hand of the other, and by an involuntary gesture made as though she would rid herself of the momentary contact. She followed the other to the corner where on the heap of rags the child lay, and looked eagerly down as the old woman removed the old scarlet jacket, lifted the child and turned towards the candle, so that its light fell upon the small wan sleeping face.

Stooping over the shoulder of the grandmother, the tall stranger half drew aside her thick veil, and gazed with eager dilated eyes. Her face even by that miserable light was the perfection of that proud classical beauty which we are accustomed to specify as aristocratic; but it was scarcely less pale than the sleeping mother's close by; the muscles around the mouth and chin firmly set, the lips closed tightly, the delicate nostrils slightly distended, mere evidences of a mood not favourable to beauty, yet any who had seen that face, even then, must have pronounced it to be of an order of attractiveness most uncommon. She dropped her veil, then asked in the same clear calm whisper, "Did you give him the sleeping medicine you spoke of?"

"Yes, ma'am, he 'll sleep, poor dear, right away to morning, for I 've been obliged to give it the poor lamb before once, that 's how I know."

"Give him to me," the lady said, suddenly putting out her hands, and speaking above the whisper they had conversed in.

The old woman hesitated, as she turned half towards the lady, who took from the large black muff she carried, a packet of notes and gold, which she threw upon the table.

"There, there, give me the child!"

"God bless you, my lady! notes is no good to me!" said the old woman, in an ominous whisper, and edging further from the bed, towards which she glanced every moment in evident alarm. "Where 'd we get 'em changed, ma'am? they 'd be taking us up or something."

The strange lady struck her hands together with an exclamation. Taking out a purse, she shook its contents upon the table. Gold and silver coins, sovereigns and crowns, florins and shillings and half sovereigns, fell in a heap among the rags, dropped and bowled along the filthy carpet.

She threw one of the notes upon it, then with a gesture that defied opposition, she almost snatched the child from the arms of the old woman, who threw herself upon the money, eagerly striving with both hands to hinder it from rolling, gathering and clutching at it with her long bony fingers, and covering it up with the rags upon the table.

The stranger, heedless of her movements, was meanwhile hastily scanning the limbs and features of the infant, but she did not again raise her veil.

"He has no mark, you say, nothing by which you would ever recognise—"

"No my lady, no, ma'am, not a sign; bless you, a dearer child, nor a healthier, ma'am, doesn't breathe—a bit delicate, ma'am, but he'll not be hardly used with you."

"He will be well cared for, never fear, but as I told you, he will have no great position or wealth, you understand he is not to be made a gentleman; I am not rich myself."

"No, ma'am," whispered the old woman, glancing towards the bed anxiously.

"I would like to have spoken to his mother," said the strange visitor, again making a step towards the bed.

"For God's sake, ma'am, do n't wake her!" cried the old crone, stepping before her and speaking in an earnest whisper. "You see it 's almost broke her heart to part with him, and indeed so it has mine for the matter o' that," and she began to whine as she raised her gown to her eyes, "but what could we do; it would have been only starvation for us and the child, and you will be good to him, I 'm sure you will, my lady."

"Do not fear," said the other haughtily; then drawing from under her cloak a dark shawl, she bade the woman wrap it round the child.

"And I won 't ever see him again, the dear darling," said the grandmother, affecting to cry, as she kissed the infant's cheek, "poor lamb, bless it and keep it, you 'll be better off than you 'd ha' been with her, poor creature, a better daughter never was till she went off and got married to him, my lady."

"She has never nursed the child, you said so?—" asked the stranger haughtily.

"No, ma'am, no, the doctor forbid it, for you see—"

The other motioned for her to cease, and taking the child she moved towards the door; the old woman hurried to precede her with the light, but ere she had reached it, the strange lady in her haste stumbled and nearly fell over something lying near the door.

It was the pauper child's coffin, which the old woman had neglected to put out of sight. The other, however, had not seen it, she recovered herself, opened the door, and bidding the old woman come no further than the stairhead, she descended, as swiftly and lightly as she had come up; holding the infant close to her upon one arm, with the other hand gathering up her skirts from the reeking nastiness of the walls and staircase. From half open doors came strange sounds, foul language, oaths, and cries of drunkenness and violence; in more than one place the dilapidated state of the staircase made the descent even unsafe; but she never paused nor hesitated, till she again stood outside the wretched dwelling. Then standing for a minute beneath the shadow of an archway, she unrolled the great black fur, which had seemed a muff, enveloped the little creature in it; so, holding it before her, by one arm drawing her ample black cloak about her, she appeared merely as when she entered the court, well provided against the cold, shrouded in a furred mantle, her large black muff pressed to her breast.

So she swept hurriedly up the lane; a few paces further turned a corner, jostled momentarily with a mixed crowd just flowing from an adjoining Casino, calmly beckoned a cab, seated herself and drew up the windows. As they drove on, she eagerly bent over the child, hastily and carefully disposed the wrappings to give it air, and re-arranged its position with a view to its comfort, yet still for effectual concealment. She consulted her watch, then leaning forward, she renewed her directions to the driver, and was soon, with her singular purchase, rattling over the stones at the highest speed which the incentive of double fare may command to a certain railway station.

CHAPTER II.

THE COFFIN.

Long before her singular visitor had reached the outer door of the doubtful dwelling-house, the grandmother was again within her attic, and had barred the entrance with such means as were at hand, ere, with greedy trembling hands, she proceeded to gather up the money from the table, glancing every instant fearfully at the sleeper.

"I wonder if they heard it underneath," she muttered, as, setting the candle on the floor, she groped for the scattered pieces which had rolled beyond the limit of the ragged carpet, and now glittered upon the stained hearth and filthy floor, in the very wantonness of mockery.

"What a fool the woman was to go chucking the money about in that way! If them wretches underneath caught sound of it, I 'd stand a chance of getting my throat cut among them. I think that 's all—no, there 's a shilling, and what 's that? a half-crown, drat her," grumbled the old crone, as she reached under the bed after the last of the scattered coins. Then, with a sharp glance round, she returned to the table, and softly counted the money out upon the rags which lay there.

"Two, four, ten, fifteen, twenty, and four—no, yes, that 's right; why, it never *can*," and she counted again with trembling eagerness. "She said twenty, and here 's seven over and above! Well, *her* money comes light, that 's certain. What a fool I was," grumbled she, "I might have got thirty pound out of her, I 'll be bound, if I 'd stood out; but there, I must n't grumble, it 's a godsend surely, for, as you may say, a poor dead babby."

Muttering to herself in this fashion, the woman now

sought a place of safety for her newly-acquired store. She hesitated for some moments apparently between the chimney and the pile of rags which had formed the bed of her grandchild; finally she decided on the latter, and reserving some pieces of silver, she wrapped the remainder in a strip of cloth, and hid it beneath the whole.

She then hastily tied on her bonnet, and drew her old shawl about her, depositing the light in the chimney-corner, preparatory to going out.

"I 'll have a fire and drop of something hot again she wakes," she said to herself, as she hurried towards the door, and stopped for a moment to push aside with her foot the little coffin which had formed part of her temporary barricade. Something of snowy whiteness at its corner caught her eye, and with her head full of the bank-notes she had lately seen so profusely displayed, she stooped to detach it from the nail on which it stuck. It was soft and yielding, but not of paper. The old woman carried it to the light, and found it to be a tiny embroidered pocket-handkerchief. As she held it up by the corners before the light, she uttered an exclamation—

"Lor-a-mercy! who 'd ha' thought it! and yet my mind misgive me somehow all along. Mrs. Smith indeed!"

Hurriedly she stuffed the perfumed and delicate little article into her bosom, and quitted the room, securing the door after her as well as she could. She returned in about twenty minutes, bearing a load which must have made her course up the rickety staircase inconvenient, to say the least. In one hand she grasped a bottle, in the other a paper bag filled to bursting, under her left arm was a loaf, the other huddled to her side a piece of cheese and a cold knuckle of ham, while the skirt of her dress, turned up in front, appeared to contain some heavy substance, under which she puffed and panted terribly.

Setting down the bottle and loaf, she advanced to the fire-place, and pulling out the hair-pins which had, Crusoe-like, converted her garment to a bag, she shot the contents into the fire-place with a noise that caused the poor invalid in the bed to start and murmur in her sleep.

"It 's no odds now when she wakes," observed the gentle nurse to herself, as she looked towards the bed.

Short as had been her absence, the mindful creature had not neglected her inner woman's cravings, as the new odour which her entrance had diffused through the chamber sufficiently testified. Perchance conscience may have had as much share in doubling the dram as the cold which stood for the excuse. As she lighted the fire, stopping now and again to break off a crust from the loaf, or a morsel of cheese, she muttered at intervals her thoughts aloud, as people are wont to do who have led a solitary life.

"If I could but ha' guessed at that! money 's no object to such as her. And 'he 's to be no gentleman,' says she, 'No, ma'am,' says I; but she did n't think how true her words was. Poor brat, it 's short his time was to be, any how, and my lady will bless me when she finds the bargain she made."

She went to the corner and felt among the rags, to be sure that her treasure was untouched.

"It 's all right," she said, with an ugly smile, or rather grin; then she set to work to extract the cork of the bottle, which having effected by means of the scissors, she poured out a tea-cup full of the contents, and drank it off, then cut off a slice from the ham and a piece of bread, which she eat with great relish, and finally repeated the draught.

"Well!" she ejaculated, as she warmed herself at the fire, which had risen into a fine blaze, and glowed through the garret, imparting even there an aspect of comfort, "that 's a little better, I think, more comfort to her and me too, than the poor little corpse would ha' been laying there."

As she glanced at the small deal coffin in the corner her own reflections seemed to remind her of something she had forgotten. She crossed the room to where the coffin lay, carried it to the opposite corner by the heap of rags, and set about the performance of a singular task.

First, from among the ashes on the hearth, she took two bricks; these had been used for purposes of economy, when the grate needed diminishing in size to accommodate a scanty supply of fuel, but with her newly-acquired wealth the old woman disdained such narrow appliances to shivering, and had heaped the rusty bars with live coals. The bricks she wrapped round several times in pieces of old flannel and stuff, placed one at each end of the small deal receptacle for other clay than that; between she laid, in folds and rolls, larger pieces of rags, and stockings, and cast-off clothing, and over all a child's bed-gown. Several times during the operation she weighed the little coffin and its contents in her hands with the air of a connoisseur, and when all was done she placed on it the lid, slipped in the screws, which had been left loosely in the holes, and with her fingers partially secured it.

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"Yes, that she has," the mother hastened to make answer, "and she left this bottle o' wine, and some more of them grapes as you took such a fancy to, and some ham, and I do n't know what all."

"Bless her for it! And how is baby, mother—did she see him?"

"Yes," replied the other, hurrying on confusedly, "she wanted to speak to you, but I would n't wake you, you was so sound, I would n't let her wake you."

"I was dreaming again, and I thought I was at the camp, and *he* was there, and I heard the guns all as plain—"

"That would be the coals, likely enough, when I threw them in. See what a fire I've got, and all. Now, you lay down till I get you a bit of something; what could you fancy, now?"

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saying; she had risen herself higher on her pillow, and was straining her eyes to look across at the heap of rags in the corner. Suddenly she cried out,

"Mother, what is that? I can see it over there; oh! it is n't gone, my baby *is n't* dead—mother, tell me!"

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"I do think it a sin and a shame, Mary, after all the trouble you 've been to me—after all I 've done to make you comfortable in your trouble, a denying and debarring of myself in every way for you and yours, and for you to turn again me!" here a sob; "people call children a blessing, I know mine 's never been but a worry and a sorrow; and to be casting up to me of your husband, too! a pretty husband *he* was! cuss all the redcoats say I, then—"

Here she drowned her indignation in the contents of the cup, and almost forcibly administered the same to her sick daughter, who took the draught passively from the hand, of which she had long ago learned to stand in awe. In like manner she accepted some more substantial nourishment of which she stood greatly in need, and had just resigned herself to sobbing composure, when a low tap at the door summoned the old woman.

"Oh, here you are; come in," she said, and a lean pale man, of cringing meagre gait, and most uninviting aspect, entered the room.

"Sit down by the fire, Mr. Asher, and you 'll take a drop of something this bitter night," said the hospitable entertainer, in a whisper, and handing the cup which she had newly filled.

"It *is* a bitter night," replied the man, who was what is called under-hung, and besides afflicted with a cold in the head. "Why, what 's this?" he added, looking into the cup; "you 're in luck, Mother Lucas."

"It 's a lady that has come to see her a time or two, and has sent it with a few odds and ends," she replied, still in a whisper. "I've nothing else handy, or I wouldn't offer you that, for to my mind it 's nothing like a drop of good gin."

"No," observed the man, replacing the emptied cup upon the table, "the gentlefolk think a deal o' their port; but, as you say, there 's nothing beats a drop of sperrits for night work, and keeping the cold out. It *is* bitter to-night, and no mistake; seems fairly to cut one in two; I don't remember such a night since that we buried them twins—remember that, Mrs. Lucas?"

"Eh! lor yes, what pretty corpses they made, to be sure; you never heerd no more about 'em, Mr. Asher?"

"Not a word."

"Well, well, there 's some queer things done in the world, that 's certain."

"I guess there is," said the man with a laugh, and a keen glance at the black bottle, as if there was one particular thing he could have been well pleased to assist at just then.

"Well, is the box ready, mother?"

"Yes, I made it as fast as I could; just you give it a turn."

"All right," said the man, and he proceeded to make fast the lid of the well-packed deal coffin, with the implements he carried, when the young mother started up, renewing her entreaties to be permitted one sight of her child, ere they took him from her for ever.

"You musn't heed her," urged the old woman in an anxious under-tone to Asher, "she 's been going on so all the time; the poor babby changed so, you'd scarce know it, and she 's not right in her head a'ready. It 's not a bit of good, you know—"

"Not a bit," said the man, screwing away vigorously —"poor soul, not a bit, you go and pacify her a bit, I 'll soon be done."

"Would you like a bit of anything there, Mr. Asher? help yourself," said the old woman, crossing over to her daughter, whom she tried to pacify, the lean man adding his mite of consolation in the intervals of helping himself to bread and ham, and screwing down the brickbats with renewed determination.

"We must all come to it, sooner or later—no use in fretting," and "it was better off." With such trite and staple sentences he backed the old mother's whimpered representations of how she made the poor dear comfortable, and what a mercy it hadn't any more to suffer; but all in vain. The lid was screwed down, the "convenient"

sought a place of safety for her newly-acquired store. She hesitated for some moments apparently between the chimney and the pile of rags which had formed the bed of her grandchild; finally she decided on the latter, and reserving some pieces of silver, she wrapped the remainder in a strip of cloth, and hid it beneath the whole.

She then hastily tied on her bonnet, and drew her old shawl about her, depositing the light in the chimney-corner, preparatory to going out.

"I 'll have a fire and drop of something hot again she wakes," she said to herself, as she hurried towards the door, and stopped for a moment to push aside with her foot the little coffin which had formed part of her temporary barricade. Something of snowy whiteness at its corner caught her eye, and with her head full of the bank-notes she had lately seen so profusely displayed, she stooped to detach it from the nail on which it stuck. It was soft and yielding, but not of paper. The old woman carried it to the light, and found it to be a tiny embroidered pocket-handkerchief. As she held it up by the corners before the light, she uttered an exclamation—

"Lor-a-mercy! who 'd ha' thought it! and yet my mind misgive me somehow all along. Mrs. Smith indeed!"

Hurriedly she stuffed the perfumed and delicate little article into her bosom, and quitted the room, securing the door after her as well as she could. She returned in about twenty minutes, bearing a load which must have made her course up the rickety staircase inconvenient, to say the least. In one hand she grasped a bottle, in the other a paper bag filled to bursting, under her left arm was a loaf, the other huddled to her side a piece of cheese and a cold knuckle of ham, while the skirt of her dress, turned up in front, appeared to contain some heavy substance, under which she puffed and panted terribly.

Setting down the bottle and loaf, she advanced to the fire-place, and pulling out the hair-pins which had, Crusoe-like, converted her garment to a bag, she shot the contents into the fire-place with a noise that caused the poor invalid in the bed to start and murmur in her sleep.

"It 's no odds now when she wakes," observed the gentle nurse to herself, as she looked towards the bed.

Short as had been her absence, the mindful creature had not neglected her inner woman's cravings, as the new odour which her entrance had diffused through the chamber sufficiently testified. Perchance conscience may have had as much share in doubling the dram as the cold which stood for the excuse. As she lighted the fire, stopping now and again to break off a crust from the loaf, or a morsel of cheese, she muttered at intervals her thoughts aloud, as people are wont to do who have led a solitary life.

"If I could but ha' guessed at that! money 's no object to such as her. And 'he 's to be no gentleman,' says she, 'No, ma'am,' says I; but she did n't think how true her words was. Poor brat, it 's short his time was to be, any how, and my lady will bless me when she finds the bargain she made."

She went to the corner and felt among the rags, to be sure that her treasure was untouched.

"It 's all right," she said, with an ugly smile, or rather grin; then she set to work to extract the cork of the bottle, which having effected by means of the scissors, she poured out a tea-cup full of the contents, and drank it off, then cut off a slice from the ham and a piece of bread, which she eat with great relish, and finally repeated the draught.

"Well!" she ejaculated, as she warmed herself at the fire, which had risen into a fine blaze, and glowed through the garret, imparting even there an aspect of comfort, "that 's a little better, I think, more comfort to her and me too, than the poor little corpse would ha' been laying there."

As she glanced at the small deal coffin in the corner her own reflections seemed to remind her of something she had forgotten. She crossed the room to where the coffin lay, carried it to the opposite corner by the heap of rags, and set about the performance of a singular task.

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man of obsequies had fortified himself by another application to the bottle, and finally departed with his burden, remarking that "it was pretty heavy too, considering," yet the bereaved mother never ceased with clasped hands, and pathetic entreaties, to implore for a last look at her dead child.

With anxious eagerness the old woman lighted her second visitor of the night down-stairs, he having added to his load by another similar charge at a door on a lower landing; she remarking with satisfaction as she returned to her attic, that "thank goodness the bones were so exact alike, it was all right now, and nobody the wiser."

She felt so much relieved by having disposed so far of this damning witness against her, that she refrained from any expression of harshness towards her unhappy daughter, and never once upbraided her when she bemoaned her husband and child pitifully, till worn out by grief and suffering, she slept.

The old woman made one more expedition to replenish a bottle, not the cobwebby one, and by which the attic was made newly redolent of "old Tom;" then she set herself to the watching of the invalid, beguiling the time by the toasting of some cheese, and by frequent applications to her own peculiar bottle varied by a second investigation of the *handles*.

So the night wore on. I will not say but that conscience, not wholly laid to rest by either of these engrossing occupations, did leave her entirely to their enjoyment. I fear that with all of us, its strength and alertness are apt to sad variations; to be comparative, to be influenced sorely by change of circumstance, and early habit, and temptation. Still I would like to believe that it never loses entirely its power of castigation, and that the unnatural mother had need of the frequent appeals she made to the creature comforts around her, for answer to the small still voice. "What would we ever have done without, we were just starving," she thought again and again, repeating to herself, that "it was for her poor gal, and surely all this was of more service to her than just that poor dead child's corpse could have been."

She seemed to draw some comfort from this conviction, just as my dear Mrs. So and So has done when the affair between her daughter and young Franklin was broken off à propos of the match that was so cleverly managed for the girl with old De-Gums the rich merchant.

Now Franklin was poor, had to "make his way, you know," and De-Gums has nothing to make but his will, and is "positively rolling in money," can there be a doubt about the wisdom of the bargain? What though the daughter, silly child, don't seem to see it, and is breaking her heart, and drying up her young life in unavailing remorse and misery? It is all for "her good, the dear girl," and when you look at her silks that "stand on end, my dear," and the "silver she eats off every day," mayn't she thank her stars she has a wise mamma to know how to bargain for her good?"

There are such sales made, my friends, every day of our lives, in holier and higher places than garrets; and the next time, my dear Madam, that you—studying the comparative eligibility of rival competitors for the honour of your connection, make inquiries of their rent roll, amount of income, or value of appointment held, and make your selection accordingly—will you think with more indulgence of the unnatural bargain of Mother Lucas in Brettle's Buildings? For so far as the dead outweigh in value the living, as the soul and affections rank higher than the mortal clay—does her sin exceed yours.

[*To be continued.*]

SPIRITUAL CREATURES.

Our readers will remember Milton's lines, forming part of the speech of Adam to Eve—

> "Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
> Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

America, at this time, is a subject of special interest to Europeans, and chiefly to ourselves. The election of Abraham Lincoln to the presidency of that grand and great republic teaches many lessons. The President elect illustrates in a peculiar way the free character of American institutions. He is a self-made man, and has risen to be, for a time, a king amongst his class. Not a working man in this country—not a mechanic or peasant in this land of ours, but can gather up a moral from his splendid success. True, none can hope to be elected to a similar position here; but in the Old World as the New, the law is, that the strong man—the man who can rule himself, the man of resolute endeavour—must rise. The rule is exemplified on a larger scale in America than here, simply because a new country abounds more with opportunities than an old one. Emerson tells us of "the sturdy lad from New Hampshire or Vermont who, in turn, tries all the professions—who teams it, farms it, peddles it, keeps a school, preaches, edits a newspaper, goes to Congress, buys a township, and so forth, in successive years, and always, like a cat, falls on his feet." The new President of the United States belongs to this class. Six weeks' schooling seem all he ever had; a terrible uphill game had he to play. In starting, the chances were frightfully against him. Just as he was getting on, his partner in an unfortunate speculation plunged him in debt, and he had again to begin the world. Yet he never lost heart, and we see him gradually climbing up till he was placed in the topmost chair of state. In England, we should look long at such a man before we made him even an M.P.; but in America they manage things differently. As to whether he is qualified to rule the destinies of the republic, we here, at present, can have no idea; all that we can see is, that the practical effect of such success in America must—better than reams of letter-press or millions of homilies—teach Americans to be men in the highest acceptation of the term. It is impossible to estimate the amount



"SPIRITUAL CREATURES."

of stimulus to endeavour, and industry, and self-denial, and honourable conduct such a career as that of Abraham Lincoln must give to the youth and manhood, even when lowest in the social scale, of the United States. As regards ourselves, we have reason to rejoice, because in the triumph of the party of which Lincoln was the head we see the triumph of justice—the assertion that American slavery must cease—the vindication of human right. It shows that the North is strong, and the Northern States of America are those with whose success we must most cordially sympathise. The scholarship, the endurance, the virtue, the religion of America are in the North. The North is made up of Abraham Lincolns, on a larger or smaller scale, and a nation of such has little to fear. The Southern States —Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Mississippi, and South Carolina—are in a very different position. They threaten to secede. In this threatening conduct South Carolina takes the lead, although such conduct will be almost fatal to herself. The panic, consequently, in America is very great, and the monetary and commercial affairs of the Republic are in a very unsettled state. Should South Carolina continue in her present mind, of course the dissolution of the Republic ensues. We can scarce fancy she will be so ill advised, as her only grievance is that the national vote has gone against her wishes. If the cotton States withdraw their representatives at Congress, their friends will be outvoted, and the whole power and *prestige* of the federal authority will be used against them. Under these circumstances, we think, after the excitement, and heart-burnings, and animosities of the late contest are over, the Southern States will sober down. They are always inflammable; they are famed for noisy demonstrations and filibustering expeditions. If it is true, as some say, that Republican institutions are on their trial, we cannot but think that, as far as America is concerned, they will vindicate themselves at last. There is virtue in a land where such plain, unpretending, unassuming men as Abraham Lincoln can be lifted on the shoulders of the people into power. The following sketch of Lincoln's early days appeared in the *New York Tribune*.

"A full and truthful biography of Abraham Lincoln would make a book of the deepest interest. He furnishes in his history and individual character a noble specimen of true moral courage and manhood—the best sample among us of the gigantic growth of intellect and character under the fostering influences of American institutions and society, when not dwarfed by idleness, dissipation, or dishonesty. Every labouring man in the country toiling under the weight of poverty with a view to better days, and every student struggling for knowledge and advancement under whatever difficulties, has stock in Old Abe, and may be justly proud of him as one of his class who has demonstrated the distinguished success that may crown any honourable ambition properly cultivated.

"Forty-four years ago Mr. Lincoln's father emigrated from Kentucky to Spencer County, Indiana, where he purchased a small farm. Ten years or so after, the project of a public school in the neighbourhood was started, and, meeting with encouragement, a log schoolhouse was built, at which Abe, then about 16 years old, and who had never attended school before, was installed. Exactly six weeks after the school commenced, an execution against his father—the result of endorsing a note for a friend—swept away the little farm, and the student was compelled to leave school to join his parent, who, greatly disheartened by his misfortune, had determined to emigrate to Illinois with his family. The six weeks' schooling in that log school-house is all that Mr. Lincoln ever received. He is indebted for whatever education he possesses solely to his own unaided exertions, made during the leisure hours of a laborious life, often consuming the time that should have been devoted to rest, and always, in the earlier part of his life, under circumstances of great difficulty, induced by poverty.

"In due time the Lincoln family reached Coles County, where it was decided to seek their fortunes. By dint of hard labour at low wages, enough money was saved in the course of two years to purchase and pay for 80 acres of Government land. The son assisted his father for some time in the cultivation of this farm, but, becoming imbued with the spirit of enterprise, he eventually started out to try his own fortunes, and coming to Macon County, after considerable difficulty in obtaining work, came across a Mr. Hawks, with whom he closed a contract to cut and split 3000 rails. While at work at this job he found more time than heretofore to improve his mind, and it is related of him that when noon arrived he would mount a log, swallow his dinner in eight or ten minutes, and then spend 50 minutes in close study, before commencing the afternoon's work. While engaged upon this job our hero made the acquaintance of a man (whose name I have forgotten) who proposed that they should build a flat boat, that he would stock it with grain and provisions, and that Abe should command the said flat boat on an expedition down the Sangamon river to the Illinois, down the Illinois river to the Mississippi, and down this river to New Orleans, when the flat boat and cargo should be disposed of. The enterprise looked promising, the flat boat was built and loaded, Captain Lincoln proceeded on his voyage, and in due time arrived in New Orleans, disposed of boat and cargo, and shipped for home as a deck hand on board one of the Mississippi river steam-boats. On this trip up the river, Mr. Lincoln states that he first met the Hon. Jesse R. Du Bois, the present State Auditor of Illinois, and candidate on the Republican ticket for re-election, who was also discharging the duties of deck hand.

"The first flat boat expedition proved so successful that two others were projected, and by the time they were completed Lincoln had saved several hundred dollars. With this money he opened a small store at a settlement known as New Salem, and with the usual foolishness of new beginners in business he took in a partner. 'I reckon now,' said Lincoln alluding to the enterprise on one occasion, with one of those proverbially comical expressions of countenance—'I reckon now that *that* was *the* store,' and I judge from his ludicrous description of its miscellaneous contents that it might have been. However, the new business went along badly, and did not prove profitable. The partner insisted that they must add some whiskey to their stock in trade if they would save themselves, but to this proposition Lincoln stoutly objected; but the partner

as stoutly insisting, Lincoln finally sold out to him. About this time the Black Hawk war was the subject of excitement. A new militia company was to be formed, and there was a strife as to who should be the captain. There was a tall pompous fellow in the neighbourhood, glorying in the military title of 'Major,' who was very anxious for the new office, and who felt confident of obtaining it. When the day of election arrived there proved to be from a dozen to 15 candidates for the captaincy. The plan of election adopted was novel. A space was cleared, and it was agreed that each candidate should march across this space, with his friends following him in single file, and the man who had the largest procession of friends should be declared the captain. While the processions were forming, some of the 'boys' caught Lincoln by the arm and declared that he should be a candidate. He protested he knew nothing about military matters, but a stout fellow pushed him forward while his supporters formed behind. Great was the astonishment and mortification of the Major when he discovered that Lincoln's procession outnumbered his own by two men; and Lincoln was therefore declared to be captain.

"Upon Lincoln's return from the war he discovered that his old partner had been his own best customer in the whiskey traffic, and that he had 'decamped' without paying the debts of the trading concern, amounting to 1100 dols., and without leaving anything to pay them with. 'Here, then, I was,' said Mr. Lincoln once to a friend, '1100 dols. in debt, or 1100 dols. worse off than at any time in my life before, for I had not a single dollar to pay this indebtedness with. What to do I was at a loss to know. I thought the matter over for many days, and was greatly distressed. To go to work at the customary wages of a "hired hand" and earn 1100 dols.—it seemed as if I could not do it. But I determined at last to try. I never in my life knew a man who, resolved to do his duty, did not have some means opened up to him,—no matter how impossible, seemingly, was the accomplishment of that duty at the start.' And so it proved in this case with honest Abe. Stumbling upon, accidentally, a book on surveying, he at once made himself master of the science, and commenced the business of surveying as a profession, having in the mean time removed to Springfield. Here he made friends very fast, and soon became exceedingly popular, so much so that he was selected as a Whig candidate for the Legislature, and was triumphantly elected, holding the office for four years, during which time he became noted as a shrewd and intelligent debater. He saved money enough during these four years to pay off all his 1100 dollars' indebtedness, even to the last shilling. During his legislative term he commenced studying law by the advice of Judge Logan and John D. Stewart, of Springfield, who had discovered in him the evidences of an acute and remarkable intellect. He was admitted to the bar a few months after, got married, and at once pushed forward to the front rank in his profession.

"Such is Mr. Lincoln's early history, given in meagre but truthful outline. I need only add that in his personal habits Mr. Lincoln has always been strictly abstemious, using neither tobacco nor spirituous liquor of any kind. No man, moreover, ever yet accused him of an ungenerous or a dishonourable act or thought. Said I not truly that he furnishes the best sample to be met with of the gigantic growth of intellect and character under the fostering influences of American institutions and society, when not dwarfed by idleness, dissipation, or dishonesty?"

The personal appearance of Mr. Lincoln was thus described in the Chicago *Press and Tribune*:—"Mr. Lincoln stands six feet four inches high in his stockings. His frame is not muscular, but gaunt and wiry; his arms are long, but not unreasonably so for a person of his height; his lower limbs are not disproportionate to his body. In walking, his gait, though firm, is never brisk. He steps slowly and deliberately, almost always with his head inclined forwards and his hands clasped behind his back. In matters of dress he is by no means precise. Always clean, he is never fashionable; he is careless, but not slovenly. In manner he is remarkably cordial, and at the same time simple. His politeness is always sincere, but never elaborate and oppressive. A warm shake of the hand and a warmer smile of recognition are his methods of greeting his friends. At rest, his features, though those of a man of mark, are not such as belong to a handsome man; but when his fine dark gray eyes are lighted up by any emotion, and his features begin their play, he would be chosen from among a crowd as one who had in him not only the kindly sentiments which women love, but the heavier metal of which full-grown men and Presidents are made. His hair is black, and, though thin, is wiry. His head sits well on his shoulders, but beyond that it defies description. It nearer resembles that of Clay than Webster, but it is unlike either. It is very large, and, phrenologically, well proportioned, betokening power in all its developments. A slightly Roman nose, a wide-cut mouth, and a large complexion, with the appearance of having been weather-beaten, complete the description."

A THOUGHT ABOUT ITALIANS.

Viva Garibaldi! Viva Victor Emmanuel! are the life and soul-stirring cries of Italy at this moment—Italy reviving from her death-like slumber—Italy again arousing herself to assert her rights among nations, and to hail her gallant sons and deliverers.

It has somehow become a popular notion that Italians are a degraded people, unworthy of freedom, and utterly incapable of valuing, or even of comprehending it. This idea has arisen from the superficial knowledge of travellers, who can but judge from the surface of things; and, alas! the tribes of lazaroni, the hordes of beggars, the low lives of the inferior priests, and the evident tendency of the masses to deceit and falsehood, give a strangely apparent truthfulness to the statement.

But who that reflects, who that has well studied the history of the Italian republics, can for a moment believe that the life-spark of Italian love of freedom can be utterly extinguished? The vigorous efforts made from time to time to stem the torrent of foreign inva-

sion during five centuries, the grandeur and opulence of her cities during the Middle Ages, all bear witness to the fact that beautiful Italy, over-run and devastated, was Italy still—the birth-place of Roman freedom ; and if she will but stand forth, true to her God and to herself, may yet hold up her head and be free.

Modern Italians are descended from so many varied and distinct races, that it is quite impossible rightly to give them one common character. The northern Italians are distinctly different to those of the south, and even climate must exercise various influences in a country measuring nearly 900 miles from north to south.

Garibaldi is a fine type of an Italian patriot, but he is not alone. Many who have shed their blood in the earlier struggles for liberty were as large-souled, though not so fortunate, as he ; they paved the way, however, to this glorious result.

And the priests—are they all bigoted, superstitious, besotted? By no means. There are grand exceptions —some who even now see through the film of folly and sigh for a purer faith. They are not exactly Protestants, dear reader, neither is it to be desired that they should be—our cold usages would ill agree with the Italian temperament ; but devoutly is it to be hoped that they will cleanse their altars from all impurities ; that they will remember how that image-worship was only introduced to reconcile Pagan proselytes ; that, in short, they will restore their beautiful symbolic worship to its pristine purity, to what it was in the days of Paul—to the worship of the Triune Jehovah alone.

And I would dwell somewhat on this point, for we Protestants, in our zeal to do good, often really do harm. We should not *shake* faith, but only try to purify it. It would be easier and more effectual to point out an error than to tear down and root out old prejudices. We should build up, but not destroy. Italians are a religious people ; it would be a fearful wrong to sap at the ground-work of their belief. Their worship has but to be *purified* to be exquisitely beautiful ; it is defaced by palpable idolatry, thus the superficial cannot understand its real beauties.

The education of Italians, if not very deep and erudite, is generally very imperfect; and no wonder, for a child's book, at once instructive and entertaining, is all but a myth to an Italian child, and wonderful must be the drudgery attendant on their first steps to learning.

Now, what higher boon could be conferred than a supply of translations of nursery tales, histories pleasantly written, and moral stories? It may seem a small thing, but is capable of great results. Doubtless much has already been done, but much yet remains. Italian girls above all require this, for their mothers—high-souled, good, and gentle as very many are—have mostly been educated in convents, and know but little beyond what the priests and the nuns have chosen to teach them.

And now, ye who pant to benefit your fellow men, —and many you number in this favoured land—beware that you do it carefully and well ; listen less to your prejudices, more to your hearts ; think that people and things whom you do not quite understand or admire may nevertheless have in them the seed of much that is good. Try gently to cultivate that, to cause it to expand and fructify ; it may be better suited to its native soil, and do not seek to tear it up and replace it with your own, which possibly cannot germinate therein, and will only wither and die.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

THE waits beneath my window
Are playing, as of old,
In the clear winter moonlight,
Amid the dark shrubs, stoled
With white thick hoods, like monks, around,
Bending their faces to the ground.

I seem to see them standing,
Crunching the silver snow,
That lieth, in its glorious white,
The glittering sky below ;
And I strive to summon up again
The thoughts with which my childish heart
Heard long ago their strain—
The thoughts that to my wiser heart
Shall never come again.

For now I know those wondrous strains
Are harsh, and out of tune,
And that,—for angels harping them
Beneath the broad bright moon—
Harsh-featured, money-loving men,
Scrape for the love of beer ;
Yet would I welcome it again,
That faith of childhood dear!

When, in the moonlight solemn,
My sister used to glide,
In white robes like a spirit,
And seat her by my side,
With her dark eyes in shadow cast,
And the white moonlight on her brow,
The soft arm that my neck embraced—
Would I might feel it now!

But now we sit, my cat and I,
In fellowship forlorn ;
There shall no warm smile welcome me
On the glad Christmas morn;
All the long eve no other sound
Has come, to break the hush profound,
Saving my pen's monotony
O'er-scratching many a weary quire,
Or some stray coal that falls, to die
In silence, from the fluttering fire;
And through them all, with dull nick nock,
The muffled ticking passage clock.

Therefore I hail the waits again,
And work my pen no more ;
I 'll even warm some Elder-wine,
As in the days of yore.
Therefore, O lazy cat, make room,
Close to the fire I 'll draw my chair,
I 'll turn my scorching back therefrom,
And warm my icy fingers there.

Stir up the fire, 'tis not so bright
As once I knew it, long ago ;
The red dust chokes the genial light,
And smothers all the merry glow—
'Tis not the only fire, I ween,
Has smothered and grown dim since then!

The music stops, the wine is done,
Drained to the spicy dregs,
The fire burns low, the cat gets up,
Stretching her back and legs ;
The clock's two hands to twelve move on,
And I must hasten to begone ;
Out with the lamp—the candle 's lit,
The room looks dreary, I will flit ;
Lest Christmas come, and find me here
Alone, and somewhat dull and drear—
No friend to clasp my hand, and give
Good wishes, and the like receive.

I. R. V.

FEMALE HOMES.

Ever since Tom Hood wrote those touching lines on the suicide of an unfortunate female, an increasing interest has been manifested in the reformation of the class of which she was supposed to be one. Especially during the last year or two have Christians of all denominations taken a deep interest in the subject. Objections, of course, may be urged. It may be said, Why seek out and save vice and leave uncomplaining virtue to die? Again, the stern logician may argue, Why stop it to prevent the working out of the great laws of being? The wages of sin is death. Such is the testimony of a wide experience—such is the language of revelation. But the Great Teacher came to seek and save that which was lost; and may we not imitate Him? To this question we can give no negative reply. It justifies all the philanthropic organisations of the day, and pre-eminently it justifies the existence of the Society for the Rescue of Young Women and Children, the Seventh Annual Report of which we have just received. The document is one of the deepest interest. The society has twelve homes. "These homes are on the family principle, from fifteen to twenty only being associated together. These 'Family Homes' are placed under the care of pious married women or widows. There is nothing to distinguish any of the houses belonging to the society from private residences. There is not a strict uniformity of dress, nor are the inmates confined by bolts or bars. The hair is not cut off. The diet is on a liberal scale. Those who have strayed from the path of virtue are not associated with other girls. A proper classification of the young women is one of the society's most important principles; and one great object of having the homes situated in widely different parts of London is that girls associated with bad companions may be removed to an opposite part of London from that in which they live. The inmates are allowed to see their friends on the first Monday in every two months, and to write once a month, or oftener if necessary. They are instructed in every department of household work, together with knitting, sewing, laundry work, &c. At several of the homes the girls bake their own bread. The younger part of the family are chiefly occupied in learning to read, write, and do simple arithmetic. The inmates attend public worship on the Lord's-day. Family worship is strictly observed, morning and evening, and the inmates are constantly urged to seek for a change of heart as essential to their salvation. Corporal punishment is never inflicted; the arrangements are such that the greatest punishment is separation from their companions and the incurring of the matron's displeasure; thus love, as distinguished from compulsion and coercion, is the basis of the society's plans. Spirits, wine, and beer are not allowed to any of the inmates, except by medical authority."

This is all well in its way, but we imagine that the difficulty will be in retaining in the home the females who have consented to go there. No doubt many a woman, especially after the midnight meeting, has been tempted to renounce her career of shame, but as the excitement has worn off, and the even tenor of the way of life at the "home" has palled on her, she has been but too ready to leave it, and return back. We should fear there is a danger of being too religious. The heart cannot be suddenly weaned from old habits and associations, and while the weak may succumb and become hypocrites, stronger natures may rise up and rebel. Everything must depend on the tact and management at the home. Peculiar talents are required for such a situation,—not mere compassion or Christian zeal are sufficient. At the first blush of the thing indeed there is something almost open to censure in the idea of the homes. That women should be selected and comfortably maintained merely because they have been greater sinners than others of their sex, seems to be but a poor way of encouraging female virtue. You tell me the world has been hard to them. Well, the world is always hard to the weak. In our cold northern climates tender plants droop and die. Occasionally here we must have hot-houses and conservatories, but for our best fruit, after all, you must look elsewhere. But to return to the reformatory.

Seventy females have been received into these homes since the commencement of holding midnight meetings; the total number of persons received is 706. Of these, 422 had fallen from the path of virtue. Their occupations had been as follows:—320 had been domestic servants; 47 had been living at home, being too young for service; 7 had been needlewomen; 5 had been dressmakers or milliners; 2 had been shopwomen; 1 had been a teacher; 5 had been factory girls; 1 had been a book-keeper; 1 had been a nursery governess; 1 had been a barmaid; 1 had been a bookbinder; 2 had been laundresses; 3 had been at fieldwork; 26 none, or not known. Of this number, 217 had either lost both parents, or were fatherless or motherless. Out of 409 cases we find that 307 were not over twenty years of age when they were led astray. And it is a very painful fact—and one which we find it very difficult to realise—that five out of every six have been Sunday scholars. Of course drink plays a part in this female ruin. For instance, we read:—"E—— S——, aged 17, of London, nurtured by a profligate father and

a *drunken mother*." The writer of the report very naturally asks—Who can wonder, then, that at the age of fifteen this young creature fell? The part that drink plays in this dance of death we imagine is more of a conservative character. Drink keeps fallen women where they are. It may not have been the direct means of their fall, but it certainly forbids them ever to rise. It helps them down, and chains them down till they are lost. To reclaim them, the Temperance principle is adopted. The homes, as our readers have already learned, are conducted on total abstinence principles. But the most frightful fact, and one which, however, we have long suspected, is, in many families, the character of domestic servitude. Mistresses often complain that they cannot get good servants. It is clear servants do not often get good mistresses, or it would be utterly impossible that out of four hundred and twenty-two fallen females three hundred and twenty had been domestic servants. This is a social evil on an extended scale. In such homes as these the mistresses must have failed in their duty. We hope and believe such homes are the exception, but still they are far too common. There must have been more or less of neglect. The mistress of a servant is bound to see that her servants are made comfortable—that they are protected. If they fall when in her service, we fear too often part of the disgrace and shame must attach to herself. A word from her kindly spoken might often save a giddy girl when on the verge of ruin. This brings us to the question of remedies. Little remedies are all very well in their way, but we want to check a great evil, and something more. What we require is that men and women would wake up to a sense of life's duties and responsibilities. If mistresses were humane, thoughtful, Christian, there would be fewer servants on the streets. Of course we are now looking at the social evil merely from a limited point of view, we are merely taking the experience of one society—a society that evidently comes into contact with it in its lowest forms. Yet even here we learn something of its extent, as we find one of the rescued girls was the daughter of a woman the mistress of a clergyman. But it is clear the social evils that infest the public promenades, who wear the most expensive dresses, live in the most splendidly furnished houses, ride in the daintiest of broughams, whose society is courted by men of wealth and rank, are not to be reached by such organisation as that whose report we have just referred to. The time may come when society may cast them out, and they, too, may be glad of space for repentance. In the mean while such a society as that to which we have already referred deserves support as a means of future usefulness. It is well to save the present race. It is vain to wait till society gets into a purer state. Most of us have to do—not what we would, but what we can.

JUSTICE TO JACK TAR.

In the *Gazette* a few days since appears an announcement to the effect that the distribution of proceeds arising from coals captured on board a Russian vessel by her Majesty's ship Viper, on the 26th of May, 1855, in the sea of Azoff, will commence on Thursday, the 29th instant, in the Prize Branch of the Department of the Accountant-General of the Navy, Admiralty House. Of course, our first thought on reading this is, there must be some mistake in dates. Surely, the jolly tars who risked their lives on the 26th of May, in the exploit recorded above, cannot have been compelled to wait almost till the year 1861 for the sum of 9s. 11d.—due to individuals of the tenth class. We look again—alas! there is no mistake in the matter. A rich nation like ours is obliged to get in debt with its humblest servants, and to say to its soldiers and sailors, "Fight, my brave boys, win honour for yourselves and us, destroy our enemies, and exalt the prestige of the British name; but don't look to us for ready money. Give us time, and we will pay you, if we can." People are complaining that the heroes who put down the Indian mutiny have not yet received their prize money; but then the Indian mutiny is a comparatively recent event. All who have had to do with Government departments know that "Wait" is the order of the day. But there are limits to this, and even the official mind must perceive that it is hard to keep sailors out of their money till December, 1860, when they had won it in May, 1855.

The truth is, this little incident is but part of a system, and that system, in spite of all Lord Clarence Paget may say to the contrary, is one that requires careful revision and extensive amendment. The people of England are not to be blamed in this matter. They pay with no niggard hand their soldiers and sailors. Whatever money Government requires is freely given, and even to that amount the voluntary offerings of the people, on an emergency, added much more. Actually, so far as the defence of the country is concerned, in case of an invasion, they have raised and maintained a volunteer force, almost equal to any possible danger; but the navy is more immediately under Government control—we have raised no volunteer naval force. In case of attack, it will be to our navy that we must look as a means of defence, and we cannot and may not shut our eyes to the fact that, day by day, the naval service becomes more and more unsatisfactory; and for this state of things the executive is alone to blame. Last year we had the disgraceful *émeutes* on board the Princess Royal and the Edgar, where men were sent to prison amidst universal sympathy, and we have reason to believe that similar mismanagement and insubordination prevail. A writer in the *Times* says:—"It would be perhaps too strong to say that our fleets are in a state of chronic mutiny; but I know, at least, that their crews are so disaffected and dissatisfied, that their deep, half-suppressed ill-humour may become open mutiny at any moment. This is well known at the Admiralty. Every captain and commander in the service knows it to his cost." We assume the statement to be true, and ask how it is that, while we are spending fifteen millions a-year on the navy, and building ships as fast as we can, we cannot get men to man them with. Well, the real truth is, the seamen have grievances. We have already referred to one; but the real reason seems to be that, in the language of the writer whom we have just quoted, "the seamen of our royal navy are, as a body, the worst paid, worst treated, and worst fed class of

sailors in the world." An employer of labour in a letter to the *Times*, writes:—"Look at the *Army and Navy Gazette* of this very week. You will find in it an account of a court-martial held a few days ago on board the Impregnable at Plymouth, to try a seaman of the St. George for insubordination. The man was found *Guilty*—was sentenced to receive forty-eight lashes—and to be placed in the second-class conduct-list. So far so good. But what were the facts of the case? The prisoner—whose conduct ever since he entered the navy as a boy was stated by his former captain as having been 'good,' and 'very good'—was ordered to be placed on the black list for 'skylarking' by the commander of the St. George. The man denied that he had been 'skylarking,' and referred the commander to the gun's crew to which he belonged, who, he said, would prove the contrary. *The commander immediately doubled his punishment.* Upon this the man, whose conduct had been 'good' and 'very good' for so many years, gave way to his temper, and refused to do the dirty work assigned to the black list at all; and then came the old story—irons, a court-martial of sea-captains, a flogging, and the hospital. I tell the story precisely as it is told in the *Gazette*—precisely as it will be read in every ship in the service; and I ask whether that is the way to maintain the discipline of our navy or to man our ships? Could we manage our navvies or our pitmen if we dealt with them thus?" We ask, must not such treatment make Jack Tar mutinous? It must be so, or we should not have so many deserters—for we must remember the deserter forfeits arrears of pay, chances of pension, years of good conduct, service prize money, and other attractions of greater or less amount. This year we have offered a bounty of £10 to seamen, and we are informed that of the 11,000 thus raised, nearly half have managed to escape. Nor does the evil end here. We drive men out of the country, for of course a deserter dare not return to England, to be caught and punished for his crime. The first thing to be done is to raise the rate of wages. Few sailors receive more than 10s. a month, and that is not enough, and the pension offered them is a sham, since it is only given after twenty years' service at sea—a consummation very rarely achieved. Directly a man has entered the navy he is plotting how best he can leave it. When, two years since, the Admiralty offered to let the continuous-service men take their discharge, 2286 immediately quitted the service; and when very favourable conditions were offered these men to re-enter the coast-guard and navy for five years, only sixty-three could be coaxed back again. The sailors' wives do all they can to induce their husbands to desert, since they are away from their families three years at a time, and are not paid so well as sailors in the merchant service, who can generally manage to spend a month with their wives and families ashore. The Admiralty are much to blame. Reasonable service can only be had on reasonable terms. We must treat our sailors as well as merchants and shippers treat theirs; if not, the difficulty in attracting men to the service will go on increasing, and we shall continue spending in commissions to inquire into the state of the navy, and other senseless ways, what would give us a navy efficiently manned. For the honour of Old England, we hope this state of things will be speedily remedied. Our sailors demand good treatment at our hands, and we really can afford to treat them well.

LITERATURE.

Icnusa; or, Pleasant Reminiscences of a Two Years' Residence in the Island of Sardinia, by Mary Davey. (Bath: Binns and Goodwin.) Of the many lady writers who have come before the world in the pages of the *National Magazine*, Mrs. Davey is one of the pleasantest. She has a very agreeable way of writing, has a kind eye, and a clear faculty of seeing, and reproducing what she sees. Icnusa is the ancient name of Sardinia, and under that title she has published an interesting account of that island, which, at the present time, when everything relating to Italy is of moment, the reader will thankfully receive. Not a mere passing tourist is our author; she has lived on the island, long mixed with the people, seen them as foreigners rarely see them, and gives a few life-like pictures in a graceful and attractive setting. Her book ought to be a great favourite in book-clubs and circulating libraries, for whilst as a literary production it deserves high praise, it is at the same time a faithful sketch of the largest and least known of the sunny isles of the bright Mediterranean. All the old customs and ways of the people are described. Sardinia, as our readers may be aware, has been successively colonised and governed by the Phœnicians, Carthaginians, Romans, Spaniards, and Genoese, and still preserves many interesting memorials of those several races, and besides gave to Victor Emmanuel the title which he is about to exchange for one of greater pretensions and of grander import. A kindly, not very learned, but rather rustic people, according to our authoress, are the Sardinians; the vendetta still survives among them, and they are earnest Roman Catholics; they seem to have no great love for the Piedmontese, and have but very dim and uncertain ideas of England and the English. We read how they live, how the gentry live, how they marry and are given in marriage, how they honour the saints, and carry them about in gorgeous processions, how picturesque is Cagliari, how delicious the climate, how the land flows with honey, and what a lamentable absence there is of milk. And all this information is arranged in a dramatic form, not as a dull narrative, but as a living picture. Only a woman could have written such a book, and we do hope that our warm praise may tempt our readers to procure it for themselves.

Self-Made Men, by the Rev. W. Anderson (London: John Snow), is a book dedicated to young men by a writer evidently ready to sympathise with them. Mr. Anderson writes to the people, and for the people. Assuming that self-made men are the best men, he discusses their characteristics, and as examples devotes a chapter to each of the following—John Bunyan, Edward Baines, Hugh Miller, and John Kitto. Of these men he tells us nothing new, but he gives a well-con-

densed and compact view of their respective lives, and struggles, and success. He then proceeds to discuss how such men are made. Four theories are considered. 1st, that men are made by the constitution which they inherit; 2nd, that men are made under the influence of circumstances; 3rd, that the coalescence of natural constitution, with surrounding circumstances, make men; 4th, that men are made by their own voluntary determination. This last is the theory to which Mr. Anderson inclines, and on this he founds a concluding appeal—earnest, and eloquent, and well fitted for the class to whom it is addressed. "Select the path in which life can be best turned to account; to shine as lights in the world, plant your every step firm and deliberate, as that of men treading upon adamant. Aspire to be men—genuine men." Thus writes Mr. Anderson, and many a young soul, we doubt not, will be kindled and stirred up as he ponders on Mr. Anderson's words. The book is a good one and interesting.

The British Workman has now completed another year of its existence. It maintains its high character and sterling merit. We live in an age of cheapness, when the marvels of the press are greater every day, but of its class there is nothing published at all touching *The British Workman.*

Our Exemplars, Rich and Poor, is the title of a book, handsomely got up by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, and coming before the world under peculiarly favourable circumstances. The well-known philanthropist, Mr. Matthew Davenport Hill, Recorder of Birmingham, edits it, and Lord Brougham writes an introductory preface. Such illustrious names are a guarantee of excellence. The book itself consists of biographical sketches of men and women who have, by an extraordinary use of their opportunities, benefited their fellow-creatures, on a somewhat similar plan to that of Mr. Craik's "Pursuit of Knowledge under difficulties;" the main difference between the two being, that in *Our Exemplars* the sketches are fuller, and therefore necessarily embrace fewer names. The volume comprises the Earl of Shaftesbury, Jacques Jasmin, John Bunyan, the King of Portugal, Bridget Burke, Sister Nathalie, Rosa Governo, Francoise Caysac, Louisa Schepler, Christopher Thomson, William and Robert Chambers, Dr. Joseph Tuckerman, Father Mathew, Dr. Spratt, Dr. John Thomson, Harriet Ryan, Captain Maconochie, Catherine Wilkinson, John Smeaton, Frederic Auguste Demetz, the Viscomte Bretignieres de Courteilles, Paul Louis Verdier, Sarah P. Remond, John Plummer, Sarah Martin, Sir Rowland Hill, Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, and Lady Noel Byron. Such a book is valuable, especially to the young. No one can rise from its perusal without feeling inclined to imitate the examples set before him. "In accordance," says Lord Brougham, in his introductory preface, "with the title selected, the biographical sketches illustrate by facts the ability which all, in every rank, possess, of adding to the stock of human happiness. The authors have aimed at showing that neither the temptations which beset rank, power, and wealth, nor the hindrances interposed by poverty, ignorance, infirmity, and even disease, are sufficient to prevent man or woman desirous of doing good from compassing that great object. In their selection of examples they have necessarily been under the control of circumstances; many persons of both sexes, whose histories would have adorned the collection, have been excluded because their lives are already familiar to the public; of others the authors were not able to procure information in sufficient detail to furnish interesting notices." In his lordship's regret that the names of Mary Carpenter and Charles Knight are omitted, in consequence of their express prohibition, we share. We also agree with him in thinking that, in the person of Mr. John Cassell, we have a striking instance of early difficulties honourably overcome, and of later opportunities for good well employed.

It is hard by map, or book, or engraving, to give an idea of London. Its size, and extent, and greatness, are difficult to be realised. Artist and writer alike fail. However, Mr. Tweedie, 337, Strand, has published a very beautiful, and correct, and novel *Picture Map of London.* In spite of its small size it does give a correct idea of London, and really makes a well-executed picture. It is a novelty, and one that deserves encouragement.

Poetry seems to make its appearance not merely once a week, but all the year round. We have just received a volume, entitled, *Solitary Musings, and other Poems, by Charles W. Bridgart.* (London: Whitaker and Co.) It is got up very indifferently. Some of the sonnets are very good, but the volume is a melancholy one. Mr. Bridgart should have used better paper and type.

THE MONTH.

DEATH still continues to sweep away many of our notabilities. We have to record the death of the well-known Dr. Croly, and that of the Chevalier Bunsen, the friend of Niebuhr. The Duke of Norfolk, who, as editor of the Life of Philip Howard, claims a place among noble authors, must also not be omitted. The death of Lord Aberdeen is the principal fact in the obituary of the Month. He died on Friday morning, Dec. 14, at half-past one o'clock. The late lord was born in Edinburgh, in 1784, and was educated at Harrow, and St. John's, Cambridge. He filled a large number of important political offices, amongst which were those of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, in Sir Robert Peel's Administration, from 1841 to 1846; Colonial Secretary in 1834-5. On the death of Peel, Lord Aberdeen became the head of the party, and in 1852, on the defeat of Mr. Disraeli's budget, he succeeded Lord Derby. As chief of the Coalition Ministry, he held office from December, 1852, to February, 1855. He will be succeeded in the peerage by his eldest son, the present Lord Haddo.

Scientific Expeditions are in vogue; a scientific Expedition is about leaving France to explore Southern Siberia, and particularly that portion contiguous to the Amoor. It will be headed by Dr. G. Meynier and M. Louis d'Eichthal; and a Commission has been appointed by the Paris Academy of Sciences to draw up instructions for the Expedition. We also hear a new Expedition to Central Africa in search of Dr. Vogel is being prepared in Germany. The Expedition has for its aim the exploration of the vast tract of land between the Nile and the Lake Tsad, a territory belonging to

the very heart of the unexplored interior of Africa. Except Vogel, on his journey to Wadai, no European has set foot on these entirely unknown regions. The expense of the Expedition has been estimated at from 12,000 to 20,000 thalers, about the half of which sum has come in already; and, as Baron von Heuglin intends not to spare his own means in the undertaking, no pecuniary obstacle presents itself to the Expedition, which will set out from Khartoum as soon as all the necessary preparations can be completed. Herr von Heuglin has held a seven years' official position in the countries of the Nile. The experience which he has gathered there, his practical knowledge of the country, his acquaintance with persons of power and influence there, combined with his scientific capacity, eminently fit him for such an undertaking.

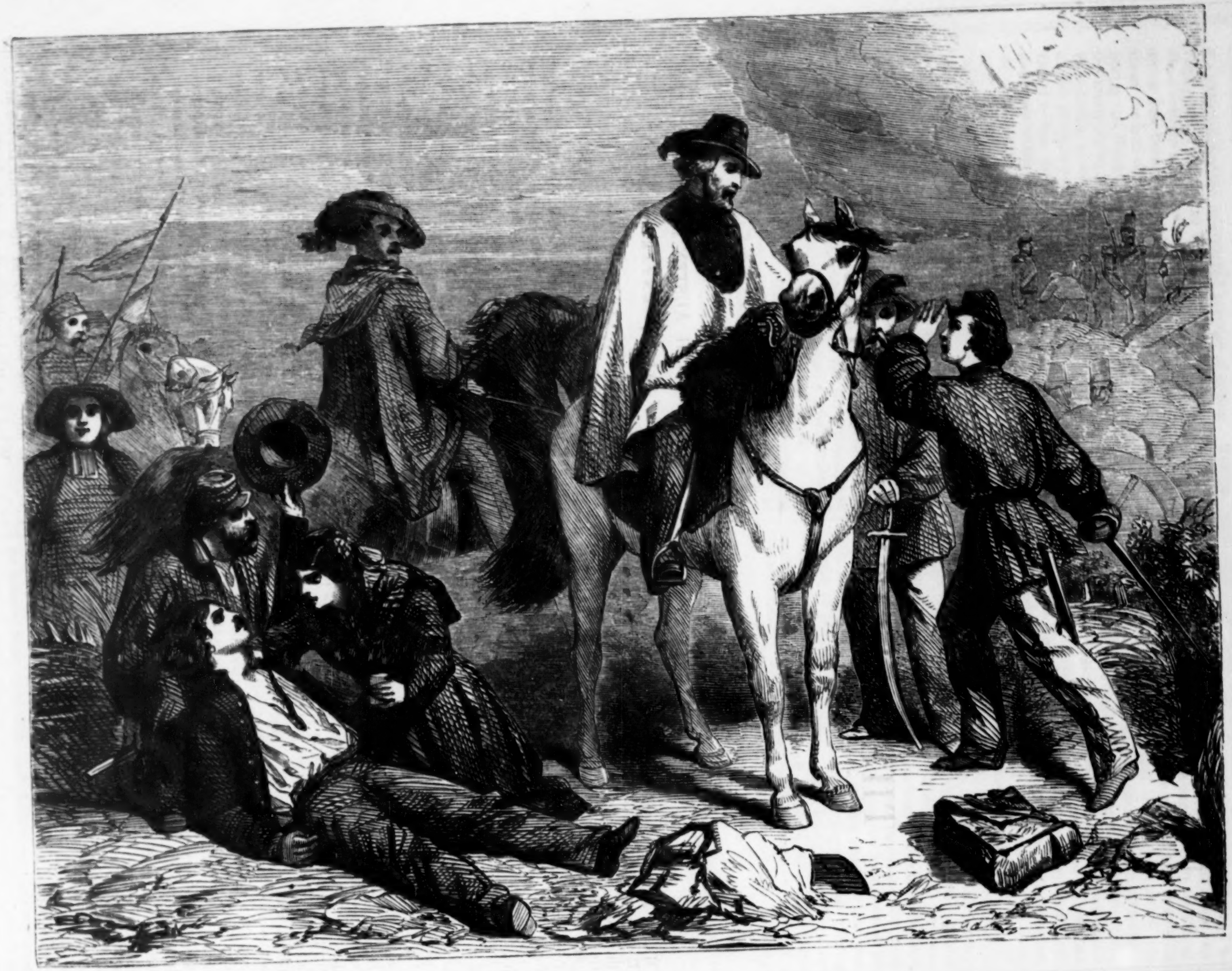
The anniversary meeting of the Royal Society was held Nov. 10th, General Sabine, Treasurer and Vice-President, in the Chair. The anniversary address was delivered, after which the medals were presented as follows:—The Copley Medal, to Professor Robert Wilhelm Bunsen, of Heidelberg, Foreign Member of the Royal Society, for his "Researches on Cacodyl, Gaseous Analysis, the Volcanic Phenomena of Iceland, and other Researches;" a Royal Medal to Mr. William Fairbairn, F.R.S., for his various "Experimental Inquiries on the Properties of the Materials employed in Mechanical Construction;" a Royal Medal to Dr. Augustus Waller, F.R.S., for his "Investigations into the Anatomy and Physiology of the Nervous System, and for the Introduction of a valuable Method of Conducting such Investigations;" and the Rumford Medal, to Professor James Clerk Maxwell, for his "Researches on the Composition of Colours, and other Optical Papers." The Society then proceeded to the election of Council and Officers for the ensuing year. The following gentleman were declared duly elected:—President, Sir Benjamin Collins Brodie, D.C.L.; Treasurer, Major-General Edward Sabine, R.A.,D.C.L.; Secretaries, William Sharpey, M.D., LL.D., and Mr. George Gabriel Stokes, M.A., D.C.L.; Foreign Secretary, Mr. William Hallows Miller, M.A; other members of the Council, Mr. John Couch Adams, Sir John Peter Boileau, Mr. Arthur Cayley, Mr. William Fairbairn, Hugh Falconer, M.D., William Farr, M.D., D.C.L., Mr. Thomas Graham, M.A., D.C.L. Sir H. Holland, M.D., D.C.L., Mr. Thomas Henry Huxley, Sir J. G. Shaw Lefevre, M.A., D.C.L., Mr. James Paget, Mr. Joseph Prestwich, Mr. William Spottiswoode, M.A., Mr. John Tyndall, Ph.D., Alexander Williamson, Ph.D., Colonel Philip Yorke. After the election the Fellows and their friends dined together at the Thatched House, General Sabine occupying the chair.

The proposal to erect a statue to the late Lord Macauley in Trinity College, Cambridge, by the members of that college, as a mark of their admiration for the memory of their illustrious fellow-collegian, and in commemoration of the strong attachment which he himself felt for the College, has met with a hearty response. His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, the Chancellor of the University, has headed the subscription with £100., and amongst the members of Trinity whose names appear on the list are those of the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Marquis of Hartington, M.P., Earl Grey, Earl Spencer, Earl Fitzwilliam, Lord Stanley, M.P., Lord Broughton, Lord Lyttelton, Lord Monteagle, Lord Stratheden, Lord Belper, Lord Cranworth, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Kingsdown, Lord Wensleydale, the Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood, Sir John Romilly, Master of the Rolls, the Right Hon. S. H. Walpole, M.P., the Bishops of St. David's and Manchester, &c. An influential committee of "residents," with Dr. Whewell, the Master of Trinity, at its head, has been formed.

A new and beautiful church has been raised to the memory of George Herbert. At the commencement of the year 1855 a proposal was originated by a few of the many persons who revere the memory of the "Country Parson" to raise an appropriate and worthy memorial to him in his own parish, Bemerton (a village in close contiguity to the city of Salisbury), by erecting a new church on a site near the edifice where he formerly ministered and lived, and beneath the altar of which the ashes of the good man rest. A committee was then formed, and on an appeal being subsequently made, numerous and liberal donations, amounting to between £3000 and £4000., were readily promised to carry out so excellent a work,—the Earl Stanhope, the late Lord Macaulay, Lord Lindsay, Lord Taunton, Lord Broughton, Sir Lytton Bulwer, the Bishop of Oxford, Mr. Alfred Tennyson, Mr. W. Longfellow, the Deans of St. Paul's and Westminster, Mr. W. Stirling (of Keir), the Rev. T. Keble, Miss Yonge, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Earl of Aberdeen, the Earl of Malmesbury, the Right Hon. Sidney Herbert, the Right Hon. Spencer Walpole, the Earl of Ellesmere, the Earl of St. Germans, Lord Ashburton, the Dowager Duchess of Northumberland, the Duke of Marlborough, &c., being amongst the early subscribers. The ceremony of consecration took place on the 13th, the Lord Bishop of Oxford having been the preacher. The site of the new church is a little beyond the existing building on the road to Wilton, and being but a very short distance from the London and South-Western and Great Western lines of railway, travellers are enabled to catch a glimpse of the edifice, and of the picturesque landscape surrounding it, as they pass along.

The new copper coins of one penny, halfpenny, and farthing, were issued a few days back, and immediately gave rise to a discussion as to the propriety of their bearing the word "Britt." with one 't' or two as the condensed form of Britanniarum. The matter was finally disposed of in a letter which clearly explains the rule, thus:—In abbreviations of Latin plurals it has always been the custom, from the classical or golden age of Roman literature (the era of Cicero, Horace, Virgil, Tacitus, &c.) to our own day, to double the last letter of the abbreviated form of those plurals, without reference, however, to the abbreviation of Coss. for Consultus, which occurs hundreds of times in Livy, Cicero, Paterculus, and Tacitus. Surely the fact of a similar custom in our own ordinary method of writing—one, too, which has the sanction both of analogy and of tradition—may be allowed to settle the important question whether "Britt." as the abbreviation of "Britanniarum" on the new coin is right or not. What is the degree of LL.D., and what do the two L's which are never separated by a stop, as the second L and the D are, signify, except that the person who has graduated as LL.D. is a doctor of law—the canon and the civil laws? Why do we write MS. for manuscript, and MSS. for manuscripts, if not to distinguish between the abbreviation of the singular number and that of the plural? Similarly, the abbreviation "Britt." correctly stands for "Britanniarum." "Brit." stands for Britanniæ (England): "Britt." for Britanniarum—the two Britains, north and south, that is, England and Scotland, or "Great Britain."

The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's have determined to inaugurate the opening of the new organ, preparatory to the Evening Services, by a grand performance of sacred music, the oratorio of "The Messiah," on Thursday, January 24, 1861. The orchestra in the south transepts will accommodate a full band and chorus of more than 500 voices.



GARIBALDI AT ROME.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

GARIBALDI AT ROME.

Mr. G. Thomas's admired picture, which has met with Royal approbation, has been engraved—as the readers of the *National* will admit—for us at a seasonable time. Garibaldi is now the man of the hour as he was in April, 1848, when the Roman Assembly placed in the hands of the Triumvir the honour of the Republic, and charged him to repel force with force. It was then, writes Dumas, "the providential man appeared. Suddenly a great cry resounded through the streets of Rome of Garibaldi! Garibaldi! And an immense crowd cried as they preceded him, throwing their caps in the air and waving their handkerchiefs, 'Here he is, here he is!' It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm which took possession of the population at the sight of him. He might have been thought to be the protecting god of the Republic, who hastened to the defence of Rome. The courage of the people increased with their confidence, and it appeared as if the Assembly had not only decreed defence, but victory." A few lines of the history of the Roman Revolution by Major Miraglia will give an idea of this enthusiasm. "This mysterious conqueror, surrounded by such a brilliant halo of glory, who, a stranger to the discussions of the Assembly and ignorant of them, entered Rome on the eve of the very day on which the Republic was about to be attacked, was in the minds of the Roman people the only man capable of maintaining the degree of resistance, therefore the multitudes on the very instant united themselves with the man who personified the wants of the moment, and who was the hope of all." An Italian writer says, "The death of the Rossi and the flight of the Pope found Garibaldi at Ravenna, where he had enrolled a strong legion of volunteers. He resolved to go to Rome alone in order to come to an understanding with the Provisional Government, of which Herbieux was the factotum. Well was it for Rome that he found his way thither, and when the superior forces of France, under General Oudinot, prevailed, Garibaldi once more became an exile, leaving behind him a band of patriots ready to respond to his call when the hour should arrive." Of that response and of Garibaldi's triumph we need not speak further at the present time. We may depend upon it when spring arrives we shall hear more of Garibaldi.

MR. H. AUSTEN LAYARD.

A PARLIAMENTARY SKETCH.

BY J. EWING RITCHIE.

No one who studies public men and public affairs can doubt the doctrine of the resurrection. When, a few years since, Lord Palmerston was defeated on the Chinese war, and appealed to the country, what a crushing defeat was obtained by his opponents! To borrow the language of the turf, they were "nowhere." Manchester rejected Bright and Gibson; Mr. Cobden dared not attempt the West Riding, and actually was rejected by Huddersfield; Mr. Layard lost his seat for Aylesbury, and, for a time, had to submit to parliamentary extinction. I can scarce imagine a heavier calamity for an able or ambitious man. He who is accustomed to parliamentary life must feel existence a blank without it. To play a worthy part in the senatorial drama finds employment for the greatest energies of our greatest men. In the morning there are committees to attend, blue books to study, speeches to prepare; in the evening, there are eight hours of talk to be endured, deputations to be conversed with in the lobby, and endless business, miscellaneous and otherwise. For all common life a member of Parliament is unfitted. What greatness lies in his name! how he is reported in newspapers! how much is made of him at Exeter Hall! what a boon he is on the direction of a public company! and in dining-rooms and drawing-rooms what delight attaches to his every word! How unhappy must be an American President after his four years at the White House are over! What a settled melancholy must lie in the heart of hearts of an ex-Lord Mayor! How flat, stale, and unprofitable must have been existence to Alexander when he found there were no more worlds to win! How suicidal must be the general tendency of the feelings of

such an one as Tom Sayers now that we never mention him, and now that his name is never heard, and that our lips are now forbid to speak that once familiar word! But with an M.P. dissolved into common clay it is worse, far worse. However, let him not despair; his turn may come—if he be a man of mark and merit it must come. Mr. Layard has, at length, found his way back into St. Stephen's, and Southwark has done well in sending to Parliament an M.P. worthy to occupy the seat of Sir Charles Napier, of Sir W. Molesworth, of Daniel Whittle Harvey.

Mr. Henry Austen Layard, in a book published in 1853, I find, is described as "traveller and author." A few years make a great change in the position of clever men. Time brings opportunities, and opportunity is a goodlier gift of the gods than an ancient heritage or an honoured name. The Russian war broke out, and opportunities came to all. Aged generals grasped them in vain; timid admirals saw them, and their hearts quailed; quarter-master-generals, and heads of departments, and old fogies, whom England had ignorantly worshipped for half a century, for once found themselves face to face with them, and ignominiously, and amidst universal contempt, let them go by for ever. In the midst of this wreck and ruin Layard's figure, rapidly emerging from the palpable obscure, became firmly fixed before the public eye. As I have already said, he was known to the public as an author and traveller. He had been attached to the embassy at the Porte, and afterwards, on the retirement from the Foreign-office of Lord Palmerston, and the accession of Earl Granville, he filled the office of Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. In 1852 he was returned to Parliament for Aylesbury, and in the following year he was presented with the freedom of the City of London, in consideration of his enterprising discoveries among the ruins of Nineveh. Truly, Layard's lot has fallen amongst pleasant places. I am not aware that the public made much of Captain Cook, nor that the freedom of the City of London was presented to Belzoni, or that Mungo Parke had a place in the Foreign-office; but those were not days of Hudson testimonials, and now Virtue is sulky if she is her own reward.

In the session of 1855 Layard played for a higher stake. Hitherto he had been fortunate in the extreme. He made a desperate effort to be the man of the time. With the intelligent public out of doors, upon whom loose declamation is sure to tell, he had already become that; but he aimed in the House of Commons to attain a similar place—a game infinitely more difficult, and to be played with a caution and clearness which Mr. Layard unfortunately did not possess. His antecedents were in his favour, and the House lent him a willing ear. When he rose to speak it grew full; it gave him credit for a knowledge of the affairs of the East possessed but by few of its members. Unfortunately, he stated facts and instances at random. He attacked men who had relations in the House ready and willing to defend them. He excited much aristocratic indignation, and his vehement assertions were met by contradictions equally vehement, and more correct. Still, he was a favourite with the House. He then put his name down to specific motions and questions innumerable. On such a day he would call the attention of the House to the condition of the army, to the state of affairs in Asia, to the mismanagement of the Horse Guards, as the case might be. The administrative reformers believed that their hour of triumph at length had come. In its weak simplicity the radical press avowed that the nation, at length, was about to be saved, and the teeming rabid radicalism of the metropolis smiled with unwonted glee. The night came, the Strangers' Gallery was crowded; and, in their mistaken confidence, the long rows of St. Stephen's Hall were crowded with individuals waiting to take their turn. Alas, alas! the night came, but the dashing Layard held back. Not once, but frequently was this the case. In the language of the field it was said of Mr. Layard that he "craned." When a horse will not take a fence he is said to "crane." No man can do this repeatedly with impunity, and Mr. Layard cannot be much surprised if, in consequence, he sank somewhat in the opinion of his admirers of the better sort.

It is charged by indignant Protestants that the Church of Rome admits and maintains the doctrine of reserve—but who does not? Is it pleasant for the lady of the house to hear her pert child inform Mr. Smithers that yesterday Ma said he was a bore, and wished he were at Hanover? Is not a candid friend the most irritating creature on the face of the globe? Or do you think Anna Maria would forgive you if, in her album, instead of comparing her to the blue-eyed Minerva, you simply expressed the honest wish that she would not wear her hair in curls—that she would mend the holes in her stockings? Or would you tell the wife of your bosom that you had made a mistake in marrying her, and that you were pining away for one who now never could be yours? It is just so in the House of Commons. It is not the thing to speak the truth there. Mr. Carter did when he was member for Tavistock, and he never would have been listened to again; so did Robert Lowe in his debate on the Corporation Tolls, and the result was a storm of indignation that nearly shelved Mr. Lowe himself, and completely shelved his bill; so did poor Duffy on a memorable occasion, and the House was in hot water for six weeks after. But Layard made another blunder. His truth, substantially right, was often circumstantially wrong—right in its essence, wrong in its accidents. He thus committed a double offence, and gave the Philistines reason to rejoice. Yet the House lent him a willing ear; to no man was it more generous or forgiving. Mr. Layard did not do himself justice; he ought to have been more guarded in his language; less off-hand and desultory; his matter should have been more carefully prepared. Let us hope he has made a wise use of his enforced seclusion. He has travelled in Italy, and the East, and in India, and there are vital questions touching all these places. He thus returns to Parliament under peculiarly advantageous circumstances. Mr. Layard should remember, after all, it is a fine thing to be able to lift up one's voice in the Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland, to stand up there, in the midst of principalities and powers, to speak history, and what may be quoted a hundred years to come. A foremost place there is no mean thing; not without difficulty to be attained unto, nor lightly to be whistled away.

His difficulties have been many and discouraging.

There have been in his career times when he has been alone in the House—when he has had alone to bear the brunt of indignant colonels and irate officers of militia. Some men would have cowed before the storm. The House, in its harsh and angry moods, is not a pleasant place to speak in—not a bear-garden, not yet exactly a rapturously applauding Exeter Hall; but the worst of it is, the independent members fight on their own account. They take good care that their enemies do not act on the old maxim, "Divide and rule," for they divide of their own accord, and, therefore, are overruled. Hardly half-a-dozen of them pull together, but every one of them does that which is right in his own eyes. If this be a blunder in military warfare, it is criminal in the House of Commons, where a band of united men, one in heart and aim, can do so much, and where the existence of such a band, in the name of right to protest against the doing of wrong, is so imperatively required. But each man is disposed of by himself. He makes his charge. It is flung back in his face from the Treasury benches—heavily by one, historically by another, pedantically by a third, flippantly by a fourth. From the Opposition benches comes a loud and fierce denial, not unmixed with scorn—all around is an atmosphere charged with thunder. There is the low, deep murmur of dissent; the inattention, which is more confusing than open interruption; the heavy impotence, unassailable and conscious of its strength. From back benches, on both sides, what a cluster of aggrieved rise to speak! uttering what common-place, and received with what cheers! To face that Macedonian phalanx requires some nerve. Layard has done this; and you may measure his claims to public favour by the extent, and depth, and bitterness of their hate. His triumph at Southwark, however, was an ample reward. It ought to make even an M.P. a patriot.

But you have not seen Mr. Layard. Well, look on your left, on the first row, where poor Sir Harry Inglis sat,—where Blacket, one of the promising young men killed off by the House, sat,—where Henry Drummond sat; any night you may see Layard, with his bright, dark blue eye, and thick beard, slightly tinged with grey, and somewhat boyish face. He is an active-looking man, with a very good voice, and considerable fluency and readiness, generally very plainly dressed, and not in the oriental costume in which you may have seen him represented. It may be that Mr. Layard's opportunity has gone by; but it is clear, for some time to come, his acquaintance with the East will recommend him to the House; and, as a *protégé* of the *Times*, he cannot be altogether dropped out of the public mind; but not even the *Times* can write a man permanently up or down. If it could do the former, Lowe and Layard would be the most popular men in the country; if the latter, Mr. Cobden would have resigned all pretensions to the representation of Rochdale, and actually would, long ere this, have given up the ghost.

AFTER READING "MAN AND HIS DWELLING-PLACE."

The midnight fire
Turns on me now a red and gloomy eye,
Needlessly watching the slow hours go by—
Loath to expire.

All common shapes
Look strange and solemn 'neath the brooding frown
Of darkness, ever creeping closer down—
No gleam escapes.

The pall is spread;
In breathless silence undisturbed it fell:
I would that soon some little sound might tell
All is not dead.

Suspense of life!
How in this trance each soul is rapt away
To busy worlds as bright, as loud as day,
As full of strife.

How does quick thought
Thread the dark maze of much-perplexed dreams,
Unguessing that its object only *seems*,
That all is nought.

How the heart beats,
While the dumb dreamer pours his passion out
To listening love; for there he feels no doubt,
Dreads no defeats.

He speaks her name—
But then she changes, the dear features melt,
Grotesquely altered, and the bliss he felt
Falls with its frame.

Wild fancy leaps,
Heedless of sequence, to another scene;
Then blots its outlines, crowding thoughts between,
And still he sleeps!

Oh, dead of night!
This pause and silence touches only sense;
Though to the fleshly eye the gloom is dense,
The soul has light.

Immortal man
May fold the hand, and rest the weary limb,
But finds no state lethargic quiet him
In life's brief span.

When morning breaks
He passes to a more emphatic dream;
For in this life of ours things only seem,
It 's death awakes.

Light of *that* morn!
When we poor dreamers from night visions start,
Grant us to know how merciful Thou art,
Thou—who didst warn.

By the author of "Morning Clouds."

MAUD.

BY ROBERT S. JENNINGS.

SHE was a wild, elfin-like child, with great, restless black eyes, and long tangled hair of the same dark shade. Her peculiar appearance might alone have drawn my attention to her as she sat there upon the grass by the side of the hedge; but, in addition to this, when my eyes first rested upon her she was sobbing violently. Reining my horse up close by, I asked, with as much kindness as I could throw into my voice,

"Why do you cry, my child? What is the matter?"

She sprang up in evident fear, but discovering a stranger in her inquirer, she stood irresolute, looking at me with excited curiosity, while the tears were still upon her cheek. I repeated the question, and a fresh burst of passionate tears first answered it.

"It is because they beat me so!" she exclaimed, in a voice of singular earnestness, and she shook her tiny fist towards a low hut near by. "Oh, I *do* hate them: I will always hate them!"

"What is your name?" I asked, and she gave it unhesitatingly.

"And who are they that beat you, little Maud—your parents?"

"No—I have n't any; none but old Giles and his wife, and I know they 're not my parents. But I won't be whipped so," and her wild face grew almost wicked in the intensity of its angry resolution. "I 'm not bad, I try to be good; but they beat me because it pleases them, and they 've done it for the last time—I 'll never go into the hut again as long as I live!"

"Where, then, will you stay to-night? Do n't you see how black the clouds are, Maud—and hark! how it thunders! You can't stay out in the storm!"

"But I will if I must, and I 'd rather a thousand times than go back to the hut!"

The appearance and manner of the child—for she was scarcely more than thirteen—so interested me that I would gladly have prolonged the interview, had not the indications of which I had just spoken become so threatening as to forbid my longer tarrying. Gathering up my reins I said,

"No, Maud, do n't run away; it would be wrong, I am afraid. Go back to old Giles, and he and his wife will treat you better."

"They won't—you do n't know them as I do!" was her impetuous reply.

"Well, try them once more and see, and if they beat you again come over to the Lodge, and I will do something for you. You know where it is?" She nodded assent.

"Good-bye then, Maud."

"Good-bye, sir."

Galloping swiftly from the spot, curiosity led me to take a backward glance when some distance away. The child was still standing where I had left her, her tattered dress streaming in the wind, and herself looking irresolutely after me.

My distance was hardly saved by sharp riding; hardly was I within-doors, at home, when the rain came down in torrents, and continued to pour as the night came on. Caring little for it, however, now that I was safely sheltered, and my solitary evening meal being disposed of, I prepared myself for an hour of bachelor abandonment. A cheerful fire was already burning in the library grate, and donning my dressing-gown, and shading the lamp, I threw myself into a luxurious easy-chair, and commenced to think. My thoughts, of course, could be but of one subject—my approaching marriage. Pleasant thoughts they were, too, as such usually are; and I diversified them by studying, for the hundredth time, a faithful miniature of Marian, which was now my constant companion. And thus I might have sat for hours, without a thought of my little afternoon's adventure recurring to me, had not the noise of an angry altercation in the servant's room, followed by the abrupt entry of Maud herself, closely pursued by the domestic, suddenly reminded me of it.

"She says she *will* come in," the latter exclaimed, apologetically, "although I told her she should n't. Lord ha' mercy—what should a mean beggar like her—"

I saw from the indignant snap of Maud's eye that an explosion might be expected, so bidding the servant withdraw, I pointed a stool to the strange girl, and bade her sit by the fire, and dry her clothes, which were streaming with the rain. She did so, drawing timidly to my knee, as if still afraid of something.

"Now tell me, Maud," I said, "why you have ventured out on such a stormy night. My poor child, have you been abused again?"

"Yes," was her quivering answer, "they beat me like a dog, and all because I told you they had done so before! I 'll die now, sooner than go back, and I do n't much care what becomes of me!"

I looked thoughtfully into the wonderfully expressive face of the child, not beautiful certainly, but strangely interesting, and I conceived a sudden idea, which some impulse led me instantly to adopt.

"Maud," I said, stroking her wet, black hair, as it fell over my knee, "would you like to live with me?"

Her eyes dilated, first with wonder, and then with delight, and she replied,

"What in this great, fine house—*here*, with you? Oh, sir, do you really mean it?"

"Most certainly I do; but do as you please; if you think you can like old Giles for a master better than me you can go back to-morrow."

Looking up into my face she simply said,

"No—I like you; I will stay here," and in a moment more, worn out by fatigue and grief, she was fast asleep on the rug at my feet. Summoning the housekeeper, I directed her to take charge of the little waif, and provide a suitable wardrobe for her as speedily as possible, and then, when I was again alone, I indulged in a comical smile at the result of my adventure. I, Stanley Mulgrave, a bachelor of eight and twenty, suddenly favoured with—what should I say?—an adopted child? Laughing heartily at the conceit I dismissed the matter wholly from my mind, and again occupied myself with the picture.

And thus Maud and I became of the same household. Her transformation, under the skilful hands of the housekeeper, was so complete that my interest in her was heightened, and I now determined to faithfully fulfil the trust I had thus undertaken. At an early day I took

occasion to visit the hut of the morose old Giles and his wife, and purchase their consent to Maud's transfer, which was easily done. Of her origin or parentage I could learn nothing, and nothing else, in fact, except that they had taken her from a foundling hospital when quite young.

I must confess that it was as a pastime for myself, more than a benefit to her, that I undertook her instruction; but such was her eagerness for knowledge, and her aptness to learn, that the employment soon became a source of profit to myself, as well as her. She seemed, too, to have a wonderful intuition, and a mind far beyond her years, while her childish affection for me was almost devotional in its measure. My requirements were obeyed implicitly and without question, and she never seemed so happy as when sitting on her ottoman near me, engaged in studying the tasks which I gave her. A remarkable change was taking place in her character; all of her wild, natural impulsiveness still remained, but it was being tempered by that harmony of mind which is rightly the effect of culture. And I watched her progress with daily increasing interest.

Maud, however, was but a secondary object in my thoughts, although, by her assistance, I had at least beguiled away the time which I feared would hang too heavily between me and the day of my bridal. My plans had been laid so that none of the servants knew of the approach of the latter event, and even Maud, as I bade her good-bye for a few days, was entirely innocent of the least knowledge of it.

"What, crying, Maud?" I cheerfully exclaimed. "What is the matter now?"

"I'm not crying," she answered, wiping the great drops from her eyes, "but I am so lonely when you are gone; I *do* like to be near you!"

There is no heart which cannot be in some degree stirred by the confession of that affection which acknowledges in its possessor the kind benefactor and protector, and mine involuntarily swelled within me as I waved an adieu to my little waif as she stood in the doorway, shading her eyes from the sun, and looking sorrowfully after me. And I resolved, in the moment, that when I returned, Maud should have another and a gentler friend than I.

As the carriage passed rapidly onward toward the Lodge, upon the afternoon of the third day following my departure, I pointed out successively to Marian the various features of the landscape with which I was myself most pleased, and while her eyes followed the direction of my finger, mine were constantly fixed upon her face, as impassive now in its stern, proud beauty, as when I first saw it. Yet she was now my bride, and I gloried in winning one so queenly, to rejoice the home to which I was bearing her.

The Lodge was soon reached, and I led Marian into the drawing-room. Maud was there, practising upon a guitar I had given her. She started up with a cry of pleasure, as she saw me, but hesitated as she noticed my wife. The latter looked inquiringly at me, and I hastened to say,

"This is Maud, little Maud, my protégé. And this, Maud, is *my wife*—you will love her for her own sake, as well as for mine!"

"You never told me of this, Stanley," Marian said, a look of displeasure darkening her face.

Before I could reply I was startled at the expression which the face of the child had assumed. It was pale, and absolutely painful in its look of scrutiny, as she bent her keen eyes upon the face of Marian, who regarded her with one of anger and contempt, until, shrinking to my side, Maud looked up in my face, and tremblingly exclaimed,

"*This*, Mr. Mulgrave, this your wife? This woman does not love you! I know it, and I am sure I could never love her!"

"Maud!" I angrily exclaimed. It was the first stern word she had ever received from me, and it melted her in an instant. Seizing my hand she covered it with tears and kisses, and then abruptly left the room.

The strange conduct of the child puzzled and annoyed me, and I followed her to her chamber. There I found her, lying upon her bed, and sobbing bitterly.

"Maud!"

She looked up as I softly uttered her name, and seeing me her tears broke forth afresh. Astonished beyond measure, I sat down by the bed, and talked to her long and tenderly. She listened in silence until I spoke of Marian, my wife, and again besought her to love her, at least for my sake, when she interrupted, with all the bitter vehemence that had attracted my attention when I first met her by the hedge, and exclaimed,

"But I do n't and can't love her! She is a cold, heartless woman, and loves neither you nor me! Nobody can love you as well as I do!"

I started to my feet in surprise—Maud, the strange, elf-like child, had betrayed the secret which her childish heart had treasured up from the day of our first meeting, and now, blushing, terrified at her abrupt revelation, she had hidden her face in the pillow. Moved, myself, at this unexpected discovery, which accounted for much in her conduct that had hitherto been an enigma, I told her, in a trembling voice, that she should always live with me, and be a sister to me, and she, bursting afresh into tears, threw her arms around my neck, and kissed me.

"You are my brother, and my benefactor?" she murmured. "Forgive me, dear Mr. Mulgrave, for my folly; but I *do* love you—you are so kind and good."

For several days after this I saw very little of Maud, merely catching a glimpse of her now and then as she flitted about the house like an uneasy spirit. But I could not ignore the fact that she studiously avoided Marian, and seemed even more averse to her than upon their first singular interview.

It was at this time that we received a visitor at the lodge—Guy Montgomery, an old school-friend of my own, who had come at my invitation to spend a few weeks. He was a gay, reckless fellow, a perfect man of the world, elegant in his person and address. His presence seemed to double the happiness of our life at the lodge, which Marian had already more than once complained of as tame and spiritless. And I was gratified to discover that she found a congenial companion in Guy; for nothing which afforded her the slightest pleasure was objectionable to me. Therefore I experienced a real pleasure in seeing them almost always together; and when Marian's gay laugh floated up from the lawn

to my study, or when I heard both their voices singing some mellow air, I rejoiced in the thought that Marian was enjoying a pleasure which my society could not have afforded her.

It was one drowsy afternoon at this juncture, as I was sitting by my desk, that a timid rap on my door reached my ear. Bidding the applicant enter, I turned my head and discovered Maud. But her timidity seemed suddenly to vanish, and standing before me almost with the attitude and mien of a woman, she said, while her eyes flashed earnestly,

"It is high time, Mr. Mulgrave, that you were undeceived! you have been blind for these two weeks to what has been transpiring beneath your own roof! I have watched for you, and I bring you the certainty of that of which I have more than once assured you—that your wife does not love you—*nay, that she loves another!*"

"Girl!" I sternly exclaimed, "beware how you trifle with me! In heaven's name, what do you mean?"

"It is the truth!" she cried, still more earnestly. "Guy Montgomery could tell you more than I, if he would—but you may be sure she is unfaithful and—"

As the dark meaning of the girl came home to my mind, I sprang to my feet, intensely excited, and confronted her; but strange to say, she did not shrink in the slightest before my indignant gaze and threatening mien.

"Go!" I hoarsely commanded, pointing to the door, and stamping my foot imperatively. "Go, ungrateful viper, and never let me see your face again! I could have indulged your fancies, extravagant as they have been, but this can never be forgiven! Go, depart from my sight, before I am tempted to trample you under foot!"

She obeyed without speaking. As she disappeared through the doorway, her face was turned for an instant towards me with an expression of wild, heart-broken grief, such as haunted me for days afterwards. A moment after she left me, I watched her from the window, as she flitted across the lawn, and lost herself to view among the trees. Strange indeed, the influence which she had obtained over me; strange, that in a moment of fearful anger like this I could still half regret her departure, final as I knew it must be!

A merry peal of laughter suddenly floated out from the drawing-room. The voices were those of Marian and Guy Montgomery. The sound, for once, jarred harshly upon my ears, although I knew not why, and I quickly placed myself out of ear-shot.

I had been absent two days from the Lodge, and with thoughts full of home and Marian, I was returning. It was pleasant to one whose life had been as lonely as mine had, to think there was a heart beating for me at home, and anxiously counting the hours of my absence. Home and wife! The words were coupled pleasantly in my mind, and in fancy I anticipated fondly the moment of my arrival. The first dusk of evening had passed, and the twilight was deepening into darkness when I arrived at the Lodge. I could discover no light in any part of it; all seemed to be in shadow. Entering the hall, I called the name of Marian, first low, and then loudly. A servant appeared, when I again repeated it.

"Where is your mistress?" I demanded.

"She is gone, sir. She went away this morning, in a carriage with Mr. Guy. Here is a note she bade me give you."

My heart throbbed painfully as I took it and broke the seal, and the heart itself almost broke as I read the contents. The note was brief and cruelly cold in its language. It merely announced that the writer was satisfied that she could never love me, and had therefore given her heart to another. A heartless farewell followed, and that was all! Stunned by the blow, the more crushing because unexpected, I sank down upon the floor, as one utterly bereft of sense. A lifetime of thought flashed though my brain in a moment. Maud was right; her wonderful perceptions had assisted her to the terrible discovery which my blind heart fatally rejected. And now all were gone, Maud, Marian, hope and honour, all departed, leaving nothing but disgrace!

My bitter thoughts must have found voice, for I heard the words "not all" faintly spoken from out the darkness of the opposite side of the room. Then a little hand was hesitatingly laid upon my shoulder, and a well-known voice whispered falteringly in my ear,

"I knew she would go; I heard she had gone, and I wished to see you once more—only once! Forgive me, Mr. Mulgrave, and I will go and trouble you no more."

My arms tightened around the form of the dear child, and I answered, as she laid her cheek upon mine,

"You shall never leave me, little Maud, you shall stay always at the Lodge, and be a blessing to my lonely life. Forgive me, Maud, for my cruel harshness—stay with me, I beseech you, for you are all that is left me now!"

Tears—great drops of grief and blighted love rolled down my face as I spoke. And Maud, too, wept sympathizingly, and mingled her tears with mine, and as we sat thus together in the solemn darkness of the room, the ties which united the little waif to me were drawn closer still.

After five years of absence from home, I again turned my face towards it. My friends who met me abroad during these five years, told me that I had grown old rapidly—and as I saw the gray with which my hair was thickly sprinkled, I was forced to admit the truth of the remark. And there was that at my heart which should have made me old—deep-settled sorrow—but not guilt. No—for although Guy Montgomery, the perfidious friend, had fallen by my hand, in a duel, I could not bring myself to think that his retribution was unmerited, or myself an unfit avenger.

A host of old memories thronged upon my heart, as I placed my foot once more within the grounds of my estate at the Lodge. They were sad and bitter ones, it is true, but I cared not to drive them forth. My future was all overcast with clouds. I was returning to a home of loneliness, uncheered by a single hope, and it mattered little what my thoughts might be.

The outer door of the Lodge was partly ajar, and entering it, I passed into the parlour and seated myself.

It was not until then that I became aware that I was not the only occupant of the apartment. Opposite me, but unconscious of my presence, were two persons—a young and beautiful lady, and a young man. The latter was kneeling upon one knee before the lady, and fervently declaring his love. She replied kindly but firmly, assuring him that her feelings towards him were only those of friendship. And it was not until the disappointed suitor passed from the room, that the lady discovered the presence of an involuntary witness of the scene. But the look of vexation upon her bright face quickly gave place to one of joy, as she saw me, and hastening towards me, she placed her hand upon my arm, and inquiringly pronounced my name. I, however, could only return her heartfelt welcome with a look of embarrassment

"What! do n't you know me?" she cried. Do not know Maud—your little Maud?"

Maud—was it possible? This beautiful queenly creature the uncouth, elf-like Maud, whom I had left at the Lodge five years before? Never was there a more marvellous change—and never, I thought, as I looked down into the luminous depths of those dreamy, soulfull black eyes, had I seen beauty like this!

The sight stirred the passion within my breast which had lain dormant for years, and seating myself upon the sofa by her side, I took her hand, as I had been wont to take that of the child Maud, and told her what lay nearest my heart. I quickly found that my control over her generous spirit was not gone, and as I proceeded, her mood changed with my words. Especially did her tears flow when I spoke of the death of Marian in a foreign hospital, wretched and outcast, and of the forgiveness which I extended to her in her dying moments. And when I spoke of the scene which I had just witnessed in this room, and asked, with fearfully pulsating heart, if it had been for me that this suitor had been rejected—and when, finally, Maud laid her head upon my shoulder, and faintly murmured that blessed word, yes—I felt that I might still live with a hope of happiness.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

PARLIAMENT meets on the fifth of this month for the despatch of business. We propose, then, to gossip a little concerning it. In our July number we attempted to give our readers some information we deemed interesting concerning the House of Lords. We now propose to discourse a little concerning that potent body, the House of Commons.

Amongst the nations of Europe England stands foremost for the freedom of its institutions—a freedom the result of its representative government. Some nations we see still dependent for their weal or woe on the pleasure of one man; others have adopted the system of representative government, but they have emasculated it so as to take from it all power for good. Even in England in our own time we have seen a wonderful change introduced. The constitution had lost its virtue—it had become a sham, a means whereby a selfish oligarchy waxed fat, and insolent, and strong. The very struggle for reform put an end to that. Old Sarum and Gattan ceased to exist. The representatives of Manchester and Birmingham were admitted into the senate of the land, and on the success of the free-trade movement it was shown how right in the main, how superior as a whole to all selfish and party considerations, is the representative body as it exists now. True, there are selfish men belonging to it—men sordid, worthless, without principle, without honour, without the sense of shame; but they are not leaders of the house—they form a contemptible minority. Test the house any way you will, and you will find it impossible to get a better. The senior wranglers of Cambridge, and the first-class men of Oxford—these are the men you see framing budgets and discussing tariffs, night after night. Go into the courts at Westminster—ask who are its chiefs—look well at their faces, and you will recognise them on the floor of the House of Commons. You say this is all very well, but you are a practical man, and you want practical business men in the house. Well, turn to the manufacturers, and merchants, and bankers most widely known, the men in whom the public most confide, the chairmen and directors of our great railways, of our gigantic navigation companies, and other bodies—where are they? The answer is, In the house. Try it in another way—what class has not its representative there? We answer, None.

All, then, are interested in the history of Parliament—its history, its privileges, its power, its great men concern us all. They belong to all that is best and brightest in our national life. If it were not for our parliament we should now be withered up by the blight of the despot and the priest. We have not to look far to see what would have been our despicable state had it not been for that.

Whatever may have been the original purport of the lower house, in our day it has come to be the great battle-ground of party. "The first instance of actual representation which occurs in our history," says Hallam, "is only four years after the Conquest, when William—if we may rely on Hoveden—caused twelve persons skilled in the customs of England to be chosen from each county, who were sworn to inform him rightly of their laws, and these, so ascertained, were ratified by the consent of the great council." No stress can, however, be laid upon this insulated and anomalous assembly, and we find nothing that can arrest our attention in searching out the origin of county representation till we come to a writ in the fifteenth year of John, directed to all sheriffs, and, amongst other things, charging them to send four knights of the shire, and it remains problematical whether these knights were to be elected by the county, or returned after the manner of a jury, at the discretion of the sheriff. In the reign of Henry III. one fact is clear, that subsidies granted in parliament were assessed, not, as in former times, by the justices upon their circuits, but by knights freely chosen in the county court. At a subsequent period in the same reign every county elected four knights to inquire into grievances, and deliver their inquisition into parliament. Still later, in the thirty-eighth year of Henry's reign, and again in 1261, writs like summonses were issued, and at length, four years later, while Henry was a cap-

tive in the hands of Simon de Montfort, writs were issued in his name to all the sheriffs, directing them to return two knights for every city and borough contained within the county. "This, therefore," says Hallam, "is the epoch at which the representation of the commons becomes indisputably manifest."

So far as the towns are concerned, it is very clear that Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, was the first who extended the franchise to them. Till his time even London, a town rich, powerful, with thirty or forty thousand high-spirited inhabitants within its walls, was unrepresented in the national councils. By Mr. Hallam the argument for giving this date to popular representation is very briefly stated. He says, "We find from innumerable records that the king imposed tollages upon his demesne towns at discretion. No public instrument previous to the forty-ninth of Henry III. names the citizens and burgesses as constituent parts of parliament, though prelates, barons, knights, and sometimes freeholders are enumerated, while since the undoubted admission of the commons they are almost invariably mentioned. No historian speaks of representatives appearing for the people, or uses the word citizen or burgess in describing those present in parliament."

Such convincing, though negative evidences, are not to be invalidated by some general and ambiguous phrases, whether in writs and records, or in historians. Those monkish annalists are poor authorities upon any point where their language is to be delicately measured. But it is hardly possible that, writing circumstantially as Roger de Hoveden and Matthew Paris sometimes did concerning proceedings in parliament, they could have failed to mention the Commons in unequivocal expressions if any representatives from that order had actually formed part of the assembly. In the reign of Edward I. the borough representatives were finally ingrafted upon parliament; then commerce enriched the kingdom, and government saw it would not do to neglect the towns.

There is no reason to believe that the Lords and Commons ever voted together. They might have met in the same chamber till the time of Edward III., but that they ever intermingled in voting is, in the language of Mr. Hallam, inconsistent with likelihood and authority. But, in fact, there is abundant proof of their separate existence long before Edward III.'s reign. "It may be inferred," says the same authority, "that the houses were divided as they are at present in the eighth, ninth, and nineteenth years of Edward II."

Early it became decided that the proper business of the House of Commons was to petition for redress of grievances, as much as to provide for the necessities of the crown. This privilege the Commons never abandoned, and hence it is they have grown and become strong. It was ordained in the fifth of Edward II., that the king should hold a parliament once, or, if necessary, twice every year, "that the pleas which have been thus delayed, and those where the justices have differed, may be brought to a close." In Edward III.'s time three essential principles of our government were won—the illegality of raising money without the consent of parliament; the necessity that the two houses should concur for any alteration in the laws; and lastly, the right of the Commons to inquire into public abuses and to impeach public councillors. Under the feeble Richard II. the power of the Commons was increased in an extraordinary degree. They impeached ministers; they appointed a commissioner of reform; they acquired the right of directing the application of subsidies, and calling accountants before them. These were additional engines of immense efficiency. "All these," says the historian whose labours have rendered him on this subject a pre-eminent authority, and of which we have plentifully availed ourselves in this chapter, "all these vigorous shoots of liberty throve more and more under the three kings of the House of Lancaster, and drew such strength and nourishment from the generous heart of England, that in after-times, and in a less prosperous season, though checked and obstructed in their growth, neither the blasts of arbitrary power could break them off, nor the mildew of servile opinion cause them to wither." In Henry VI.'s time an important change was introduced. This was the introduction of complete statutes under the name of bills, instead of the old petitions. This was done to guard against the crown, by whom the statute roll was tampered with; and, indeed, where there was no design to falsify the roll, it was impossible to draw up statutes which in truth should be the acts of the whole legislature so long as the king continued to grant petitions in part, and to ingraft new matter upon them.

If we now turn to another matter, and inquire into the character of the voters, we shall find that in the counties the qualification was extremely democratic. Not only all freeholders, but all persons whatever present at the county court, were declared, or rendered capable, of voting for the knight of the shire. Such at least seems to be the inference from an act of Henry IV.'s reign, declaring, "that all who are there present, as well suitors duly summoned for that cause, as well as others." Who elected the borough members is a question of greater difficulty. It appears to have been the common practice for a very few of the principal members of the corporation to make the election in the county court, and their names as actual electors are generally returned before the writ by the sheriff. At the same time it is frequently stated, that they choose such and such persons by the consent of the community—a phrase which seems to imply that the freemen were consulted in the matter. But the subject is one of great difficulty. No one can clearly state what the franchise in boroughs originally was. The inquirer into the past finds himself continually surrounded with clouds and darkness. We can say nothing certain respecting parliament. In the language of Sir James Macintosh—"most of its parts were irregularly and unequally unfolded; some attained their vigour before others, and the growth of some appeared for a time to be too rudely checked for recovery;" yet to its early rise and progress an undying interest attaches, for it grew with England's growth, and strengthened with her strength. Born of the people, more or less, it has been true to them.

The oldest parliaments were the shortest. Edward III. summoned three or four in a year. Under William and the first Georges, the houses generally met in October or November, and were prorogued in April. Important debates usually lasted from one or two in the afternoon to six or seven in the evening. The follow-

ing summary, taken from Mr. Townsend, of what parliament has done in the making of laws, proves that it proceeded with more than geometrical progression. The parliament of King William passed 343 public, and 466 private acts; of Queen Anne, 338 public, and 605 private; of George I., 377 public, and 381 private; of George II., 1447 public, and 1244 private; of George III., 9980 public, and 5257 private. An appalling array of figures for the nerves of the stoutest sitter. Members' hard work commenced with the American war, and Gibbon gives a glimpse of the fatigue. "I am on the Grenvillian Committee of Downton. We always sit from ten till three, after which I went into the house that day and sat till three in the morning." A reckoning has been made of the work done by a late House of Commons. It appears that in one session the house sat 122 nights, between 2nd February and 17th August; and about 2000 hours were devoted to public duty. With strict propriety of speech may this amount of labour be termed immense. General Gascoyne, one of the members for Liverpool, in proof of hard service, stated that he had carried two hundred bills connected with that town alone. Another writer remarks: "In the seven sessions between 1822 and 1828 inclusive, 2100 acts of parliament received the royal assent. The king sends these measures into the world in bevies of eighty and even a hundred at a time. The number of public petitions printed has averaged 1400 in the session. There are piles upon piles of reports." Early sittings were the fashion at one time. The Long Parliament resolved, "That whosoever shall not be here at prayers every morning at eight o'clock, shall pay one shilling to the poor." As twelve was the dinner-hour, business was soon concluded. Under the Restoration the hours gradually lengthened. In his usual lively manner, Steele complained of this:—"At present," he writes, "the courts of justice are scarce opened in Westminster Hall when William Rufus used to go to dinner in it. All business is driven forward. The landmarks of our fathers, if I may so call them, are removed and planted further up into the day; insomuch that I am afraid our clergy will be obliged, if they expect full congregations, not to look any more upon ten o'clock in the morning as a canonical hour. In my memory, the dinner has crept by degrees from twelve o'clock till three, and where it will fix nobody knows." The division on the address in 1783 did not take place till half-past seven, a. m. In the same year, the motion for the Speaker leaving the chair, on Fox's Indian Bill, was put to the vote at half-past four in the morning. During the Westminster scrutiny, the house sometimes sat till six. This bad custom received a check at the passing of the Reform Bill, but it is promising once more to resume its wonted power. This last session has been a great sinner in this respect. The adjournment of the house on Saturday dates from the time of Sir R. Walpole, who generally set apart that day to the sports of the field.

Sir R. H. Inglis calculated the speaking members at four hundred. This calculation is pretty correct. Of the Irish, we may estimate all as speakers. Yet Hamilton made but one speech; and Hare, who was to have surpassed Fox, never spoke at all. "Isaac Hawkins Browne," said Dr. Johnson, "one of the first wits of this country, got into parliament and never opened his mouth." In spite of a resolution to the contrary, the historian of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" did the same. Yet some dull dogs have the capacity of prosing for hours. This last session said Mr. Bass, M.P., at Derby:—"Notwithstanding Cabinet ministers have to speak on most questions of public importance—the able and distinguished Chancellor of the Exchequer, to wit, Sir George Cornewall Lewis, who never utters a word more than is necessary to elucidate his meaning; Lord Palmerston, one of the most genial of men, and one who displays so much ability and tact as leader of the Commons; Lord John Russell, one of the ablest parliamentary leaders of the times; Sir John Pakington, Mr. Henley, Lord Stanley, one of the most rising politicians of the day;—these great parliamentary men, occupying the important positions they do, never speak oftener than is absolutely requisite; and whilst Lord Stanley, with his great ability, only spoke nine times, some private members spoke at least 200 times in the last session (laughter). Now I do n't wish to disparage any of the speakers, for some of them are undoubtedly able debaters, but when I tell you that some spoke at least 100 times, and others as often as 200 times, I think I have given you a pretty good reason why so little has been done (hear, hear). For instance, Mr. Ayrton, a clever man, spoke 217 times; Mr. E. James, Q. C., spoke 196 times; Mr. Newdegate, 123; Mr. Bouverie, 120; Mr. Pope Hennessey, 109; Mr. Malins, 103; and Mr. Darby Griffiths, 101 (laughter). But no doubt not one of these gentlemen spoke oftener than they believed the true interests of the country required (a laugh). Again, nine metropolitan members (exclusive of the city of London and Middlesex) made 955 speeches, and if all the rest of the house had spoken in the same proportion it would have taken five years to get through a session of parliament (hear, hear, and laughter)."

In past times, one of the greatest of prosers was a man of the name of Hartley. It is recorded of this worthy, that Mr. Jenkinson left the house as he rose to speak, rode to Wimbledon, dined, rode back, and found the unconscionable talker still prosing on to an "audience fit though few." The provision that members should be of age was much broken through at one time. The property qualification was passed in the reign of Queen Anne; yet from that qualification the sons of peers, members for the universities, and Scottish members, are exempted.

The dress and deportment of members have both gradually improved. Swords are laid aside, and there is no longer any danger, as in Sir Philip Warwick's time, of the house being the scene of murder. Boots, at one time considered not quite the thing, are, however, now admitted with impunity. The first Mr. Pitt was always in full dress. Modern etiquette is less strict and annoying. Still, however, on the first day of the session, the four members for the City of London take their seats on the treasury bench in all the gorgeousness of scarlet robes and chains; and the mover and seconder of the address are still bound to appear in court dress or in uniform. The house no longer hisses, and since the house resolved, in 1693, that no tobacco be taken by any member in the gallery, nor at the table

sitting at committees, members may complain of dust, but not of the fumes of meerschaum or cigar. Outside the house, in the lobbies, or the smoking-room, members may smoke as they please—and not unfrequently, especially late in the evening, they may be met redolent not merely with the scent of tobacco, but with the fumes of substances still more potent and popular.

The house has not always behaved well to literary M.P.s. It treated poor Steele very badly: it would not allow him to be heard. "He thinks he can speak because he can write," murmured one country squire to another. "We'll teach him better than that." The house is not guilty of such Bœotian rudeness now. It treats men of literature with deserved respect.

The old formality of dress at times created no small amusement. Wraxall, in his Memoirs, tells us, "never was a more total change of costume beheld than the House of Commons presented to the eye when that assembly met after the Easter recess." The treasury bench, as well as the places behind it, had been for so many years occupied by Lord North and his friends, that it became difficult to recognise them again, dispersed over the opposition in great coats, frocks, and boots. Mr. Ellis appeared, for the first time in his life, in an undress. The ministers who succeeded excited still more astonishment, having thrown off their blue and buff uniforms, now in full dress, with swords, lace, and hair powder. Even some degree of ridicule attached to this extraordinary and sudden metamorphosis. Just at this time it happened that Lord Nugent's house, in Great George-street, having been broken into, a variety of articles were stolen; amongst others a pair of laced ruffles. He caused full particulars of the effects stolen to be advertised in some of the daily papers. Coming down to the House of Commons immediately after the recess, a gentleman, who sat next his lordship, accidentally asked him if he had made any discovery of the articles recently lost. "I can't say that I have," replied his lordship, "but I shrewdly suspect that I have seen some of my laced ruffles on the hands of the gentlemen who now occupy the treasury bench." This reply, the effect of which was infinitely increased by the presence of Fox and Burke in their court dresses, obtained general circulation and created no little laughter. If manners make the man, dress has something to do with his opinions. In our own time Young England and white waistcoats were synonymous. At one time, to be an M.P. was the sure sign of being the owner of a shocking bad hat. The working men in the house are generally plainly dressed, with the exception of Disraeli, who loves to shine in dress as well as in debate. Some gentlemen are said to attend the house in morning costume, and then hastening to a dinner party or a soirée, dress in a cab as they go along. It is said, that on one occasion, a cab containing an M.P. thus engaged was upset before the metamorphosis was completely effected, and the result rather astonished some of the by-standers.

The privileges of the house are extensive, but at the same time they are indefinite and uncertain. Some have become obsolete; for instance, payment of members. From inquiries made by Sir Francis Palgrave, it appears that the sums demanded by knights of the shire were not always uniform. Sometimes one knight received 3s., and his colleague but 20d. The writ de expensis for Thomas de Luda and Johannes de Sonninghall, in February, 1324, includes a charge of fourteen marks for twenty-four days' attendance at the parliament, and two days coming and two days returning, at the rate of 3s. 4d. each per diem. There is a record of the sheriff of Somersetshire being attached to answer for having assessed the wages of one of the knights of the shire at 16d. a day only. The borough members do not appear to have been so well paid. The corporations were economical, and drove hard bargains. A curious agreement, made between John Strange, member for Dunwich, and his constituents, in 1463, is preserved, by which it appears that the honourable member consented to take for his wages no more "than a cade full of herrings and a half barrel of herrings, to be delivered on Christmas next coming." Surely with such a slender allowance the most economical borough reformer could not find any fault. In later times, the members were better paid. The remnant of the Long Parliament raised the sum paid to members to £4 a week. The last man who took the benefit of this provision was Andrew Marvel, who surely earned his wages, if ever popular representative did. At the present time, members of parliament enjoy, as one of their privileges, freedom from legal arrest and seizures, under process from the courts of law and equity. This, however, does not extend to indictable offences, to actual contempts of the courts of justice, or to proceedings in bankruptcy. As formerly exerted, this privilege was a flagrant abuse. The protection enjoyed by the members was extended to their servants. It was also made a matter of barter and exercised by needy friends and retainers. The Lords and Commons gave these protections *ad libitum*. When pressed for a loan in 1641, the Londoners replied, "That by reason of the privileges of the members of both houses, and the protections granted, especially by the Lords, a vast sum of money is detained from them; so that trade cannot be driven, nor are they so able to lend money for the service of the commonwealth as they desired." When, in 1677, the Speaker issued his mandate to supersede and call in all paper protections, the messengers found no less than 800 in London and Middlesex alone! In one case, a member protected a gentleman as a menial servant, who was found to have an estate of £2000 a year, a sum equivalent to three times that amount at the present time. To destroy this licence took some time; it was not till the time of George III. that the abuse was fully rooted out.

Freedom of speech is another privilege—a privilege without which parliament were a mockery, a delusion, and a snare. It was in Henry VIII.'s time that it was first named in the Speaker's petition to the throne. In the time of glorious Queen Bess this privilege was fought for with some difficulty, but often the house was too quiescent when this essential right was attacked. It is to the Eliots, and Wentworths, and Pyms, and Hampdens, we owe it that this privilege was not crushed almost at its birth. It was they who won free speech from despotic courts; and for this their names should be held in lasting honour. A time, however, soon came when freedom of speech was in danger from its friends. During the Long Parliament this privilege was attacked by men of all parties, and of opinions however extreme.

An overbearing majority scandalously refused to tolerate any difference of opinion from their own. Fortunately, the Restoration placed upon the throne a spendthrift and a libertine, whose necessities compelled him to beg of the house, and to whom, therefore, the house felt its superiority, and again plain speaking was heard where it had been long banished. When the Revolution took place—when the bigot James threw away his kingdom for a mass—when the divine right of kings to govern wrong was torn to tatters and trampled under foot—freedom of speech grew and became strong. The haughty country gentlemen of England, however they might venerate an hereditary, had no reverence for a parliamentary king, and buffeted and abused at their own sweet will the hero to whom England owed her preservation from Rome and France. In the fierce party warfare which then began, and raged during the reign of Anne and her successor, whilst speaker after speaker was censured or sent to the Tower, the deed was done by the house itself, and it is clear that the act was aimed in general more at the speaker than the speech itself. A Tory majority sent Walpole to the Tower; Shippen was sent thither by the Whigs. In our times this paltry revenge is abandoned, and freedom of speech is the universal rule. The house is too wise now to make a man an offender for a word; though occasionally a member who feels himself aggrieved may move that the obnoxious words be taken down. Occasionally members offending ingeniously got out of a scrape. No man, perhaps, did this better than Sir W. Whitelocke, the member for the University of Oxford. Opposing some clause in the Bill of Settlement, he remarked, "Should the elector of Hanover succeed to the throne, which I hope he never will—" The conclusion of his sentence was drowned in shouts of, "To the bar! to the bar!" But he recovered his presence of mind in the clamour, and refused to apologise. "The queen," he added, "is younger in years than the elector, and I merely expressed a loyal hope that she might survive him." Of course, after such a loyal explanation, censure was disarmed. Sir Francis Burdett was not so lucky. Lord Colchester tell us—"In the course of Sir Francis Burdett's speech, urging the corruption in the procuring returns to parliament, he said, 'Buonaparte has a *strong ally* in this house.' Whereupon a shout was raised from all parts of the house; and, after it had finished once, it began again, before he could proceed, so loud that the boats passing upon the river (it was about seven o'clock in the evening) lay upon their oars with surprise at the sudden and violent burst of noise."

The remaining privileges of the house may be briefly described. They have become shorn and diminished in these reforming days. Members no longer frank letters, as they did at one time, to an alarming extent; but they are exempt from serving the office of sheriff, from obeying subpœnas, and serving on juries. Every member can introduce one person to the strangers' gallery. Amongst the privileges of both houses are the power of committing individuals to prison; the power of publishing matters which, if not issuing from such high authority, might become the subject of proceedings in a court of law; the power of directing the Attorney-General to prosecute persons accused of offences against the law, or effecting the privilege of parliament; and finally, a power resides in each house respectively of doing anything—not directly contravening an Act of Parliament—which may be necessary for the vindication or protection of itself in the exercise of its own constitutional functions. Such are the privileges enjoyed by our illustrious senate; privileges no more than right and proper, since that senate represents the people, the only source of political power.

A member who wishes to resign, solicits of the crown the stewardship of her Majesty's Chiltern Hundreds, the stewardship of the Manor of Poynings, of East Hendred or Northstead, or the Escheatorship of Munster—sinecures which he holds till some other member accepts a similar appointment. As no office, having emolument attached, can be conferred by the crown on a member of the House of Commons without his thereby vacating his seat, and as it is only by obtaining office that a member can rid himself of the duties which any body of constituents may impose, even without his consent, the acceptance of the Chiltern Hundreds merely means that a member has resigned his seat.

The orders of the house call for no special remark, with one exception, and that is, with reference to amendments. This one seems very much misunderstood. At public meetings, people are always getting into confusion when amendments are put. We may as well, then, briefly state what the practice of the House of Commons is. When, says Mr. Dod, an amendment has been moved, it is usual to take the vote simply for the amendment, and then for the original motion. But in parliament the practice is, that the chairman or Speaker should read to the house the original motion, next that he should read the amendment, and then say, "the motion which I am about to put is, that the words proposed to be left out in the amendment stand part of the question." Should the noes prevail, the amendment then becomes a substantive motion, upon which other amendments may be moved and considered in like manner as the first. Thus a number of successive amendments to the original motion may be disposed of, though no amendment can be moved upon an amendment, but all the amendments, as well as the motion itself, may be negatived. Any member is at liberty to interrupt another by rising to order—viz. calling attention to the fact that a breach of order was then being committed. When two or more members rise at once to address the House of Commons, the Speaker or chairman determines who shall have precedence. It is out of order to mention in debate any member by name, or to speak in direct terms of any proceedings of the other house, unless they have been formally made known by message, or recorded in the notices, with an order of the other house. Formerly, independent members had two days in the week for their motions, and government the rest. Last session they suffered a great hardship in this respect, Tuesday only being allowed them; but, as a compensation, the forms of the house allow members to bring forward a question on the motion that the Speaker do leave the chair, or that the house at its rising do adjourn till a certain day. This is often done, and leads to an animated debate. Members wear their hats, except when

they rise to speak; and during the short interval between the strangers being turned out of the galleries previously to a division, and the division itself, they have the inestimable privilege of being allowed to speak, at the same time retaining their hats and their seats.

The house at present consists of 654 members, being 467 for England, 53 for Scotland, 29 for Wales, and 105 for Ireland. Arranged according as they represent counties and divisions of counties, or boroughs, they stand thus:—

ENGLAND AND WALES.

159 members for counties or divisions of counties
337 members for boroughs

Total 496 members for England and Wales.

SCOTLAND.

30 members for counties or divisions of counties
23 members for boroughs

Total 53 members for Scotland.

IRELAND.

64 members for counties or divisions of counties
41 members for boroughs

Total 105 members for Ireland.

Sudbury and St. Albans have each been disfranchised, and thus the house has lost four members. It was long before the number was definitely settled. Two hundred citizens and seventy-four knights sat in one of Edward the First's parliaments. Under the Plantagenets the house consisted of three hundred members. In the time of Henry VII. the Principality was allowed to return twelve members. From that date to the accession of Charles I. the house had received an addition, by writs from the crown, of fifty-seven members. As calls upon the purse became more frequent, the number of representatives increased. When Coke presided as Speaker, they were four hundred and ninety-three. The Long Parliament consisted of five hundred and six. The convention which placed William of Orange on the throne consisted of but one hundred and sixty.

To get members to attend seems always to have been a matter of some difficulty. Mary and Elizabeth fined the absentees, and the result was that under James the attendance became so great that fresh seats were required for their use. In 1640 it was declared to be a constant rule, "that Mr. Speaker is not to go to his chair till there be at least forty in the house." All writers speak of the readiness of M.P.s to evade their duties. Prynne complained of them in his day as wasting their time "in taverns, play-houses, dining-houses, cock-pits, tennis-courts, bowling-alleys," &c. Writing a century later, Horace Walpole says, "The seventh was appointed for the naturalisation bill, but the house adjourned to attend at Drury-lane." A century later, this very last session, the house was counted out on the night of the day when a review had been held at Chobham. Occasionally members are brought together by a call of the house, but that is a step seldom taken.

HISTORY OF A DEAD LOVE.

I LOVED Katherine Sinclair the first time I saw her, and I was determined that she should love me. Fortifying myself with a certain maxim about "faint hearts," I went to claim her hand for the dance, for it was at an evening party that I first met her. I could see that she regarded me curiously during the intervals of waiting, and I knew that Fred Shaw, one of my intimates, had told her that I was only an artist, poor as yet, but with fair hopes, and not one of the brilliant circle of fashionables among whom it was easy to see that she habitually moved. But I was not discouraged. I read her better than she read me, and yet not fully.

I saw that she had thoughts and feelings far above those with whom her life was spent. Her father had made a great fortune, and been lifted by it into a sphere far above that from whence he sprung. Her mother, a vain, ignorant woman, whose highest idea of life was bounded by her fine houses, her diamonds, and the social successes of her daughter, was of course far beneath her child in all the essentials of culture and refinement. And Katherine had inspirations, I knew, far above those of her circle. Dim and vague they were, perhaps, but she had caught glimpses of a higher life, of better aims and nobler purposes than could be realized in the giddy round of fashionable dissipation.

Should it be my task to lead her into that better way? With that fair hand in mine should we two walk the paths of knowledge, refresh us at the wells of poesy, and strive, in loving quest of the beautiful and the ideal, to realize that earthly mission which approaches nearest the divine?

Such were the questions that, day by day, as my acquaintance with Katherine Sinclair grew, I asked of my own heart. In the modest glances of eyes that had learned to droop before mine; in the soft tone, softer to me than to any other; in our gradual assimilation of thought and fancy, I believed I had my answer.

Oh, how I loved her! She had almost entirely withdrawn herself from her gay party, and the hours not spent with me in long rambles in search of the beautiful, were devoted to books that I had recommended, or to the choice circle of friends that from year to year assembled at Eden Lodge, and to which I had introduced her.

Her parents wondered at her new tastes, and her fashionable friends sneered at them. Neither, of course, comprehended them. By and by the fashionables grew tired of that secluded spot. They longed for the more sophisticated circles of Brighton or Cheltenham. They went away, and the Sinclairs would have accompanied them but for Katherine's remonstrances.

This gave me hope, and no wonder. That these worthy but ignorant people should remain in a spot of which they were utterly weary, and among people whose ordinary conversation and pursuits they could only regard with a sort of childish wonder, so much was it above their comprehension, sacrificing their own tastes and wishes for the pleasure of their child, gave me some cause to believe, what I had often doubted, that they would not refuse me the fair hand I coveted

when I should dare ask for it. I knew they did not, could not be expected to look favourably upon the poor artist, whose poverty and whose lack of business habits were both grievous faults in their eyes, but I began to think their love for their child was stronger than their prejudices or their pride. My difficulties vanished, for I had arrived at a comfortable conviction that Katherine loved me, and I meant only to wait until I had placed my name so high that its fame might, even in the world's eyes, balance her wealth, ere I laid my all at her feet.

And perhaps I might gain some assurance from her lips to give me hope through years of toil ere I left her. But of that I hardly thought. The eloquent eye, I thought, the more eloquent modulations of that voice, should suffice to tell me that I should be waited for lovingly, patiently.

But accident favoured me far beyond my hopes.

We were out one day—a party of which Katherine and I formed a portion—upon the mountain rambling in search of the beautiful. We became separated from the rest—whether by accident or design is not essential to the story. We wandered far, and sat down at last to rest upon a green slope of the mountain, where an opening in the forest permitted a view over the country spread out at its foot.

The tinkle of a brook lower down the mountain attracted our attention, and warning Katherine to remain where she was so comfortably seated, I made my way down the declivity to fetch her some water. I had accomplished my errand and was returning, when I heard Katherine's voice above me, telling me that she was coming down. I looked up just in time to see her set her foot upon a projecting rock that suddenly gave way, and rolled down the mountain-side, bearing its fair burden in its swift descent. I clutched frantically at her dress as she swept past me, but only the loose, floating scarf she wore remained in my hands.

I sprang after her descending form, but reached her only to find her lying stunned and bleeding from a great gash in her temple, beside the brook, her bright hair all unbound, and dabbling in the water. With a terrible fear at my heart, I raised her, and resting her poor head upon my breast as I knelt beside her, bathed the pale, still face. Frantically I called on her to open her eyes, to speak to me, and there, in the stillness of the forest, with her dead form, as I believed, clasped to my heart, all the love that I had so cautiously denied utterance found vent in wild, impassioned words, half despair that she was gone, half mad joy that now none could tear her from me.

I kissed the pale lips that presently grew warm beneath the fervour of my own. I knew now that she lived, and presently, as I watched, the veined eyelids quivered and rose. For one instant she looked up into my face. Then her eyes closed again, and while a tear rolled from beneath the lids, she nestled closer to my breast, and murmured, so low that I bent my head to listen—

"Am I dying, Richard? Then it is very sweet to die here, and thus."

Her words awoke a new courage.

"You are not dying," I said. "You shall not die, sweet Katherine, but live for me."

And then I raised my voice, and shouted till all the mad mountain echoes took up the sound, and presently I heard answering shouts, and heard above the footsteps of our party. There was time for but a murmured word or two of love, and then friends crowded round, the nature of the accident had to be explained, and with care the hurt girl was carried along the mountain paths that led to Eden Lodge.

The words that had been murmured by the brook-side could not be recalled. They were repeated again, when Katherine, pale, but more exquisitely beautiful than ever before, allowed me once more to appear in her presence. And in colder, more formal phrase they were poured into her father's ears, and the worthy man listened, and replied frankly that he should have chosen differently for his child, but since she loved me, and my character was such as promised her all loving and honourable treatment, he should not refuse his consent to our wishes. But then he counselled delay, and spoke kindly of my plans, and offered to forward them with his money and his interest. But I could see in him, and in the mother, only a yielding to the child's wish, not a loving recognition of the rights of a mutual affection.

We met in June, and it was as the summer melted into the gorgeous glow of early September, that we were betrothed. How exquisitely bright and joyous were those few brief days of betrothal! Scarce a week had passed ere the Sinclairs left Eden Lodge, and I found myself almost alone, finishing, with what spirit I might, much neglected summer work of making studies of the mountain scenery.

One by one, as the October winds blew chill over the bleak summit, and clad the forest in its gorgeous autumn hues, the summer visitors fled to their pleasant city homes. I lingered till the last, and then, with well-stowed portfolios, I took my homeward way, happy in the thought that the Sinclairs would be settled at their home, for so Katherine had written me, by the time I reached town.

At L., however, a large party of belated fashionables took the train, and among them I recognized, with surprise, the Sinclairs. I was a little chilled by Katherine's manner, but the presence of strangers I thought sufficient to account for it, and when I found myself once more seated by her side, there was a glow of happiness at my heart, all the brighter that the meeting was so unexpected. I had never been happier than at that moment when the train moved on, and its thunder drowned our voices, as we began to speak to each other.

An hour later I stepped from the train, a sadder and perhaps a wiser man. My bright dream of joy was over. Amidst worldly influences, the taint of wordliness had revived in a nature faultless but for its presence. Katherine could speak coolly of a long waiting, on the morning after our chance meeting. She could acknowledge in her soft, silvery accents, the imprudence of our engagement, the inequality of our positions; she could even speak of her unwillingness to resign at present, "while she was so young," the splendours of her parental home. I saw that her heart, that was mine amidst the solitudes of Eden Lodge and the mountain-side, had failed in its allegiance in the haunts of fashion.

I believe she loved me still, but she could not lose her hold on wealth. And so I gave her back her troth, and left her in the rushing train that bore her on to her splendid home, while I stepped upon the platform of a wayside station, and plunged into the field that surrounded it, to bury my heart-sickness in the solitudes.

Ten years have passed since our parting. Katherine Sinclair has not married, and when I meet her, there is sometimes a glance of her eye, and a flitting flush of her fading cheek, that tells me she would not reject me, now that fame and wealth are mine. But the love that died in that chill October can have no resurrection. The voice that pronounced its doom can never recall it to life, and the heart in which it lies buried is but a tomb where the undying lamp of Memory gives brightness to the Past, but no warmth to the Present.

ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.*

While we are talking of unexampled cold in England, and saying how glad we shall be when mild weather comes, it is well to be reminded of those colder regions which have been traversed by so many hardy explorers. A seasonable volume, richly illustrated, has just been published, in which Dr. Kane, who, in 1850, sailed in the Grinnell expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, tells us how it fared with him when, in 1853, he left New York in the Advance, with a picked crew of 18, again to search for those countrymen of ours whose sad fate to perish on those northern shores we still remember and deplore. The Advance was an hermaphrodite brig of 144 tons, intended originally for carrying heavy castings from an iron-foundry, but strengthened afterwards at great expense and skill. It had five boats—one of them a metallic one; the equipment consisted of little else than a quantity of rough boards to serve for housing over the vessel in winter, some tents of india-rubber and canvas of the simplest description, and several carefully built sledges. For provisions they had 2000 pounds of well-made pemmican, a parcel of Border's meat biscuit, some packages of an exsiccated potato, some pickled cabbages, and a liberal quantity of American dried fruits and vegetables, a very moderate supply of liquors, with the ordinary *et ceteras* of an Arctic cruiser, made up the diet list. Besides, they had a moderate supply of woollens, a full supply of knives and other articles for barter, a large well-chosen library, and a valuable set of instruments for scientific observations. At Fishernaes, one of the Danish Greenland colonies, Dr. Kane obtained the services of Hans Christien, an Esquimaux hunter; at Proven he purchased some Esquimaux dogs, and on the 27th of July they sighted Melville Bay; on the 5th of August they passed "the Crimson Cliffs" of Sir John Ross; at a cave on Littleton Island they deposited a boat, with a supply of stores. On the 26th of August, such had been their perils from icebergs and storms, that one of the party proposed a return—a proposition, however, which was overruled. Still, little further progress was made, and they laid by for the winter, then rapidly approaching. The narrative now becomes deeply interesting. Preparations were made for all possible contingencies, the dogs were broken in, provisions were arranged, observatories of all kinds were built, and various little exploring parties were made up. On the 1st of November we read, "The darkness is coming on with insidious steadiness. We still read the thermometer at noon-day without a light, and the black masses of the hills are plain for about five hours, with their glaring patches of snow, but all the rest is darkness. Except upon the island of Spitzbergen, which has the advantages of an insular climate, and tempered by ocean currents, no Christians have wintered in so high a latitude as this." To keep up their spirits they have a fancy ball, and Dr. Kane starts a newspaper. On the 21st of January the first traces of returning light appeared. The influence of this long intense darkness was most depressing; even the dogs, natives of the Arctic circle, were affected by it, and died of an anomalous form of disease. "This morning," writes Dr. Kane, "at five o'clock, for I am so afflicted with the depression of this eternal night that I rise at any time between midnight and noon, I went upon deck. While I was feeling my way, half-puzzled as to the best method of steering clear of whatever might be before me, two of my Newfoundland dogs put their cold noses against my hand, and instantly commenced the most exuberant antics of satisfaction. It then occurred to me how very dreary and forlorn must these poor animals be at atmospheres + 10° in-doors, and 50° without, living in darkness, howling at an accidental light as if it reminded them of the moon, and with nothing either of instinct or sensation to tell them of the passing hours." A curious brain disease seems to have killed some of the dogs; generally they perish with symptoms resembling lock-jaw in less than thirty-six hours after the first attack. The month of March brought back perpetual day. "The sunshine had reached our deck on the last day of February; we needed it to cheer us. We were not pale, as my experience in Lancaster Sound had foretold, but the scurvy spots that mottled our faces gave one proof of the trials we had undergone." Meanwhile every one is employed. Each has his department. "Kane is writing, sketching, and projecting maps; Hayes copying logs and meteorologicals; Sontag reducing his work on Fern Rocks; a fourth, as one of the working members of the house, has long been defunct; you will find him in bed, or studying Little's Living Age. At twelve a business-round of inspection, and orders enough to fill up the day with work. Next the drill of the Esquimaux dogs, my own peculiar recreation—a dog-trot especially refreshing to legs that creak with every kick, and rheumatic shoulders that chronicle every descent of the whip, and so we get on to dinner-time, the occasion of another gathering, which misses the tea and coffee of breakfast, but rejoices in pickled cabbage and dried peaches instead. At dinner, as at breakfast, the raw potato comes in our hygienic luxury. Sleep, exercise, amusement, and work at will, carry on the day till our six o'clock supper, and the officers come in with the reports of the day." In the evening there are cards, and chess, and light literature, but there is a sad lack of

* Arctic Explorations, The Second Grinnell Expedition, in search of Sir John Franklin, 1853-4-5, by Elisha Kent Kane, M. D., U. S. N. London: Nelson and Sons.

comfort. London Brown Stout, and somebody's old Brown Sherry, freeze in the cabin lockers. "This anomalous temperature seems," says Dr. Kane, "to disprove the idea of a diminished cold as we reach the Pole. In the course of various expeditions they suffer dreadfully; any resort to snow for the purpose of allaying thirst was followed by bloody lips and tongue. It burnt like caustic." On one occasion a party come to grief, and an expedition goes to their rescue. They all suffer and become delirious, in consequence of the cold. "Mr. Olhausen suffered some time from strabismus and blindness; two others underwent amputations of parts of the foot without unpleasant consequences, and two died in spite of all our efforts." A few days after, another died.

The Esquimaux visit them in the spring. They were powerful men—some singly a match for the white bear and walrus, but good-natured, and terrible thieves. About the same time Dr. Kane leaves the brig, and starts on the crowning expedition of the campaign, to attain the Ultima Thule of the Greenland shore, measure the waste that lay between it and the unknown West, and seek round the furthest circle of the ice for an outlet to the mysterious channels beyond. The attempt failed; but they saw the mighty crystal bridge which connects the two continents of America and Greenland. Another party was so successful as to discover open water, on which a fleet of frigates might have sailed. This sea had a justly estimated extent of more than 4000 square miles. Animal life, which had been so long strange to them in the south, burst upon them. The Brent-goose, the eider and the king duck, were crowded together; the rocks on the shore abounded with swallows. Four species of gulls were found, and the Arctic petrel was met with. This discovery seems to favour the idea of an open sea near the Pole. An attempt to reach Beechy Island was not so successful, and had to be abandoned.

In August the band, diminished by death, enfeebled by sickness, and very short of provisions, became painfully aware that they would have to face the terrors of another winter. Up to this time they had delineated 960 miles of coast line without developing any traces of the missing expedition. The amount of travel to effect this exploration exceeded 2000 miles, all of which was upon foot, or by the aid of dogs. It becomes evident that the brig cannot escape. Part resolve to stay in her, part to attempt to return to the south. They wander away, but in a short while are only too glad to return. Those at the brig are again visited by the Esquimaux, who are friendly, and supply them with fresh meat, in the shape of walrus. Curious people are these Esquimaux, and very heavy feeders, and clever in their small way. Dr. Kane says, "I was once journeying to Auraton, and completely enveloped in darkness among the rolled ice of Gotsend Island. My dogs were suffering for water. September was half gone, and the water streams both on shore and on the bergs had been solid for nearly a fortnight. Myouk, my companion, began climbing the dome-like summits of the ice hills, tapping with his ice pole, and occasionally applying his ear to parts of the surface. He did so without any result, but at the fourth he called out 'Water.' I examined the spot by hand and tongue, for it was too dark to see, but I could detect no liquid. Lying down and listening, I first perceived the metallic trickle of a rivulet; a few minutes' digging brought us down to a scanty infiltration of drinkable water."

Returning spring finds the party in extremes, every man on board was smitten with scurvy, and it was not uncommon to find only three who could assist in caring for the rest. The greater number were in their bunks, unable to stir. The neighbouring region ceased to supply its scanty share of game, the stock of fuel also was exhausted—no wonder one of the sailors attempts to escape to the Esquimaux; they, however, have little to offer, they suffer terribly, and have had to kill and eat most of their dogs.

On the 17th of May, Dr. Kane and his little group set out on their return. They abandon the brig, and take with them only what is essential to the preservation of life. The men were not sanguine nor joyous, for they had thirteen hundred miles of ice and water to traverse before succour could be reached on leaving the brig. "No one thought of the mockery of cheers; we had no festival liquor to mislead our perception of the real state of things. When all hands were quite ready we scrambled off over the ice together, much like a gang of stevedores going to work over a quayful of broken cargo." On June 16 we read, "Our boats are at the open water. We see its deep indigo horizon, and hear its roar against the icy beach; its scent is in our nostrils and our hearts." They part with the Esquimaux, and give them presents. They have marvellous escapes and difficulties; the men, reduced by long months of sickness and privation, have no strength. On one occasion a seal was discovered and shot. "A crowd of hands secured the seal, and bore him off to safer ice. The men seemed half crazy. I had not realized how much we were reduced by absolute famine. They ran over the floe crying and laughing, and brandishing their knives; it was not five minutes before every one was sucking his bloody fingers, or mouthing long strips of raw blubber. Not an ounce of this seal was lost. The intestines found their way into the soup kettles, without any observance of the preliminary home processes; the cartilaginous part of the foreflippers were cut off in the *mêlée*, and were passed round to be chewed upon, and even the liver, warm and raw as it was, bade fair to be eaten before it had seen the pot. That night, on the large halting floe to which, in contempt of the dangers of drifting, we happy men had hauled our boats, the entire planks of the Red Eric were devoted to a grand cooking fire, and we enjoyed a rare and savage feast." On the 1st of August they sighted the Devil's Thumb, and were again among the familiar localities of the whalers' battling ground. A few days after they hear a halloo, "the first tone of Christian voice which had greeted our return to the world. How we all stood up and peered into the distant nooks, and how the cry came to us again, just as, having seen nothing, we were doubting whether the whole were not a dream; and then, how with long sweeps, the white ash cracking under the spring of the rowers, we stood for the Cape that the sound proceeded from; and how nervously we scanned the green spots which our experience, grown now into instinct, told us would be the likely camping-ground of wayfarers!" They found the friendly greeting came from a Danish ship that came there once

a-year for oil. They learnt that France and England were leagued with the Mussulman against the Greek Church; that an American steamer and barque had been sent to seek them out, and that Franklin's party, or those of the dead that represented it, had been found nearly a thousand miles to the south of where they had been searching. And so they landed among the hospitable Danes, but as for eighty-four days they had lived in the open air, they could not remain within the four walls of a house without a distressing sense of suffocation. There Dr. Kane learned, too, that his gallant friend and comrade, Bellot, had perished in a second crusade to save Franklin. On the 6th of September they left Upernamk, and in a day or two after fell in with Captain Hartlemer's squadron, which had been sent to their relief—and such is the story of Dr. Kane. Let us hope now we have done with Arctic explorations; it is clear there is nothing to repay the expense, the devotion, the risk, the loss of life in such explorations. There are nobler fields elsewhere. Yet the search for Sir John Franklin was a gallant one, and well deserves an enduring record.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON AND THE TOBACCO STOPPER.

THE story told by our artist is a pretty one. Once upon a time, the great Sir Isaac Newton, while arguing knotty points and smoking tobacco (as philosophers often do), seized a young damsel's hands, and, oh, horror of horrors!—we tremble as we write it—deliberately inserted one of her fairy fingers into the bowl of his tobacco pipe, a remarkable instance, it must be admitted, of absence of mind. Undoubtedly the philosopher was a very absent man, but his absence of mind was that quality which enabled him to win such fame and make such discoveries in science. He had this power of abstraction to a degree that appears marvellous, as the elder Disraeli writes, "to volatile spirits and puny thinkers." To this habit may be referred most of his great discoveries; an apple falls upon him in his orchard, and the system of attraction succeeds in his mind; he observes boys blowing soap-bubbles, and the properties of light display themselves. Socrates was similarly subject to fits of abstraction. Of Marini, the Italian poet, it is said that in revising his Adonis he suffered his leg to be burnt for some time without perceiving it. According to Cicero, Cato applauded Gallus, who, when he sat down to write in the morning, was surprised by the evening, and when he took up his pen in the evening was surprised at the appearance of morning. Poggius—we again borrow from the elder Disraeli—tells of Dante that he indulged his meditations more strongly than any man he knew; he was only alive as to what was passing in his mind, to all human concerns he was as if they had not been! Dante went one day to a great public procession,—he entered the shop of a bookseller to be a spectator of the passing show. He found a book which greatly interested him; he devoured it in silence, and plunged into an abyss of thought. On his return he declared that he had neither seen nor heard the slightest occurrences of the public exhibition which had passed before him. Such abstraction renders everything surrounding a man as distant as if it was in another quarter of the globe or as unreal as a dream. A modern astronomer one summer night withdrew to his chamber; the brightness of the heaven showed a phenomenon. He passed the whole night in observing it, and when his friend came to him early in the morning and found him in the same attitude, he said, like one who had been recollecting his thoughts for a few moments, "It must be thus,—but I will go to bed before it is late." He had spent the entire night in meditation on the celestial phenomenon revealed, and did not know it. And thus may the tales told of Sir Isaac Newton's absence of mind be accounted for. Such absence indicates not intellectual weakness but strength, and it is a quality which Sir Isaac possessed in common with some of the greatest geniuses the world ever saw.

ADEN POWER; OR, THE COST OF A SCHEME.

BY FAIRLEIGH OWEN.

[*Continued from p.* 158.]

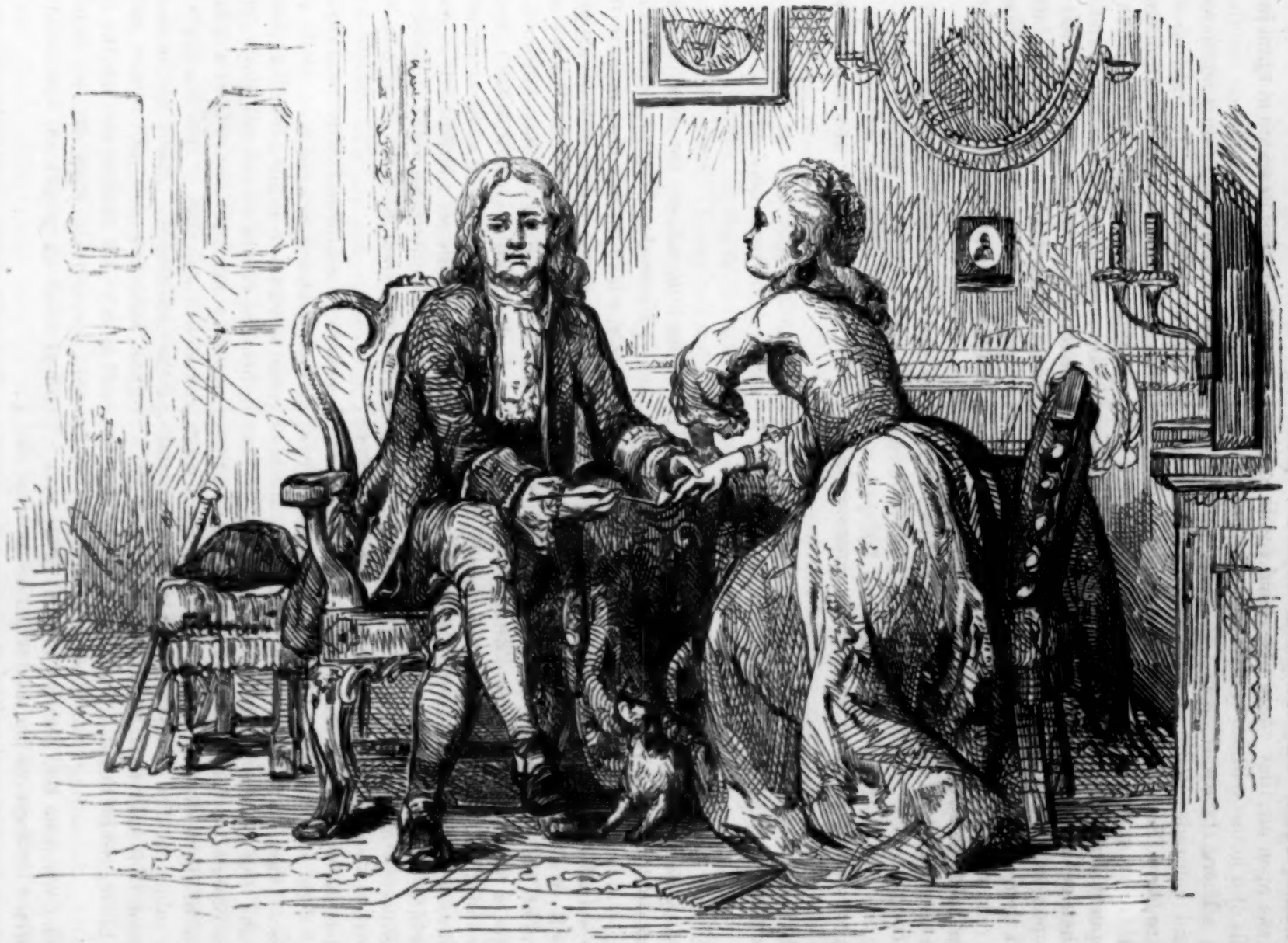
CHAPTER III.

THE SILVER SPOON.

"*On the 30th ult., at Deansholme Abbey, Deansford, the Viscountess Honiton, of a Son and Heir.*"

So ran the leading announcement in that portion of the daily papers asserted to be most attractive to lady readers. Not that it would have been easy to hit upon any topic in the columns of the enlightened journals of that particular locality which did not in some way bear upon, or connect itself with, the great event of the day within their immediate circulation. Paragraphs repeated the advertised announcement in varied forms, whole columns were devoted to a description of the festivities in course of preparation, which were to mark the "joyful occasion." *Soi-disant* correspondents related remarkable coincidents, or supernatural phenomena, which had anticipated the coming event; advertisements revelled in headings certain to attract the bright eyes of fair customers by any allusion, even of the faintest, to the new arrival at the Abbey. One leading article was devoted to the genealogical history and ancestral achievements of both sides of the house, to whom an heir had at length been given; while another took the opportunity to air some pet orthodoxy of his own as to the fitness of all things made and provided, illustrated so forcibly by the providential intervention which had, after so long a period of misgiving and regret, saved an ancient and honourable name from extinction, and preserved a noble family in all the prestige of its hereditary greatness, to the humble vassalage of Deansford, and to the protection of the interests of Great Loftborough and all the adjacent belongings; concluding with an enthusiastic exhortation to all "our readers," of whatsoever age, sex, or denomination, that they would join, heart and soul, in the public thanksgiving to be offered up for the blessing so signally and auspiciously vouchsafed.

The position taken up by the eloquent and pathetic



SIR ISAAC NEWTON AND THE TOBACCO-STOPPER.

writer might have been somewhat shaken could he have known that it was to the poor camp-follower the uncertain blessing had fallen—that on the heritage of the tattered jacket, and the Lares of Brettle's Buildings, not on ducal canopy, or the descendant of conquering Normans, it was that Providence had seen fit to bestow its favour.

But Brettle's Buildings is far away now, and we are at the Abbey.

Without, bells are ringing, and bonfires blazing upon the hills; the most devoted of the inhabitants have illuminated their windows for two successive nights, and all the musical talent of the village has been called into requisition at the respective public-houses—noted for their loyalty to the reigning potentates of the place from time immemorial. Since the certainty made known of her Ladyship's safety and that of the infant heir, all Deansford has blazed, chimed, fiddled, and drank without intermission.

But within, all is still and quiet, hushed congratulation and joy. Not a sound of the outer world's boisterous acclamation is allowed to penetrate those heavy draperies, those double doors and windows, impervious to every breath of winter.

Lacqueys glide noiseless up and down the wide staircases, the vast halls echo back no sound louder than the step of the velvet-shod nurses, or the faint rustle of my lady's own maid's silken apron. Every bell is muffled, every iron bar, or latch, or ponderous knocker swaddled in woollen, and gates creaking incurably have been tabooed, under solemn injunctions of the stately housekeeper. The domestic animals have been banished the lower regions; the pets of the drawing-room and boudoirs removed to other quarters; the very horses conveyed to the most distant stalls. Conversation is limited to whispers, signs have entered into general use, and become easy of translation; but though a smile is on every face, the females, more especially, no sign of mirth, or emotion of any kind, disturbs the halcyon repose of the favoured Abbey.

Soft dreamy odours float up and down the staircases, every lamp, even to those over the coach-house doors, shine with a subdued radiance; night is scarcely distinguished from day, since the day is scarce less subdued, the night hardly more hushed, for there is watchful service up and afoot, gliding to and fro, felt more than heard or seen, in all the hours. Where the velvet steps glide noiseless, where the rich draperies hang thickest, where soft carpets are softest, where float the perfumes most voluptuous, yet least palpable—where all this luxury is trebled and the repose perfect—is *the* chamber.

In one adjoining, furnished with costly splendour, yet with hushed silence and subdued light over all, sit two gentlemen, grey-haired one—florid and stout the other, who are sipping wine; they have before trifled with the evening luncheon beside them—and in sage whispers conversing, comparing opinions or experiences, and from time to time consulting their watches.

Those venerable gentlemen had so sat, so sipped, whispered, shaken heads, looked grave, and compared notes for some five days past, and though all apparent need for their urgent services was past, they so continued to sip, look wise, and shake their heads.

"Yes, it might have been serious, might have been *ve-r-y* serious," observed the grey-headed gentleman, "with such inadequate attendance, too, such wholly inadequate attendance."

"True, yes; but the Viscountess has a wonderful constitution—wonderful, and it is well, considering all things—considering *all* things—" the grey-haired gentleman shook his head.

"It was a terrible risk."

"*Risk!* madness—say madness! but she always was, always was so."

"Rather eccentric, yes," whispered the other.

"*Obstinate*, sir! obstinate as it is possible for a woman born to be," returned the elder physician in a rather louder key; he had lately been knighted, his younger and stouter coadjutor had still to look ahead, and could not yet afford to announce so fully his private sentiments.

"It is horrible to think of! the hopes and happiness of the Viscount intrusted to the blundering unskilfulness of a female quack! horrible!" and the good physician emptied his glass at a draught in the indignation of the moment, which must be pardoned on the ground that he was the medical attendant of the family, and justly felt aggrieved at the untoward circumstances which had deprived him of his due connection with the honours of the event.

"I cannot wonder that his Lordship should desire the occurrence to be kept private," remarked the younger man; "he is doubtless annoyed, so opposed as it was to all his wishes."

"Certainly; he should be here by now, I imagine," and again the venerable medico looked at his watch, his brother professional of course following lead, as men almost invariably will, as though it were in the usual course of things that the time of day is decided by a majority of showings, and not at all matter of certainty.

Leaving the professional gentlemen to sip their wine at their leisure, we will glance into the inner room, sharing in the universal invisibility which seems to pervade all manner of men at this season, for, save the privileged elders in the outer apartment, we meet none but of the feminine gender, the order of things on these occasions being, for the time, reversed: the "worthier" gender repulsed and snubbed by the "unworthier," till even the lowliest and neuter state of inanimate creation appears enviable by comparison.

Double doors open and close; the velvet hangings are lifted and fall behind us, sweeping softly to the ground, and we are in the room.

It is bitter cold weather; this past week the snow has been falling, it is heaped up on the window sills outside, and clings round the bare arms of the old trees in the Abbey Park.

But here it is summer weather, not the heat of noontide, nor the glow of fire, nor the pent-up suffocation of gas-lit and ill-ventilated chambers. A soft delicious atmosphere pervades the apartment, as if the breath of a southern climate had passed through and lingered there. The room is so spacious that by the subdued light the eye hardly takes in its full extent. Easy chairs and luxuriant couches are scattered about, tiny cushions, too, into which the foot sinks at a touch.

The windows, three in number, are marked only by

the long velvet hangings which conceal them, and the massive golden cornices. The furniture is of mingled blue and crimson, the toilette appurtenances are of gold, so are the mirror frame and candelabra; the ornaments are solid, good, but few, and nick-nacs are scattered with a sparing hand; there is no crowding—room, air, warmth, and perfect repose are desired and obtained. Most of the mirrors are covered; the reflection would, perhaps, vex the eyes of the invalid.

On a small table, covered with a thick cloth, are collected the varied delicacies admissible to the sick chamber. Jellies, hot-house fruits, light cakes, wines, caudles, and a host of nameless nothings, which are indispensable to such occasions, and which vanish with them. Upon another table, near an ample easy chair, are a book, some needlework, and a half-emptied glass. She to whose use these are evidently appropriated, is just now busied at the other side of the room, her robust figure dimly visible in the mimic moonlight shed over all from lamps in alabaster shades at either end, placed in such a way as to light, without disturbing, the occupant of the bed, which is the chief object in the chamber,—with its purple hangings and rich fringes, its quiltings and fine linen, its laced and downy pillows, its ease and completeness, its sleep-inviting warmth and freedom. A woman's face is just discernible; in the silvery light it looks as colourless as the pillows that surround it; her eyes are closed, but she is not asleep. The lace cap, and the dark hair beneath, are pushed back behind her ear, while she listens intently, as if in expectation. All is so still she may hear her own breathing, and even another sound is audible, but not the velvet-shod nurse gliding over the carpet to her capacious night chair.

A clear, smokeless fire burns in the wide grate, and some few paces from it stands a small shell-like article—it might be a couch, it may be a basket, or a combination of the two—heaped with rosy satin, lace, and finest flannel; thence comes that faint breathing, with, now and then, a small, low sigh, or a chirp like that of a nestling in a dream, and then the burly velvet-shod nurse rises up, and gliding to the bundle in the shell-like basket, peers anxiously therein, and administers a pat, or a stroke, or a soothing hush to the occupant, for here all the willing service tends; here centres all the gratulation, the rejoicing, the anxieties, the thanksgivings, of the day.

The puny flame that had like to be puffed out by the cold draughts of Brettle's Buildings, had revived under more genial airs, and bids fair, at least by living, to do credit to the superior feeding of the proverbial silver spoon, which has undoubtedly fallen to his share.

A sudden start in the bed aroused the nurse from her contemplation of the sleeping child.

"Give him to me, nurse, quick! bring him here!" cried the lady hurriedly, as the old woman hastened to the bed-side. Half-raised upon her pillows, she extended her arms eagerly—

"It is the Viscount—he is here, I know; I heard his horse—bring me the child."

As she spoke a sudden vibration through the house of the muffled bells, and the quick opening and closing of distant doors announced an arrival.

The nurse laid the infant on the arm of her lady, first carefully adjusting about her shoulders a richly quilted dressing-gown, and withdrew, as the door hurriedly opened, the curtains were hastily thrust aside, and a tall handsome man, though by no means young, rapidly advanced to the bed-side. He was heated with anxious haste and swift travelling, but joyous expectations shone in every feature. With a flush on her pale beautiful face, and a light in her dark eyes, the lady placed the child in the arms of her husband, which had opened to receive it.

Now she half raises herself upon her elbow—with parted lips, and shortened breath, and dilated eyes she watches him, as he thrusts back the drapery for the light to fall upon the baby face, and gazes eagerly into it. The dark hair has escaped from her lace cap, and falls over her face—beautiful, and pale, and eager; it is the same face I showed you in the squalid attic of Brettle's Buildings, peering over the hag's shoulder upon the subject of their strange bargain.

Uttering a fervent exclamation of gratitude, the newly-made father kissed the sleeping infant again and again, and as she saw it the Viscountess leaned back upon her pillow, and breathed more freely.

"God bless you, my dear, dear Julia," cried her husband, as, kneeling down, he tenderly laid the child beside her, and now in turn bestowed his caresses upon her. "This is the happiest hour of my life; my dearest hopes are fulfilled. Bless you, my own wife."

She had returned his kiss, and one arm had lingered around his neck, but he did not repeat the caress; his eyes were fixed upon the boy, and, following his gaze, the arm dropped slowly off, the flush faded from her face, and, with half-closed eyes, lay looking at her lord, as he caressingly passed his hand over the puny form and diminutive limbs of his new acquisition.

As he was so employed, the infant suddenly awoke, opened its eyes, and fixed them unflinchingly on the face of the Viscount, who with a sudden exclamation clasped it to his breast, kissing and embracing it: when the proud man again stood up, his eyes were dim with the excess of his emotion.

"He is but weakly now, love," the gentleman remarked to his wife, who had looked on, coldly enough, at the demonstration; "Sir James tells me, the greatest care could alone have preserved him to us, and indeed it is not to be wondered at; you too must have run fearful risks, Julia," added the Viscount; "you may imagine what I endured on hearing of it, unable to be near you too; it was a relief that the same message which told of your accident assured me also of your safety and the child's."

"It is all past now, Frederick," she said, "we will not think of it."

"It is, thank God, and there must be no more said about it," he returned. "I have been vexed to hear the gossip already, but it shall be stopped. Indeed I scarcely know the facts myself, but I shall hear all from you, love, and meanwhile you are safe, and my son."

The Viscountess turned her head upon her pillow, and the babe performed his part of the contract by a feeble cry, at which the velvet-shod reappeared. "But, my love, you will not indeed nurse him yourself?" The newly-made father put the question in a tone which quite contradicted his words of expostulation.

"You will not forbid me at least, Frederick," said his wife, looking anxiously at him, as the nurse made some trivial arrangements about her.

"Only for your sake, dear Julia, your health," returned the husband, with hesitation. "I fancy Sir James scarcely considers it advisable."

"*We* have not waited for Sir James's permission," said the Viscountess, as the nurse laid the infant in her arms, and he with the readiness of accustomed habit took his natural nourishment with as little ceremony from the noble source, as if his very being had arisen under velvet canopies and in swansdown wrappings. The noble Viscount looking down complacently upon this late realization of his constant dream—which even the disappointment of six years had failed to disperse—was building up a glorious fabric out of that morsel of material, the career of the Honourable Aden Power, the triumphs of his success at school, at college, in the world, his political course, the brilliancy of his future, the added dignity and honour to the name, the augmented glory and importance to be derived by an alliance such as might be demanded by "my son."

Oh! Mary Selden, *née* Lucas, could you but have learned to what bright destinies your offspring was foredoomed you would not surely have grudged the toil and tending, the forced marches, and the soakings, the aches of head and heart, the pains and sorrows and contumely that were yours, and which his coming in by no means lightened; you need have wept less bitterly looking on the rough mound, the torn, stained jacket, and the vacant pallet which wrote your boy fatherless even before he saw the light, could you but have foreseen how the patrician heart would rejoice over his birth!

A faint note of admiration, uttered by the satiated young honourable, recalled the Viscount from his reflections, and as a natural result of them, he bestowed a husband-like caress upon his lady, then graciously vouchsafed some observation to the nurse, who, curtseying, immediately availed herself of her special privilege to contradiction.

"Oh! indeed my lord, indeed he is not so small, and a lovelier child, or sweeter temper, I never saw. It is not the biggest and most robust children grow up the healthiest by any means, my lord. The eyes are my lady's, but the nose is your lordship's very model. I said so from the first; in a few days your lordship will see the likeness plainer. Yes, my lady, I will take him, your ladyship must be tired,—indeed, my lady, you should rest more."

My lady closed her eyes wearily, as the child was carried away sleeping, and the father's eyes followed it.

Did she guess something of his thoughts? Little indeed could he have conjectured hers. Yet the task had been bravely done. In the mother's part she had held the child to her breast, though not, like the mother, did she look down smiling into the upturned face, nor stroke the tiny head, nor press closer to her the wandering little hand. She had learned now to repress the shudder which had seized her as the pauper lips first touched her bosom, and a slight contraction of the brow a faint compression of the lovely mouth were all the signs that escaped the woman, who humbled herself for her pride's sake. *Her* thoughts had not ranged, even to the christening of the son and heir, even to the day when those baby lips should first utter the word "mother." She toyed not with the future, the past filled her visions; there she walked alone, and the only picture she drew was of that which might have been.

TENBY.

We are essentially a roving people, and, moreover, a sea-loving, sea-ducking, and sea-scrutinizing people; the roar of the briny waves that break around our blessed sea-girt land is as music to our ears! It is a part of our very nature; we pride ourselves on it, we revel in the contemplation of every wonderful little sea-monstrosity—every curious sea-shell or bit of sea-weed. Moreover, we prepare ourselves extensively, and quite *da cuore*, with the most ugly and most appropriate of sea-habiliments, such as limpet-hats, goggles, and sea-boots.

And, thus accoutred, what a rushing there is annually to our coasts. Small sea-side hamlets become populous, and gradually swell into towns, and small sea-side towns gradually grow bigger and bigger, like our small boys and girls.

Then comes the choice of a bathing place. Some love fashionable bathing places; some, again, quiet, genteel, sequestered bathing places; while others seek fresh bathing places. Now, of all the variety of bathing places few can surpass Tenby—few, I think, can even vie with it either for real beauty or for bygone interest. Methinks I hear some dear John Bull—some paterfamilias, exclaim, as he adjusts his eye-glass—"Dear me! why, where is Tenby? some very recent place, I suppose; for though I've been for more than twenty years in the constant habit of going to the coast, I really have never heard of such a place as Tenby!" Very likely, my worthy friend; Tenby may possibly be rather out of your line of march. Tenby is on the south coast of Pembrokeshire, and although well-known to the few, is, I can readily believe, but little known to the many. Perhaps, too, it were as well it should so remain, for, as it is, it is to my mind the very paradise of bathing places—the very fairy land of enchantment, with its fantastic bays, its cavernous rocks, its wild rock-riven islets, all teeming with the wild and beauteous life of the ocean. To those who love to watch the myriad wonders washed up with every changing tide, who can describe the endless pleasures of St. Catherine's rock at low water—those wild rock-cleft chasms abounding with limpid, life-laden little rock pools, wherein may be descried an endless variety of the tiny wonders of the mighty deep. There may be found the brilliant sea anemone, and there also occasionally may be found whole settlements of that sly and unscrupulous little sea monster, the soldier or hermit-crab, who, regardless of any and every law of propriety, inducts his strange form into any empty lodging he may chance to find; thus every variety of shell, round and oblong, large and small, may be seen in the clear water ambling along in the same oblique and uncouth fashion. But one must beware of paying these subtle gentry too much attention, like haughty and reserved characters of our own species, they take immediate alarm, and communicating their

the long velvet hangings which conceal them, and the massive golden cornices. The furniture is of mingled blue and crimson, the toilette appurtenances are of gold, so are the mirror frame and candelabra; the ornaments are solid, good, but few, and nick-nacs are scattered with a sparing hand; there is no crowding—room, air, warmth, and perfect repose are desired and obtained. Most of the mirrors are covered; the reflection would, perhaps, vex the eyes of the invalid.

On a small table, covered with a thick cloth, are collected the varied delicacies admissible to the sick chamber. Jellies, hot-house fruits, light cakes, wines, caudles, and a host of nameless nothings, which are indispensable to such occasions, and which vanish with them. Upon another table, near an ample easy chair, are a book, some needlework, and a half-emptied glass. She to whose use these are evidently appropriated, is just now busied at the other side of the room, her robust figure dimly visible in the mimic moonlight shed over all from lamps in alabaster shades at either end, placed in such a way as to light, without disturbing, the occupant of the bed, which is the chief object in the chamber,—with its purple hangings and rich fringes, its quiltings and fine linen, its laced and downy pillows, its ease and completeness, its sleep-inviting warmth and freedom. A woman's face is just discernible; in the silvery light it looks as colourless as the pillows that surround it; her eyes are closed, but she is not asleep. The lace cap, and the dark hair beneath, are pushed back behind her ear, while she listens intently, as if in expectation. All is so still she may hear her own breathing, and even another sound is audible, but not the velvet-shod nurse gliding over the carpet to her capacious night chair.

A clear, smokeless fire burns in the wide grate, and some few paces from it stands a small shell-like article—it might be a couch, it may be a basket, or a combination of the two—heaped with rosy satin, lace, and finest flannel; thence comes that faint breathing, with, now and then, a small, low sigh, or a chirp like that of a nestling in a dream, and then the burly velvet-shod nurse rises up, and gliding to the bundle in the shell-like basket, peers anxiously therein, and administers a pat, or a stroke, or a soothing hush to the occupant, for here all the willing service tends; here centres all the gratulation, the rejoicing, the anxieties, the thanksgivings, of the day.

The puny flame that had like to be puffed out by the cold draughts of Brettle's Buildings, had revived under more genial airs, and bids fair, at least by living, to do credit to the superior feeding of the proverbial silver spoon, which has undoubtedly fallen to his share.

A sudden start in the bed aroused the nurse from her contemplation of the sleeping child.

"Give him to me, nurse, quick! bring him here!" cried the lady hurriedly, as the old woman hastened to the bed-side. Half-raised upon her pillows, she extended her arms eagerly—

"It is the Viscount—he is here, I know; I heard his horse—bring me the child."

As she spoke a sudden vibration through the house of the muffled bells, and the quick opening and closing of distant doors announced an arrival.

The nurse laid the infant on the arm of her lady, first carefully adjusting about her shoulders a richly quilted dressing-gown, and withdrew, as the door hurriedly opened, the curtains were hastily thrust aside, and a tall handsome man, though by no means young, rapidly advanced to the bed-side. He was heated with anxious haste and swift travelling, but joyous expectations shone in every feature. With a flush on her pale beautiful face, and a light in her dark eyes, the lady placed the child in the arms of her husband, which had opened to receive it.

Now she half raises herself upon her elbow—with parted lips, and shortened breath, and dilated eyes she watches him, as he thrusts back the drapery for the light to fall upon the baby face, and gazes eagerly into it. The dark hair has escaped from her lace cap, and falls over her face—beautiful, and pale, and eager; it is the same face I showed you in the squalid attic of Brettle's Buildings, peering over the hag's shoulder upon the subject of their strange bargain.

Uttering a fervent exclamation of gratitude, the newly-made father kissed the sleeping infant again and again, and as she saw it the Viscountess leaned back upon her pillow, and breathed more freely.

"God bless you, my dear, dear Julia," cried her husband, as, kneeling down, he tenderly laid the child beside her, and now in turn bestowed his caresses upon her. "This is the happiest hour of my life; my dearest hopes are fulfilled. Bless you, my own wife."

She had returned his kiss, and one arm had lingered around his neck, but he did not repeat the caress; his eyes were fixed upon the boy, and, following his gaze, the arm dropped slowly off, the flush faded from her face, and, with half-closed eyes, lay looking at her lord, as he caressingly passed his hand over the puny form and diminutive limbs of his new acquisition.

As he was so employed, the infant suddenly awoke, opened its eyes, and fixed them unflinchingly on the face of the Viscount, who with a sudden exclamation clasped it to his breast, kissing and embracing it: when the proud man again stood up, his eyes were dim with the excess of his emotion.

"He is but weakly now, love," the gentleman remarked to his wife, who had looked on, coldly enough, at the demonstration; "Sir James tells me, the greatest care could alone have preserved him to us, and indeed it is not to be wondered at; you too must have run fearful risks, Julia," added the Viscount; "you may imagine what I endured on hearing of it, unable to be near you too; it was a relief that the same message which told of your accident assured me also of your safety and the child's."

"It is all past now, Frederick," she said, "we will not think of it."

"It is, thank God, and there must be no more said about it," he returned. "I have been vexed to hear the gossip already, but it shall be stopped. Indeed I scarcely know the facts myself, but I shall hear all from you, love, and meanwhile you are safe, and my son."

The Viscountess turned her head upon her pillow, and the babe performed his part of the contract by a feeble cry, at which the velvet-shod reappeared. "But, my love, you will not indeed nurse him yourself?" The newly-made father put the question in a tone which quite contradicted his words of expostulation.

"You will not forbid me at least, Frederick," said his wife, looking anxiously at him, as the nurse made some trivial arrangements about her.

"Only for your sake, dear Julia, your health," returned the husband, with hesitation. "I fancy Sir James scarcely considers it advisable."

"*We* have not waited for Sir James's permission," said the Viscountess, as the nurse laid the infant in her arms, and he with the readiness of accustomed habit took his natural nourishment with as little ceremony from the noble source, as if his very being had arisen under velvet canopies and in swansdown wrappings. The noble Viscount looking down complacently upon this late realization of his constant dream—which even the disappointment of six years had failed to disperse—was building up a glorious fabric out of that morsel of material, the career of the Honourable Aden Power, the triumphs of his success at school, at college, in the world, his political course, the brilliancy of his future, the added dignity and honour to the name, the augmented glory and importance to be derived by an alliance such as might be demanded by "my son."

Oh! Mary Selden, *née* Lucas, could you but have learned to what bright destinies your offspring was foredoomed you would not surely have grudged the toil and tending, the forced marches, and the soakings, the aches of head and heart, the pains and sorrows and contumely that were yours, and which his coming in by no means lightened; you need have wept less bitterly looking on the rough mound, the torn, stained jacket, and the vacant pallet which wrote your boy fatherless even before he saw the light, could you but have foreseen how the patrician heart would rejoice over his birth!

A faint note of admiration, uttered by the satiated young honourable, recalled the Viscount from his reflections, and as a natural result of them, he bestowed a husband-like caress upon his lady, then graciously vouchsafed some observation to the nurse, who, curtseying, immediately availed herself of her special privilege to contradiction.

"Oh! indeed my lord, indeed he is not so small, and a lovelier child, or sweeter temper, I never saw. It is not the biggest and most robust children grow up the healthiest by any means, my lord. The eyes are my lady's, but the nose is your lordship's very model. I said so from the first; in a few days your lordship will see the likeness plainer. Yes, my lady, I will take him, your ladyship must be tired,—indeed, my lady, you should rest more."

My lady closed her eyes wearily, as the child was carried away sleeping, and the father's eyes followed it.

Did she guess something of his thoughts? Little indeed could he have conjectured hers. Yet the task had been bravely done. In the mother's part she had held the child to her breast, though not, like the mother, did she look down smiling into the upturned face, nor stroke the tiny head, nor press closer to her the wandering little hand. She had learned now to repress the shudder which had seized her as the pauper lips first touched her bosom, and a slight contraction of the brow a faint compression of the lovely mouth were all the signs that escaped the woman, who humbled herself for her pride's sake. *Her* thoughts had not ranged, even to the christening of the son and heir, even to the day when those baby lips should first utter the word "mother." She toyed not with the future, the past filled her visions; there she walked alone, and the only picture she drew was of that which might have been.

TENBY.

We are essentially a roving people, and, moreover, a sea-loving, sea-ducking, and sea-scrutinizing people; the roar of the briny waves that break around our blessed sea-girt land is as music to our ears! It is a part of our very nature; we pride ourselves on it, we revel in the contemplation of every wonderful little sea-monstrosity—every curious sea-shell or bit of sea-weed. Moreover, we prepare ourselves extensively, and quite *da cuore*, with the most ugly and most appropriate of sea-habiliments, such as limpet-hats, goggles, and sea-boots.

And, thus accoutred, what a rushing there is annually to our coasts. Small sea-side hamlets become populous, and gradually swell into towns, and small sea-side towns gradually grow bigger and bigger, like our small boys and girls.

Then comes the choice of a bathing place. Some love fashionable bathing places; some, again, quiet, genteel, sequestered bathing places; while others seek fresh bathing places. Now, of all the variety of bathing places few can surpass Tenby—few, I think, can even vie with it either for real beauty or for bygone interest. Methinks I hear some dear John Bull—some paterfamilias, exclaim, as he adjusts his eye-glass—"Dear me! why, where is Tenby? some very recent place, I suppose; for though I've been for more than twenty years in the constant habit of going to the coast, I really have never heard of such a place as Tenby!" Very likely, my worthy friend; Tenby may possibly be rather out of your line of march. Tenby is on the south coast of Pembrokeshire, and although well-known to the few, is, I can readily believe, but little known to the many. Perhaps, too, it were as well it should so remain, for, as it is, it is to my mind the very paradise of bathing places—the very fairy land of enchantment, with its fantastic bays, its cavernous rocks, its wild rock-riven islets, all teeming with the wild and beauteous life of the ocean. To those who love to watch the myriad wonders washed up with every changing tide, who can describe the endless pleasures of St. Catherine's rock at low water—those wild rock-cleft chasms abounding with limpid, life-laden little rock pools, wherein may be descried an endless variety of the tiny wonders of the mighty deep. There may be found the brilliant sea anemone, and there also occasionally may be found whole settlements of that sly and unscrupulous little sea monster, the soldier or hermit-crab, who, regardless of any and every law of propriety, inducts his strange form into any empty lodging he may chance to find; thus every variety of shell, round and oblong, large and small, may be seen in the clear water ambling along in the same oblique and uncouth fashion. But one must beware of paying these subtle gentry too much attention, like haughty and reserved characters of our own species, they take immediate alarm, and communicating their

mistrust or disgust, whichsoever it may be, to their companions, lose no time in beating a retreat.

The next day, or, perhaps, more correctly speaking, the next tide, the teeming, shambling, multiform denizens of the rocky pool have one and all departed, in seach of "fresh fields and pastures new" of algæ, and the bright sandy rock-pool is quiet and empty.

I said Tenby had a bygone interest. This is fully attested by the grand old fragments of its ample fortifications, turrets, and towers, telling the tale of its former power and wealth, when early in the twelfth century it became the head-quarters of a colony of Flemings—those hardy, bold, and industrious adventurers who, in defiance of their warlike neighbours, the Welsh, succeeded not only in firmly establishing themselves, but also in carrying on most successfully all the then known arts of peace and civilization. They excelled in architecture, and moreover were the first to introduce the manufacture of flannel, for which their adopted country has ever since continued famous.

To this day the people of the town of Tenby are unacquainted with the Welsh language, and remain a distinct race—a Flemish picture in a Welsh frame.

The rude and plain, but large and ancient parish church, with its curious old monuments and quaint inscriptions, is an additional object of interest.

Then what an attraction to the antiquarian must be the splendid array of old ruined castles in this neighbourhood. In no part of the United Kingdom do these venerable vestiges of the feudal times so much abound. One may count more than a dozen within twenty miles of Tenby. Among the most remarkable may be named Pembroke, Carew, Manorbeer, Picton, and Llawhaden. But we are not writing a guide book, and so must leave the description of these wondrous piles to more competent pens, and again return to the peculiarly limpid sea and surroundings of fascinating little Tenby. Within a few miles of land lie the islands of Caldey and St. Margaret's. Mr. Kinaston, the kind-hearted proprietor of the former island, has, for upwards of half a century, exercised the laws of hospitality and kindness in his bleak and circumscribed but romantic and interesting domain. It is inhabited solely by his own family and dependents, of whom he is, indeed, lord paramount, for as yet the island remains subject to no human law but his own. Caldey is about two miles long and half a mile wide, and is for the most part well cultivated. I said it was only habited by his dependents. Among them then must be enumerated whole nations of sea-birds; the guillemot, razor-bill, and puffin—all birds of singular habits and manners—may, perhaps, be among the most remarkable. The puffin especially has, like the soldier crab, the knavish propensity of appropriating to her own use the domicile of another. Thus, after summarily ejecting the timid rabbit from his lair, she forthwith establishes her nest, and lays her eggs therein, and woe be to the incautious wight who may unceremoniously and unadvisedly intrude a finger into the ill-gotten lodging of this exceedingly pretty and wary little bird, he will most assuredly carry away with him very undeniable proofs and a most vivid recollection of his temerity, for the enraged puffin will sign the seal of his displeasure in a very marked indenture on the intrusive digital with his parrot-like bill.

In days of yore there were no less than three religious establishments on this little island. The substantial modern dwelling-house of Mr. Kinaston is incorporated with the interesting remains of the principal priory, and strange it is to see the niches for saints and recesses for "holy water" occupied by pans of milk and utensils for brewing. Strange, too, in the chapel, where imagination may depict the sandalled monks at their midnight orisons, to see the goodly stores for the maintenance of every-day social life. Perhaps, also, stranger still to see in another portion of these venerable remains an array of antiquated and foreign-looking weapons, which years ago were washed up by the angry billows from some wreck, with no clue to their former proprietors—nothing to tell the tale of the terrible past.

St. Margaret's Isle is smaller, less cultivated, but wilder, more cavernous, more picturesque than Caldey, the abode of the wild denizens of the deep and of the air.

And now, my dear reader, you ask me the question, "Which of the three kinds of bathing place may Tenby be? Is it a fashionable—is it a sequestered—is it a fresh bathing place?" To the first question, dear friend of the eye-glass, I reply—if not *strictly* speaking *fashionable*, it becomes in its season the temporary abode of sections of those classes who would be highly offended to be excluded from the appropriation of a *very* lion's share of that fascinating and mind-beguiling little adjective. And if the abundant display of crinoline, round feathered hats, neat boots, and pretty faces, with a sprinkling of moustachios, may in any way tend to make it deserving of the epithet, why, I really think we may conscientiously allow it to be bestowed.

That it is *sequestered* is attested fully, dear reader, by your small knowledge of its whereabouts—you, a travelled and a seasoned paterfamilias of the true Anglo-Saxon description. The same argument renders it, to you at least, a fresh place.

Besides which, dear reader, take my word for it, it is a salubrious, cheerful, and interesting place, and one which, I doubt not, will one day expand into a large place. Having said this much in your behoof, for I am myself at this moment enjoying freely its quiet delights, I beg to bid you farewell.

M. H. D.

ORLANDO, THE BARBER OF GENOA.

READER, were you ever at Genoa? If so, I need not describe its manifold beauties. If not, I suspect you know it well from description. To my mind it is one of the loveliest places in the world, but then I have known it from childhood, and there is a strange fascination about the scenes of our youth. I should like very much to tell of its beautiful streets, stately palaces, busy thoroughfares, gorgeous churches, lovely gardens, noble Bay; and, above all, of its circlet of fortress-crested mountains, guarding it on all sides, like giants in a fairy tale. Yes, I love to think of Genoa, so truly named the "Superb;" but, above all, I want to tell you of one noble-hearted man, a Genoese. Don't picture

to yourself a very handsome, elegant personage,—my hero is a barber, just a fat, good-tempered, rotund old barber, the Barber of Genoa, and not the "Barber of Seville."

My father and mother had taken a suite of furnished apartments in a handsome house, of which he, by his honest industry, had become part proprietor, and so began my acquaintance with Giovanni Orlando, the hero of my little tale. Children are nice observers of human nature; they quickly find out those who affect them, and I do n't believe that I and my little brother had been two days in the palazzo Rosso without finding out the hidden mysteries of Orlando and his worthy helpmeet, Rosina. They had no children of their own, and had a great love for such mischievous urchins, we quickly found out *that*, and having made the important discovery, we forthwith beat a retreat to their quarters in the attic or top story, where they were located, whensoever we felt that our society was not duly appreciated in the drawing-room.

Now Orlando, besides being a barber, was a dealer in hair, and being in more than easy circumstances, on rainy or over-hot days, he would not trouble himself to go to his shop in the city at all, he would leave that to his underlings, and remain all the live-long day in his snug eyrie. On these occasions he would produce certain mysterious cases, from out which would issue the most exquisite tresses of long silken hair, cut, as he said, from the heads of the peasant girls of Lombardy; which, after some smoothing and arranging, were shipped to Constantinople to supply deficiencies in the coiffure of the inmates of the harems in that gorgeous capital.

Besides being great in the matter of wigs and false hair, Orlando was great in politics. How he would hold forth, to be sure, about Vellinton and Buonaparte, and the priests and liberty. I have an idea that he was no admirer of priestcraft; but then he seemed so wondrous wise that of course we children took all he said for gospel.

He was quite our oracle, the participator of all our griefs and joys. No sooner were our tasks done, than we were by Rosina's side, deep in the mysteries of ravioli and raglierini, the merits and demerits of which chef d'œuvres of the culinary art had to be duly discussed by Orlando himself, and the verdict passed accordingly. Then nothing charmed us more than to be permitted to accompany Rosina to a certain chapel high among the beautiful mountains; and how lovely she looked with her white muslin pezzota (sort of veil) drawn over her glossy black hair and gathered on her shoulders; not that Rosina was remarkable for beauty, but she had a beaming smile, and a manner which seemed to bring warmth and sunshine in her wake. How we loved her!

It so fell out that we had to return to our own land, and many years elapsed, wherein we grew from childhood to youth and heard nothing of the Orlandos. And after that, fate ordered that we should return to Genoa.

Of course we thought of our dear old friends, devoutly hoped that they might still be alive, and their apartments unoccupied, as we sallied forth from the hotel in quest of the old palazzo Rosso. There it stood in its pristine state, but the Orlandos were gone. Nothing daunted, we inquired at the consulate, and found they had taken a house on another mountain. Thither we went, and a fine scramble we had to find it; assuredly the old fellow had got up high enough in the world now! It was reached at last, and what a glorious view! I pause to think of it even now. Well, our hearts (I mean mine and my brother's) beat with anxiety as we knocked at the green door. Would Orlando or Rosina open it, and would they recognise in the tall young lady and gentleman the children of the palazzo Rosso? There was a loud "ché é?" but the voice was not Rosina's. She was at home however, and we followed our conductress into a sala. There was the identical old armadio with its well-known coffee cups and silver-handled knives, the pride of Rosina's heart; there, too, the same chairs, with their blue chintz covers, and the old brown cat (Rosina had a weakness for cats) asleep on a mat; but hark! footsteps, the door opens, Rosina enters, smiling and sunny as ever, and scarcely a day older to look at,—a start, a little scream,—"Carlino! Marinetta! how you are grown!" and then the hugging and patting and kissing. The door again opens, and there stands the barber, a shade more rotund, and that is all. It is impossible now to think of other apartments, these are vacant,—Sore Hide left a few days ago. Orlando very much bemoans Sore Hide, he was so good, so kind, no pride, no hauteur,—could recognise his old friend the barber, see him when and where he would, just like vossignorie, addressing my father and mother.

Sore Hide loved this splendid view, especially the panorama from the terrace on the roof of the house. No wonder, for it was perfection. Sore Hide delighted in this room, in that dressing-room, in the vigna adjoining, in the little plot containing two orange-trees, one olive-tree, and a rose-bush. Sore Hide showed his taste, but who could Sore Hide be?

This was asked of an English friend. "Old Sir Hyde Parker, who had long lived at Orlando's," was the response. Sore Hyde would be delighted with his name, thus rendered and improved, no doubt!

Now it so happened that there was an entire suite of apartments below those we had taken, but Orlando would on no account let them. No, the people might come in late, might be noisy, might smoke,—in short, might be unpleasant; and he did not mind, he had made money by the English, was rich, had been kindly treated by English; in short, loved English in general, and our family in particular, and in this case would be obstinate, and would not let those apartments,—they would do to put luggage and boxes in; and then one or two of his young shop-men should sleep in the lower apartments just to keep guard.

My father and brother left us thus comfortably located to journey further south. Who could describe the chivalresque attentions of the burly barber,—so true it is, that a very gentle soul may take up its abode in a very rough body. A wish was scarcely expressed before Genoa was ransacked to gratify it. Every day the bright Rosina, her cat on her shoulder, her dog by her side, would cross the vigna (at the further end of which she lived when her apartments were occupied) to overhaul our cook, lecture the Cameriera, and see that we were not cheated. Verily in the rainy season, when for weeks the flood-gates of

heaven seemed to be open, and the torrents came flooding down the Salita like miniature rivers, her smiling face came on our solitude like a very sun-beam. It would have been lonely enough, perched up aloft on that beautiful mountain with proud Genoa at our feet, but far too distant to be available for amusement; lonely indeed would it have been but for Rosina and for the vicinity of two or three kindly Anglo-Saxon neighbours, at whose houses, spite of wind and rain, we managed, with the aid of cloaks, dogs, and lanterns, to congregate once in each week to hear music and imbibe tea. The winter passed, and with it we took our departure for a time from Genoa. It was a sorrowful parting, but not quite so bad as the first, for there were more hopes of our return. Two years passed, and at the end of that time again we found ourselves at the "Croce di Malta" at Genoa.

The very first morning after our arrival there was a great commotion in the ante-chamber, the door was precipitately opened by an agitated waiter, and, much flushed and flurried, and in anything but elegant toilette, in marched Orlando the Barber. We rushed up to greet him, of course, after our own old kindly fashion, and heedless of any comments, bade him seat himself by the fire.

"Poor Orlando!" I said. He was flushed and flurried, and evidently perturbed in mind, so it took him a few minutes to recover his breath. At length speech broke forth much after this fashion, in Italian, very strongly tinctured with Genoese,—

"Ah! I said so; yes, I knew well you would be glad to see me."

"Of course—of course, good Orlando. Did you doubt it?"

A great pant and puff, and a very loud "Ahem!"

"No, I know vossignorie would be glad to see me, and so I told that mascaly one (rascal) of a waiter, but the rogue," and here the poor fellow, fairly overcome by his feelings, doubled his fist, and flourished at some ideal waiter. "Yes, I told him so—the insolent—the low-born; he said I might sit in the ante-room, that you received much company, that, in short, I was not fit to be shown in, that I was to tell my business—my business, forsooth, when I was just dying to see you."

We saw that Orlando's feelings had received a horrible wound, so we tried to turn the conversation. Were the apartments let? Why, no—not just now. He had taken a grand palace. Where, think you, reader? Higher up still—almost in the clouds now, and out of the way of everything but mules and donkeys. When we had left two years ago he had let our apartments to a certain Swede gentleman, married to a Scotch lady. We knew the family, and expressed our satisfaction.

"Umph!" very emphatically. "But I don't like that Madame C.; she is a bad one—no heart—a bad one!"

"Indeed!" we exclaimed, "Madame C. bad?"

"Yes, very," and here was a very vigorous pinch of snuff; "very bad, no heart—no, not so big as that," showing the extreme end of his little finger, after the manner of Italian demonstration. "Vossignoria must know that though it was my pleasure to let your estimable family have the lower apartments, yet it was, as you well know, quite a separate dwelling, and I said nothing about letting them remain empty to Madame C. Accordingly, about a month after her arrival I let them to an English lady and her family, such a sweet gentle creature, quite a great lady, I am sure; but I saw the poor thing denied herself almost everything, and hardly had enough to eat, and I half suspected she was poor, and had a difficulty about the rent, so Rosina and I set ourselves to solve the mystery. Poor dear lady! her wicked husband had lost almost everything by gambling at Turin, and there was she, without common necessaries, away from her relations, and with the loveliest little child," at this the poor fellow half-choked, as he drew his coat-sleeve across his honest kindly eyes. "Poor lady! I told her never to trouble herself about rent—rent, indeed! I felt honoured by her presence; I had made money enough by her countrymen, and was proud to be able to show kindness to one of her nation. Poor thing! we had a hard matter to smuggle little things into her kitchen, but Rosina contrived to make believe it was only for the child, and so—and so, we got her to let us comfort her a little without hurting her pride, poor dear. But what I was going to tell you was about that wicked Madame C. Would you credit it? she actually said, the envious thing! that as vossignoria had had the lower suite of rooms she wanted them also; that she disliked the idea of people living so near, and walking in the vigna. I told her vossignoria did not ask for the rooms, they were separate, and what I might do for a family I dearly loved I need not do for all; then I told her that the gentle lady below was in distress, and I could not disturb her. Would you believe it? that bad Madame C."—here a most vigorous doubling of fist in an imaginary Mrs. C.'s face, "that wicked Madame C. *still* insisted, yes, after I told her the sweet sorrowful lady was her own countrywoman, and in distress."

"What did you do, Orlando?"

"I told her to go and find other apartments if she could not be happy to allow her own countrywoman to remain in peace, for *she* should never be disturbed—no, not while Orlando breathed—as long as she wished to remain, poor sweet lady."

"And did Madame C. go?"

"Yes, after a little while—the hard, bad woman—yes."

"And the poor lady, what became of her?"

"Oh, poor thing! when the spring broke, and she wished to return to her own land, why, Rosina made warm things for the lovely baby," (quite a break down here about the baby,) "and then, why, we did what we could without hurting her, you know, and—and she is safe in England now."

Good, noble, excellent Orlando! who would be ashamed of shaking a hand so honest and so open—ay, spite of that extraordinary old tartan cloak, and anything but trim toilette—for what a world of goodness lies beneath it! Sore Hyde was quite right; he appreciated thy worth, for this is only one of the numberless acts of kindness performed by Orlando the Barber.

M. H. D.

MY LIBRARY.

If you want to be alone, walk through Oxford Street at noon-day. There mingling with that awful human stream which rolls on unceasingly, you will find a more complete solitude than if you trod the least-frequented Alpine valley. In the fields you become at once the object of universal attention, the great spectacle at which the newly-hatched bird stares with its little bright eyes; while the cow chewing a tit-bit of pasture pauses and looks at you with a thoughtful air, and the horse, uncertain whether you be friend or foe, abstracted philosopher or cunning ostler, trots off to a safe distance; and all the chorister birds suddenly cease to chant their matins, and are silent in their leafy chapel. The firmest disciple of Berkeley or Hume is compelled under such circumstances to acknowledge the existence of the outer world. But who will stop to notice you in Oxford Street, "that stony-hearted step-mother?" Do you bear a wounded spirit, who knows it? Does your heart beat high with joy, who heeds it?

Wherefore, being a lover of solitude and yet no misanthrope, I have taken up my abode within hearing of that continuous roar, so dear to Charles Lamb and Samuel Johnson. But while there is endless noise without, perfect quiet reigns within. A double door, doubly baized, excludes all sound of domestic strife and household operations. Let me then introduce you to "*My Library*."

One thing will strike you at your first entrance, you will see no engravings, no bronzes, no works of art. But instead of these the walls are hung with choice morsels of verse and prose, brilliantly illuminated, and set it costly frames. You recognise yonder your old friends Beaumont and Fletcher,—

> "Give me leave
> To enjoy myself. That place that doth contain
> My books, the best companions, is to me
> A glorious court, where hourly I converse
> With the old ages and philosophers;
> And sometimes for variety I confer
> With Kings and Emperors, and weigh their counsels,
> Calling their victories, if unjustly got,
> Into a strict account, and in my fancy,
> Deface their ill-placed statues. Can I then
> Part with such silent pleasures to embrace
> Uncertain vanities?"

And there, over the mantel-piece, you may read the less-known words of Donne,—"All mankind is of one author, and is one volume; when one man dies, one chapter is not torn out of the book, but translated into a better language; and every chapter must be so translated. God employs several translators, some pieces are translated by age, and some by sickness, some by war, some by justice; but God's hand is in every translation, and His hand shall bind up all the scattered leaves again for that library where every book shall lie open to one another."

At the opposite side of the room you will see an aphorism of "large-browed Verulam." "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts, others to be read, but not curiously: and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention." And here and there in nooks and corners you will read admonitory sentences to the student, such as the sound remark of Goodman's:—"Reading lifts us only to the level of an author; Meditation sets us on his shoulders, and enables us to see farther than he ever saw or could see." And again in the niches either side of the fire-place you may see some of the wisdom of Goethe,—"There are three classes of readers. Some enjoy without judgment, others judge without enjoyment, but there are some who judge while they enjoy, and enjoy while they judge." And "certain books are written not to instruct you, but to let you know that the author knew something." While rich in purple and gold stands out that noble sentence of Milton's,—

"Who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image, but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth, but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

And side by side with Milton hangs Spenser,—

> "And thoughts of men do in themselves decay,
> But wise words taught in numbers for to run,
> Recorded by the Muses, live for aye,
> Nor may with stormy showers be washed away:
> No bitter-breathing winds with harmful blast,
> Nor age, nor envy, shall them ever waste."

But enough of this you say, for the books themselves. I see you are surprised at the want of method and arrangement. But let me tell you that this very disorder is predetermined. You remember the canny Scotch bookseller in Kingsley's "Alton Locke," how he used to treat his books as though they were the authors themselves; putting some in the place of honour, treating others with gross indignity and cruelty. Now I must confess to sharing something of this malignant spirit. But remembering Horace's maxim, I use a more poignant weapon than insult, and strive to make my books ridiculous.

I do not separate them into orthodox and heterodox, putting a strong barrier between the two, so as to prevent a second "Battle of the Books," but on the contrary, I place the most bitter enemies side by side, cheek by jowl. This, you will rightly say, is a refinement of cruelty upon the old tyrant-devised punishment of chaining the living to the dead.

Often and often I have sate back in my easy-chair and watched the long files of gold-decked warriors, and seemed to see them fiercely fighting, piercing with envenomed weapons through board and calf-skin. You see yon couple, Rabelais and Calvin; is it not a well-matched pair? Rabelais with ample paunch, and mouth hugely distended with a never-failing grin,—Calvin lean and solemn, with skull-cap upon his head, and Genevan cloak about his spare body. As the latter deals out sword-blows of awful anathemas, the former sends forth a cloud of troublesome darts, sharp-pointed with satire and keen raillery. It is a fair fight. But I have seen Rabelais bear up against tremendous odds;

for while he had to parry Calvin's thrusts, Blair was striving to overcome the energies of our portly champion by means of the irresistible opiate of his "Discourses." Friar John would grow drowsy for a while and his eyes would droop, until by a mighty effort he roused himself, and breaking forth into "inextinguishable laughter," Calvin and Blair would retire crest-fallen. Hark! do you hear that? "Thou art of thy father the devil," and then a terrible "Tu quoque." There are noted combatants, burly Dr. Martin Luther and lanky Ignatius Loyola. It is more than three hundred years ago since they commenced fighting, and I do not see any chance of the end just yet.

This is a scarcely less interesting duel. It was a long time before I could get Bishop Butler and Voltaire to fight. You think, perhaps, that David Hume would have been an adversary more suited to his Lordship; but such is not my plan. I never engage those who use similar weapons. I rather set sword against dart; spear against bow and arrow; scimetar against club; rifle against battle-axe; pistol against pea-shooter. So here is Charles Lamb, who stoutly maintains that a big book is a big bore. See him shut in between twenty volumes of Alison on one side, and a countless number of Guicciardini's "Storia d'Italia" on the other. The gentle Lamb has learnt to sympathise with the criminal who chose hard labour at the galleys rather than read the history.

Two Poets. These, you say, will surely never quarrel. Nay, not so fast. What think you, 1st, of Young against Butler ("Lorenzo" against "Hudibras"); 2nd, of Keble against Emerson; 3rd, of "Legia Apostolica" by "Anglo Catholics" against "Poems of Wit and Humour" by Tom Hood; 4th, George Herbert against Sir John Suckling?

But these are not all. Look here, Samuel Warren between Goethe and Schiller. It was a grand sight, believe me, to see "Faust" and "Wallenstein" look down with wondering eyes on "The Lily and the Bee." Scarcely less grand when that "divine man" first viewed from his lofty height the little dapper dancing-master at his side. What think you, has that decidedly objectionable personage William Shakspere the Poacher any chance against Tommy Moore the Ladies' darling? Further on among the Poets you may see Wordsworth, roused from sublime abstraction over a primrose to look with scorn on Byron madly quaffing deep draughts of Scian wine. While last come Tennyson, with

"Robes loosely flowing, hair as free,"

and with the eternal cheroot in his mouth; and Sheridan, faultlessly attired in powdered wig, and snuff-coloured coat and enormous ruffles,—dodging the bailiff.

You will have noticed that this warfare is carried on in the true old Homeric style. Hero singles out hero, and each fights until death. As an instance of a fair open combat, dear to the lover of the ring, I will point you out Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay, and Immanuel Kent. The weapons, you see, are rather dissimilar. Short sharp epigrams averaging three words in length on the one side, and on the other sentences generally about one foot long by nine inches broad. Yet I think the combatants are pretty fairly matched.

Sometimes the hero proves no hero, and the day goes hard with him. It is scarcely fair that Dr. Cumming should have to contend with two such giants as Bacon and Whewell, the author of Apocalyptic Sketches with the Restorer and Chronicler of the Inductive Method of Reasoning. Almost as unequal is the struggle between the youthful Spurgeon and the somewhat more dignified Demosthenes and Burke. Yet if the prophet and the preacher should by any chance come ignominiously to the ground it will be themselves that they must thank. I must plead guilty to having once played a joke of rather too practical a character. I took "Latter-day Pamphlets" and clothed them in the celebrated uniform of red and black, such as Mr. Masters is so noted for. On the other hand I girt "Tracts for the Times" with the bottle-green regimentals of "Chapman and Hall," and then set the two side by side. Soon I heard low mutterings that broke forth into a wrathful storm of sesqui pedalian words, met by a gentle but copious shower of soft Latin names. It was rare sport. I wished you had been there to witness it. I am afraid that you will weary of these gladiatorial displays, or I would ask you to watch the fight between Manning and Channing; Jeremy Taylor and Tom Paine; Milton and Gladstone; Baxter and Sam Slick. I would ask you, too, to see the heroes of the old world trying their giant strength. There is Homer striving to thrash Virgil for being an accursed thief. Aristophanes is mocking Socrates. Diogenes, with his foot that has not been washed for three years and nine months, is kicking Alcibiades, who has had six baths this very day. Euripides the Misogynist is venting dire imprecations on the head of Sappho; Æschylus does not look with a very friendly eye on Juvenal; and Horace does not like the odour that proceeds from Hippocrates the Apothecary.

Did you ever hear such a dire clang of arms; did you ever listen to such a Polyglot assembly; Anglicans and Puritans; Unitarians and Calvinists; Lutherans and Jesuits; Glee-writers and Dramatists; Philosophers and Fanatics; Tories and Republicans; Orthodox and Heterodox; each adding his own individual cry to the confused shout of Babeldom? Well, it is good to laugh with Democritus when we can, and yet is there not something mournful in the boast

"I take possession of men's minds and deeds;
I live in all things, great and small:
I sit apart holding no form of creeds,
But contemplating all?"

The laugh of Democritus has a sad tendency to change into the sneer of Diogenes. In the multitude of counsellors there is—not wisdom, surely—but utter confusion, until we go out into the world, shutting the door of our Library behind us, until we see bright faces whose pure and truthful beauty speaks of calm and serene confidence in that Eternal Truth wherein all disputes and doubts are swallowed up and lost.

EDWARD SPENDER.



THE FIRST PRINTED SHEET.

ALL the world knows that the controversy as to the invention of the wonderful art of printing has been settled in favour of Guttenberg, to whom a statue by the great sculptor Thorwaldsen was erected at Mentz (or Mayence), in the summer of 1837. Charles Knight says, "At that festival of Mentz, at which many hundred persons were assembled from all parts of Europe to do honour to the inventor of printing, no rival pretensions were put forward, although many of the compatriots of Coster of Haarlem were present. The fine statue of Guttenberg was opened amidst an universal burst of enthusiasm. Never were the shouts of a vast multitude raised on a more elevating occasion. The statue of Guttenberg, who had won for his city the gratitude of the world, was opened with demonstrations of popular feeling, such as have been wont only to greet the ear of the conqueror. The poor printer of Mentz indeed achieved a conquest; the fruits of his bloodless victory are imperishable; but it is honourable beyond comparison to the present generation of the citizens of Mentz to have felt that this victory of mind, which has made all future victories of the same nature permanent, was deserving of a trophy almost as enduring as the invention which it celebrates."

The following account of the invention of printing is given by an ancient German chronicler:—"At this time, in the city of Mentz, on the Rhine, in Germany, and not in Italy, as some have erroneously written, that wonderful, and then unheard-of, art of printing was invented and devised by John Guttenberger, a citizen of Mentz, who, having expended almost the whole of his property in the invention of this art, and on account of all the difficulties which he experienced on all sides, was about to abandon it altogether, when by the advice and through the means of John Fust (Faust), likewise a citizen of Mentz, he succeeded in bringing it to perfection. At first they engraved the characters, or letters, in written order on blocks of wood, and in this manner they printed the vocabulary called a 'Catholicon.' But with these forms they could print nothing else, because the characters could not be transposed in these tablets, but were engraved thereon, as we have said. To this invention succeeded a more subtle one, for they found out the means of cutting the forms of all the letters of the alphabet, which they called matrices, from which again they cast characters of tin or copper, of sufficient hardness to resist the necessary pressure, which they had engraved before by hand. And truly, as I learned from Peter Opilio (Schoeffer) de Gensheim, citizen of Mentz, who was the son-in-law of the inventor of this art, great difficulties were experienced after the first invention of this art of printing, for, in printing the Bible, before they had completed the third quaternion, or gathering of four sheets, 2000 florins were expended. This Peter Schoeffer, whom we have above mentioned, first servant and afterwards son-in-law to the first inventor; John Fust, as we have said, an ingenious and sagacious man, discovered the more easy method of casting the types, and thus the art was reduced to the complete state in which now it is. These three kept this method of printing secret for some time, until it was divulged by some of their workmen, without whose aid this art could not have been discovered. It was first developed at Strasbourg, and soon became known to other nations, and thus much of the admirable and subtle art of printing may suffice. The first inventors were citizens of Mentz. These three first inventors of printing (videlicet), John Guttenberger, John Fust, and Peter Schoeffer, his son-in-law, lived at Mentz, in the house called Rum-jungen, which has ever since been called 'The Printing Office.'" In 1462 came the sack of Mentz by the Archbishop Adolphus, and the invention was publicly divulged. Our Caxton was at the Court of Burgundy at this time, and must have seen the invention multiplying everywhere around him. On his return to England he brought the art with him. His

printing office was in Westminster, and there is no doubt that beneath the actual roof of some portion of the Abbey Caxton carried on his art. The first book printed in the English language was the "Recueil of the Histories of Troy;" that, however, appears to have been printed by Caxton at Cologne. This was the little seed which ripened into a tree, and whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. Without the printing press there could be no progress, socially, or intellectually, or religiously; knowledge could never without it have revealed her ample page, rich with the spoils of time.

But we have forgotten the three bearded and venerable citizens of Mentz whom our artist has engraved. There they stand, with—wonder of wonders! their First Printed Sheet! Let us hold their names for ever dear, as amongst the greatest benefactors of their kind. How the press is become a power, let the reader learn from the following facts. From the "Newspaper Press Directory" for 1861, we extract the following on the present position of the newspaper press; "There are now published in the United Kingdom 1102 newspapers, distributed as follows:—England, 791; Wales, 28; Scotland, 138; Ireland, 132; British Isles, 13. Of these there are 39 daily papers published in England; 8 ditto Scotland; 12 ditto Ireland; 2 ditto British Isles. On reference to preceding editions of this useful directory, we find the following interesting facts, viz. that in 1821 there were published in the United Kingdom 267 journals; ditto 1831, 295; ditto 1841, 472; ditto 1851, 563; but in 1861 there are now established and circulated 1102 papers, showing that an extraordinary impulse has been given to every description of newspaper enterprise. The magazines now in course of publication, including the quarterly reviews, number 481, of which no less than 207 are of a decidedly religious character. Among these the Church of England has its special organs; and the Wesleyans, Primitive Methodists, Baptists, Independents, and other Christian communities are fully represented in this branch of literature." If to this we add the number of books and tracts published we shall then form a faint idea of what the press has become.

DRESS.

MANY persons, good, gifted, and excellent, have propounded the monstrous notion that dress is a matter quite beneath the attention of superior minds; in fact, unworthy even of a passing thought; nay, more, with regret be it spoken, some have gone the lengths of being totally oblivious on the subject, have neglected the proper care of their persons, and have thus rendered their appearance unpleasant. They advance as a reason the text in 1 Peter iii. 3, 4,—

"Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

Most certain it is, that the vain spirit of outward adornment very frequently requires checking, while the inner and holier adorning is often most sadly lost sight of altogether. Still we know that these our mortal bodies are the temples of the Holy Spirit of God. See 1 Cor. iii. 16 and following verses; also vi. 19. God always required His temple to be suitably adorned, and it is therefore manifest that every Christian woman should seek to keep the temple of her body not only free from inward defilement, but also pure, clean, and lovely to outward view. If we could steadily hold to this idea, it would keep us as much from extravagant vanity as from slovenliness and neglect. We naturally judge somewhat of the character by the dress, and associate a flimsy, tawdry, fluttering style with the notion of a weak, vain mind and deficient intellect; a hard, heavy, untasteful style with a manly-mannered woman; a quaint, skimpy, prim toilette with a narrow prejudiced mind entirely wedded to its own limited set of ideas, and so forth. We may be wrong, but we so often find we are right, that we go on judging. There are three certain rules to be observed in a woman's dress:

It ought to be strictly neat and clean;
Strictly modest and womanly; and
Strictly in accordance with her age, condition, and circumstances.

In order to be strictly neat and clean a lady of small means, or one who has to go about much, would do well to eschew those pale colours and delicate fabrics which, however tasteful in themselves, are apt soon to fade and become shabby, as nothing can be so objectionable as soiled finery. The French are very judicious in this particular; they are very careful in the choice of the material of their dresses, that it be good and durable when intended for real service, pay great attention to the fit of it, but make use of very little trimming. The tawdry trimmings of very many common ill-made English dresses are frequently as tasteless as they are extravagant.

A French woman of the upper and middle classes is seldom without a good black silk dress, and when we consider that it is not remarkable, that it suits any season, and that every colour goes well with it, it certainly is a very desirable article of dress.

Too many colours, like too many ornaments, destroy the effect of each other, and nothing can be more destructive to a pleasing appearance than want of judgment in this respect. In fact, it may be laid down as a rule that simplicity in dress is, above all things, attractive, most especially in the young, while over-dressing is every way to be avoided. That a woman's dress be strictly modest and feminine is so essential, that, let a fashion be ever so universal, if it overstep in the least degree the bounds of female delicacy, it ought never to be adopted by any high-souled and gentle-minded woman.

Anything fast, bold, or masculine, either in the dress or manners of a woman, can never be tolerated by any person of refined taste, it grates on every nerve, and jars on every feeling.

A very common incitement to extraordinary dress is the absurd notion that it is "*out of the common;*" it matters not how ridiculous it may be, it is quite enough

that there are not many of that sort. Now what can be more exquisitely *out of the common* than a very neat, simple, and at the same time elegant style of dress—the very quiet and tasteful arrangement of a very few colours, the most exact neatness and scrupulous cleanliness, the most careful avoidance of anything masculine or startling?

It is said of a gentleman's dress, that there ought not to be anything about it very prominent or particular, only that the general effect should be good, so that one might say at a glance, "It is gentlemanly." The same most assuredly ought to be said of a lady's,—that it be quiet, tasteful, and lady-like. What more need be said? for what is more "out of the common" than the highest refinement?

That dress be in strict accordance with the age, condition, and circumstances of the wearer is also a great desideratum.

Young girls can scarcely be too simply dressed; freshness not costliness should be sought after. Even Madame de Staël made this observation, and though by no means a guide herself in matters of taste, she was a woman of keen observation and just discernment.

Young girls never appear so lovely as when the freshness of their age is responded to in the freshness of their dress. Rich silks, brocades, satins, velvets, are totally unsuited to this period of life, and none but English girls think of wearing them.

As a woman advances in age, a statelier toilette becomes suitable; her duties and responsibilities are greater, it is natural therefore that she assume a more substantial, it may be, also, a more dignified style of dress, and however rich, fashionable, or elegant her dress may be, it should be in keeping with that more matured period of life. She should avoid girlish youthfulness as much as she would anything ugly or old-fashioned. There is a grandeur about a matured woman, and a beauty moreover all distinct and apart from that of youth, which, if well and suitably maintained, is very imposing and attractive.

The rich materials so inappropriate for the very young are proper now, only to be regulated by station, time, and place. A carriage visiting-dress ought to be as distinct from a walking street-dress as a ball-dress from a morning wrapper, for surely few things are more out of taste than a showy and exaggerated out-of-door costume.

A lady, in the full sense of that much misused term, may, as a rule, be discerned by the chaste simplicity and good arrangement of her dress, the avoidance of everything startling, the care in every detail, and scrupulous attention as to its exact suitability.

In old age, again, the dress should be very carefully considered; artificial flowers and light colours are hardly suitable in advanced age, and should be very sparingly made use of.

How comely and lovely is old age enveloped in soft dark silks and shawls, with fair white lace and ribbon round the venerable kindly features. We cannot truly venerate a slovenly, untidy old woman, neither can we associate all that is beautiful in old age with a gaudy, tawdry style of dress.

One word on hats before we close this paper. Nothing can be more appropriate for country walks, rides, and drives, than a quiet, modest feminine hat. It can with care be suited to almost any age, is swiftly adjusted, and affords a pleasant shade from the sun; but there are some kinds and styles of hat that are totally unfitted for a modest matron, and others that are altogether unfitted for any modest *woman whatsoever*.

Every woman must of necessity exercise some influence, however circumscribed its orbit. Let her take care to use this influence aright. Let her avoid rivalry and extravagance in dress, as a pestilent evil, leading to unutterable mischief, for who that spends to the uttermost farthing can have anything to give to the poor? "And he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."

Much more might be said, very much more, to show the utter madness and folly of undue expenditure and wanton indulgence of selfish vanity, but a few words are enough for the right-minded, and volumes of eloquence would be lost on those whose hearts are set on foolishness. We can but tell them, in the language of Scripture,—

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting, &c." Gal. vi. 7, 8.

M. H. D.

THE VISION OF CHARLES XI.

BY PROSPER MÉREMÉE.

We are apt to jest, now-a-days, about visions and supernatural appearances; some, however, are so well attested, that if we refuse to give them credence we must, to be consistent, reject the great mass of historical testimony. A declaration, drawn up in due form, and having affixed the signatures of four trustworthy witnesses, is the guarantee of the authenticity of the incident I am about to narrate. I may add that the prophecy contained in that declaration was known and quoted long before the occurrences of our own days could have seemed to furnish a fulfilment.

Charles XI.—the father of the famous Charles XII.—was one of the most despotic monarchs, but one of the wisest, that Sweden has ever possessed. He reduced the excessive privileges of the nobility, abolished the power of the parliament, and made laws by his own authority. In a word, he changed the constitution of the country, which, before his time, had been oligarchical, and compelled the estates to invest him with absolute power. He was, moreover, a well-informed man, brave, strongly atached to the Lutheran religion, of an unbending, cool, matter-of-fact character, devoid of imagination.

He had just lost his wife, Ulrica Eleanora. Although his harshness toward that princess had, it was said, hastened her end, yet he highly esteemed her, and seemed more affected by her death than might have been expected from so cold a nature as his. After that event he

became yet more gloomy and taciturn than before, and gave himself up to business with a closeness of application which showed a pressing necessity to drive away painful thoughts.

At the close of an autumn evening he was seated, in dressing-gown and slippers, before a large fire, which had been lighted in his cabinet, in the palace at Stockholm. There were with him his chamberlain, Count Brahé, who stood high in his favour, and the physician, Baumgarten, who, it may be said in passing, was a professed freethinker, and seemed to have doubts of everything except the science of medicine. That evening he had been summoned to give advice about some trifling indisposition.

The evening was drawing to a close, and the king, contrary to his custom, did not indicate, by saying "Good-night," that it was time for them to retire. With his head bowed, and his eyes fixed upon the blaze, he remained in deep silence, tired of his company, but dreading, he knew not why, to be left alone.

Count Brahé saw, well enough, that his presence was not particularly agreeable, and several times intimated a fear lest his Majesty needed rest, but a sign from the king kept him in his place.

The physician, in his turn, spoke of the injurious effect produced by late hours upon the health, but Charles replied, between his teeth,

"Stay here; I do not want to sleep yet."

Various subjects of conversation were started, which all dropped through at the second or third sentence. It was clear that his Majesty was in one of his moody humours, and in such circumstances the position of a courtier is one of much delicacy.

Count Brahé, suspecting that the gloominess of the king proceeded from his sorrow for the loss of his wife, looked fixedly for some time at the portrait of the queen, hanging in the cabinet, and exclaimed, with a heavy sigh,

"How like that portrait is! Just see that expression, at once so majestic and so sweet."

"Bah!" said the king, roughly, who fancied he heard a reproach every time the queen's name was spoken in his presence, "that portrait is too flattering! The queen was plain."

Then, inwardly angry at his own severity, he started up, and walked up and down in the room, to hide an emotion of which he was ashamed. He stopped before the window that opened on the court. The night was dark, and the moon in her first quarter.

The palace where the kings of Sweden now reside was not yet completed, and Charles XI., who had commenced it, occupied at that time the old palace, situated at the point of the Ritterholm which faces Lake Malar. It was a large building, in shape like a horseshoe. The cabinet of the king was in one of the extremities, and almost opposite was the grand hall, where the estates met when about to receive some communication from the throne.

The windows of this hall seemed, at this moment, brilliantly lighted. This appeared strange to the king. He thought, at first, that the glare was produced by the lamp of some servant; but what could any one be doing at that hour in a hall that for a long time had not been opened? Besides, the light was too brilliant to come from a single lamp. He would have thought there was a fire, but no smoke was to be seen, the windows were not broken, and no noise was audible. It seemed in all respects more like an illumination.

Charles gazed at those windows for some time without speaking. Meanwhile Count Brahé, reaching to the bell-cord, was about to summon a page to send and ascertain the cause of the strange light, but the king stopped him.

"I will go myself into that hall," said he.

As he uttered these words he grew pale, and his features showed a sort of superstitious terror. However, he went out with a steady step; the chamberlain and physician followed him, each carrying a lighted candle.

The porter who had charge of the keys was already in bed. Baumgarten went to call him, and ordered him, in the king's name, to open immediately the doors of the State Hall. The man's surprise was great at the unexpected order; he dressed in haste and joined the king with his bunch of keys. He opened first the door of a gallery, which served as an antechamber, or private entrance, to the hall of assembly.

The king entered, but what was his astonishment to behold the walls completely hung with black.

"Who gave orders to have this hall draped in this manner?" asked he, angrily.

"Sire, no one that I know of," replied the porter, much disturbed, "and the last time I had the gallery swept out the oak panelling was as it always has been. Certainly those hangings could not come from your Majesty's furniture room."

The king, walking with a quick step, had already passed over two-thirds of the gallery. The count and the porter followed him close. The physician, Baumgarten, was a little behind, divided between the fear of remaining alone, and that of risking the consequences of an adventure which was assuming a very strange appearance.

"Go no farther, sire!" exclaimed the porter. "On my soul there is sorcery within. At this hour, and since the death of the queen, your gracious lady, they say that she walks in this gallery. God keep us from harm."

"Stop, sire!" cried the count on his side. "Do you not hear the noise coming from the state hall? Who knows to what dangers your Majesty is exposing yourself?"

"Sire," said Baumgarten, whose candle a gust of wind had just extinguished, "let me, at least, go after a score of your halberdiers."

"Come in," said the king in a firm voice, stopping before the door of the great hall, "and you, porter, open this door quickly."

He struck it with his foot, and the noise repeated by the echo of the arches, sounded along the gallery like the report of a cannon.

The porter trembled so that the key struck against the lock, without his being able to make it enter the keyhole.

"An old soldier trembling!" said Charles, shrugging his shoulders. "Come, count, open this door for us."

"Sire," replied the count, recoiling a few steps, "if your Majesty orders me to march up to the mouth of a

Danish or German battery, I will obey without hesitation; but you wish me to brave the powers of hell."

The king snatched the key from the porter's hands.

"I see," said he contemptuously, "that I must manage this alone."

And before those around could prevent him, he had opened the heavy oak door and entered the great hall, pronouncing these words, "With the aid of God!"

The three acolytes, urged on by curiosity stronger than their fear, and, perhaps, ashamed to abandon their king, entered with him.

The great hall was illuminated by an infinite number of torches. A black drapery had replaced the ancient figured tapestry. Along the walls appeared, in regular order, as usual, German, Danish, and Russian flags, the trophies of the soldiers of Gustavus Adolphus. In the midst were to be seen some Swedish banners covered with funereal crape.

An immense assembly covered the benches. The four orders of estates* were seated, each in its own tier. All were dressed in black, and this multitude of human faces, very bright against the dark background, so dazzled the sight, that of the four witnesses of this extraordinary scene, no one could discover in that crowd a single well-known figure. So an actor, face to face with a large audience, sees only a confused mass when his eyes cannot distinguish anybody.

On the elevated throne, from which the king was accustomed to address the assembly, they beheld a bleeding corpse, clad in the insignia of royalty. At its right stood a child, with a crown on its head, and holding a sceptre in its hand; at the left an aged man, or, rather, another phantom, was leaning against the throne. He was clothed in the state mantle which the ancient administrators of Sweden wore, before Vasa formed it into a kingdom. In front of the throne several persons of grave and solemn demeanour, and who appeared to be judges, were seated before a table, on which were seen several large folio volumes and some parchments. Between the throne and the assembly-benches, there was a block of wood, covered with black crape, and near by lay an axe.

No one in this supernatural assembly showed any sign of perceiving the presence of Charles and the three persons that accompanied him. On their entering they heard at first only a confused murmur, in which the ear could not catch any articulate words; then the oldest of the black-robed judges—he that appeared to exercise the functions of president—rose and struck three times with his hand on an open book before him. Immediately there was a deep silence. Some young men of fine appearance, richly dressed, and with their hands bound behind their backs, entered the hall by a door opposite to that which Charles had just opened. They walked with heads erect and assured looks. Behind them a stout man, dressed in a close coat of brown leather, held the ends of the cords which bound their hands. He that marched first, and seemed to be the most important of the prisoners, stopped in the middle of the hall before the block, which he glanced at with haughty disdain. At the same time the dead body seemed to quiver with a convulsive movement, and the blood flowed fresh and red from the wound. The young man, kneeling down extended his head; the axe glittered in the air, and fell immediately, with a loud noise. A stream of blood gushed forth over the platform and mingled with that of the corpse; and the head, bounding several times over the red-dyed floor, rolled to the very feet of Charles, which were stained with its blood.

Till this moment, surprise had kept him mute, but at this horrible spectacle, "his tongue was unloosed." He stepped toward the platform, and addressing the figure clothed in the mantle of administrator, uttered, boldly, the well-known formula:

"If thou art of God, speak; if of the evil one, leave us in peace."

The phantom answered him slowly, and in a solemn tone:

"King Charles! this blood will not flow during thy reign——"

Here the voice became less distinct.

"But five reigns after. Woe! woe! woe! to the race of Vasa!"

Then the forms of the many people of this astonishing assembly began to grow less defined, and seemed already more like coloured shadows. Soon they disappeared entirely, the fantastic lights died out, and those of Charles and his company shone only upon the old tapestries, gently stirred by the wind. There was still to be heard, for some time, a half-melodious sound, which one of the witnesses compared to the murmur of the wind among the leaves, and another to the sound made by a harp-string when it breaks in tuning the instrument. All agreed as to the duration of the apparition, which they judged to have been about ten minutes.

The black draperies, the severed head, the streams of blood which stained the floor, had all disappeared with the phantoms; only the slipper of Charles kept a red spot, which alone would have sufficed to recall to him the scenes of that night, if they had not been so deeply graven on his memory.

Returning to his cabinet, he had the statement of what he had seen written out; had it signed by his companions, and signed it himself. Whatever measures were taken to conceal the contents of this document from the public, it was, notwithstanding, well known, even during the lifetime of Charles XI. It is still in existence, and no one has ventured to raise any doubts of its authenticity. Its conclusion is remarkable:

"And if what I have just related," says the king, "is not the exact truth, I renounce all hope of a better life which I may have hoped for by any good actions, and especially by my zeal in labouring for the good of my people, and in defending the religion of my ancestors."

Now, whoever recalls the death of Gustavus III., and the sentence of Ankarstroem, his assassin, will find more than one coincidence between that event and the circumstances of this singular prophecy.

The young man, beheaded in the presence of the estates, must have represented Ankarstroem.

The crowned corpse was Gustavus III.

The child was his son and successor, Gustavus Adolphus IV.

Finally, the old man must have been the Duke of Sudermania, uncle of Gustavus IV., who was regent of

* The nobility, the clergy, the burghers, and the peasants.

the kingdom, and ultimately king, after the deposition of his nephew.

A LIFE-PRESERVER.

EVERY one says we have had very severe weather this winter. I take up the report of the Registrar-general, and I find that in consequence he has to record an augmented rate of mortality. The *Observer* of January 20 says,—"The deaths in the metropolis during the last fortnight have been more than 700 above the average for the past ten years. The old especially have suffered. Many aged people who might, humanly speaking, have survived for some years, have been cut off with terrible suddenness. The returns of the Registrar-general, when they come to be analysed, will show a greater number of sudden deaths than have, perhaps, ever been recorded before in this country. The intense cold, in fact, paralysed the whole system of persons stricken in years. The prevailing causes of death have been pneumonia, congestion of the lungs, and apoplexy. In the City of London the mortality has been excessive. The average number of deaths in the corresponding weeks of previous years have been 67; during the past week the deaths numbered 95, being only seven less than the deaths in the week when the cholera was most fatal in the City of London in 1848. Last Thursday week, when the whole of the metropolis was enveloped in a dense fog, large numbers of persons were struck down as if shot. Dr. Letheby, in his report to the City Commissioners of Sewers, says, 'The quantity of organic vapour, sulphate of ammonia, and finely divided soot in the atmosphere, was unprecedented. It amounted to nearly four grains in the cubic foot of air, and its effect on the eyes and the delicate bronchial membranes was most irritating. This is evidenced by the enormous amount of illness and mortality from acute pulmonary affections. Pneumonia, for example, has risen in the course of the last four weeks from only 1 death in the week to 11, the successive numbers being 1, 2, 5, 11, and bronchitis from 5 to 25.' In the City of London, nevertheless, the cold has not been anything like so severe as in many other parts of the country, where the thermometer has fallen several degrees below zero; and it therefore follows that if a less degree of cold has produced such a fearful increase of mortality, a still greater mortality may be expected where the cold was more intense. An instance of the effect of cold may be mentioned. A gentleman, a few days ago, was met in the street by a friend, who was so much struck by his appearance that he asked him if he was ill. 'No,' was the reply; 'I am quite well, only I should like a little more breath.' His friend insisted upon his going home, and put him into a cab. Arrived at home, he had no sooner laid down than he became delirious, and within twenty-four hours was a corpse. The cold had struck on his lungs, and vital congestion had followed. The average anticipatory number of deaths for the week ending the 12th inst., in the entire metropolis, corrected according to increase of population, was 1365. The actual number was 1707, showing an excess of 342,—an increase almost unparalleled except in the case of such an epidemic as cholera." Deaths from pneumonia, bronchitis, and pthisis, vastly increase. Two classes especially succumb under the unkindly influence of severe weather, the old, whom we love for the past, and the young, for the promise they give of future good. It pains us to part with either. How we miss the grey-haired sire, or the prattling boy,—the mother who watched over our helpless childhood,—or the smiling little lass whom we danced upon our knee, no words of ours can tell. Art and eloquence and all the shows of the world are weak and vain to express a loss that turns their light to shade. Very naturally we ask ourselves, Can we not save such beloved ones? Art can do much; by means of it we ripen in our conservatories tropical plants and flowers. Can art do nothing for human life? Is there no means of shading it from inclement weather? Some of the more wealthy of our fellow-creatures have the remedy in their own hands. At the approach of winter they can fly this northern clime, and at Paris or Madeira can preserve health and retain it to a ripe old age, but the many are not so fortunate, yet in their own estimation and in that of their friends their lives are equally valuable. If we could build glass-houses and insure a genial temperature, the necessities of life forbid their sheltering in them. Science then must seek some means by which the external air may be modified so as to suit the tender frame. Any instrument that can do this is a real life-preserver, and such is the Respirator, originally invented by a medical gentleman of the name of Jeffreys,—a gentleman long resident in India, where he made the influence of climate on the human frame his constant study.

To afford a genial climate to the delicate, Respirators were invented. The outgoing breath, in each act of breathing, carries away a large quantity of warmth and moisture from the lungs, thereby, when they are delicate, chilling, and drying them injuriously. Respirators are a philosophical apparatus which recovers as much of this warmth and moisture from each breath as is wanted, without detaining, at all, the air itself of the impure breath, which is freely voided. This warmth and moisture are given to the fresh entering breath, which then becomes as warm and moist as may be desired, and is thus converted into a genial climate for the lungs. The parts of the instruments are so arranged, such materials are employed, and the workmanship is of such a nature, that full effect is given to the principles in the smallest bulk. This renders them perfectly portable, and therefore the climate they effect is portable. Dr. Jeffreys seeks to convey the outgoing breath over finely divided metallic surfaces. In order to still further purify the air from the smoke and dust of towns, he drew out the metallic conductors into very fine wires; these were placed parallel to each other, so as to form a flat layer, like the perpendicular wires of a wire gauze blind, the cross wires being removed: each respirator being constructed of from ten to twenty such layers forms a delicate sieve, which would, especially when moist, arrest the dust and sooty particles floating in the air. In Dr. Jeffreys's respirator as at present constructed, each of these layers is at a small distance from the others, and there is no metallic connection between

them, so that when in use the warmest layers (those towards the mouth) cannot have their heat conducted to the colder ones situated in front. Each layer, to use the words of the inventor, thus becomes a little isolated magazine of warmth, having its own grade of temperature, and the action of the whole instrument is as follows:—The warm breath as it leaves the mouth heats up the first layer as it passes through, and of course falls in temperature in so doing. It then passes through another layer, which, having no metallic connection with the first, remained colder while it was receiving heat; this second layer being colder than the breath, can take heat from it. In the same way, though the breath has lost this second quantity of heat, it finds the third layer colder than itself, and yields warmth to it; and in the same way through all the succeeding layers. Wonderful cures have been effected by the instrument. Many are the valuable lives it has preserved. Much, very much has been the good achieved. Medical authorities strongly recommend it. Sir B. Brodie, Sir William Burnett, Sir Anthony Carlisle, Dr. Chambers, Sir James Clarke, Sir Charles Clarke, Dr. Conquest, and others, have signed a testimonial in its favour. Of this Life-Preserver, there are three kinds. The Oral Respirator is, and will always be, the form chiefly employed, the mouth being the feature to which may be adapted, with the least projection, an instrument, the acting part of which has surface enough for full effect. Here I must remind the reader that, in the same weather, different invalids require very different climates, according to their degree of delicacy. Also that the same invalid ought not by any means to employ in all weather a Respirator set at the same degree of power. One that in severe weather would yield a climate equal to that of a pleasant summer air, would in milder winter or spring weather give to the atmosphere a tropical degree of warmth, which is much more than is generally needed or desirable. The opportunity, by employing the different powers, of commanding in all weather one equable climate, is an advantage afforded by the Respirator, of no small value, *equability* of temperature being a point of much importance in all pulmonary complaints. By employing a low degree of power in milder weather, and a higher as the weather is colder, the lungs may be given a climate of greater equality than is to be found in any natural one. Hence this Respirator has, from the first, been made of different degrees of power; but as many persons neglected to avail themselves of this, Dr. Jeffreys has had each single instrument, of all the better kinds, so constructed that the acting part shall be in two packets detachable from the mouth-frame; one of these packets yielding a low, and the other a medium power; and the two together, as high a degree of power as most persons are likely to need in any weather.

The Oral Respirator is the one chiefly to be recommended out of doors; and, as already remarked, care must be taken, when wearing this instrument, to breathe in and out through the mouth alone. It is of no moment if some of the breath passes by way of the nostrils; but to whatever extent this occurs, the effect is lessened. By a few days' habit every person may learn to respire by way of the mouth when a Respirator is on.

For persons desirous of an instrument for both the mouth and the nostrils, the Ori-Nasal Respirator has been provided. It is an effective instrument, and well suited for use within doors and in sleep, but the appearance is against the employment of it out of doors, and it does not sit quite so comfortably on the face as the Oral.

The Nasal Respirator is intended for use within doors only. As its name implies, this is an instrument for the nose alone. Being constructed of perforated silver plates, it is not quite equal in effect to the Oral, but it has abundant power for in-door use. It is of especial value at night. Throughout the whole of a severe winter, a person delicate in the chest was able to occupy a bed-room so cold that water frequently froze in it. Though the fire was never lighted, he passed the winter through without a single attack of cold. The Nasal Respirator was put on before undressing, sometimes before leaving the warm room, and was not removed until after rising in the morning. The power of this Respirator is variable in any degree by varying the number of the plates singly.

The last form to notice is the Hand Respirator. Dr. Jeffreys says, "I contrived this instrument for persons not so delicate as to require a fixed Respirator. Having ascertained by many trials, that in the case of those who are not very delicate, a transient removal of the Respirator out of doors is not any more injurious than a transient passage from one room to another, and very far less so than continued exposure without any Respirator, I have ventured on the introduction of a Hand Respirator for such purposes. Though I would always prefer that the Oral should be worn by the very delicate, it is right to mention that the Hand Respirator has carried persons, much too delicate to use none, throughout successive winters in health, though they were daily out of doors." Surely the reader will agree with us in thinking that Dr. Jeffreys has indeed devised a Life-Preserver, by means of which we may guard those whom we love from the cold, bleak blasts of our northern clime.

A MIDNIGHT MEETING.

My readers may be aware that last winter and this many what are called Midnight Meetings have been held. I have just come from one. All the world knows that some earnest men have set themselves to work to reclaim women who have fallen into sin and shame. Men are bad from many ways—from want, from will, from ignorance, from recklessness—some from the mere love of change, and others from temptation coming at once and almost impossible to resist. Women similarly are bad. Some of these causes we can remove, and in so doing save the woman who has sinned against her own soul and the welfare of society at large. To tell the poor thing who prostitutes herself for a bit of bread that you can give her that and a home besides is a sure way of reclaiming her. The devil holds out his baits, why should not you hold yours? Some poor women never had a chance of doing right. They were born in

shame, and have led lives of shame. Why not give such a chance of becoming decent and respectable?

I need not describe midnight in the Haymarket. From casinos, and supper-rooms, and music-halls, and theatres, and coffee-houses, and streets of doubtful reputation—from far and near have assembled a crowd the like of which for license, and disorder, and shameless impudence you can find nowhere else in Europe. Gin-shops, and divans, and oyster-rooms pour forth a flood of light on the ever-shifting scene. In this laughing, drinking, chaffing, quarrelling crowd you see now and then an elderly gentleman of almost clerical appearance distributing what appear to be letters done up in envelopes. You observe he only presents them to the female portion of this Vanity Fair mob. Strange is the effect of this apparently harmless epistle. Some girls tear it up, some laugh, some accept it thankfully, some refuse it with scorn. See, a gentleman has persuaded a couple of girls to accompany him. We follow him, and find ourselves in the interior of one of the most fashionable of London restaurants. There are not many people here yet. On the numerous tables around are tea-cups and plates, and cake and bread and butter. Waiters are present with huge pots of coffee. A few girls are seated at different tables, and, while they are partaking of refreshment, are chatting with a few ladies and gentlemen connected with the movement. We can guess what they are talking about, and this I take to be the hardest part of the night's work. It requires an uncommon amount of delicacy and tact. Let us hope those present have the requisite delicacy and tact. It is not enough to mean well. If good meaning could save the world, society would have been regenerated long ere this. One or two clergymen are present, but they sit quiet and apart. One of them will presently deliver an address. He, it may be, is now thinking it over. I cannot believe, however, it would be less appropriate if he would just walk about the room and enter into conversation with some of the guests. Let me name him with honour. He was a chaplain to the Queen, and he is of aristocratic descent. His father was an English peer, and he himself was one of the leaders of the evangelical clergy in the Church of England. Yet he gave up his status and became a hardworking Baptist minister in a chapel not far from the Foundling Hospital, simply because conscience dictated such a step. Well may he ask the young women around him to fly the allurements of the world—if such there be to them—(not many of them seem to have been very successful in their calling)—and return to duty and to God. Let us suppose an hour has past away; the room has become very full; a great deal of eating and drinking and talking is going on. A change, too, has come over the assembly. The girls look more at home and more interested, very different to the appearance they presented in the Haymarket an hour ago. Some are evidently very weary, and wish themselves away, but the majority receive the invitation in the spirit in which it was given. A few look saucy and flippant, and one or two are evidently the worse for drink. We have here all ages and conditions—some evidently very battered and beaten and worn, and some but have just commenced what in bitter irony may be termed their gay career. Oh! some of them still think of home, still remember a father's care, and still feel on them the soft pressure of a mother's love. Look on that young one weeping; surely she cannot long have trodden the Haymarket stones; surely she cannot long have bid good-bye to home. Surely, on this winter night, a mother yet may be listening at the cottage door, and saying to herself, "My Rose, the child of my old age, will she not come back to me now?" Mother, rejoice, the good Samaritan has picked up your poor girl, and is already on his way with her. They do say the devil, when he plays with man or woman for his soul, is sure to cheat them. Poor deluded ones around me, in faded finery, and with cheeks red with rouge, has he not cheated you? You were allured by money and gay attire—you have not either. Love tempted you, and you fell, and have lost that. Indolence tempted you, and you fell; an Egyptian bondage is preferable to yours. Or ambition tempted you, and you fell—fell so that the merest peasant maid is a lady, and leads a royal life, compared with you. I am aware much is to be said on your behalf,—that many who scorn you would be no better, had they to live as you did. When one sees how female labour is remunerated, one wonders not that so many girls go astray, but that so many are honest. Look at the great employers of labour in London,—ask them what they pay their female hands. Go to the best-known of such—the men who are the ornaments of religious societies, whose names figure in lists of donations and subscriptions to charitable objects for large sums—who keep holy the sabbath, and outwardly avoid the appearance of evil, and you will find that they give to the women in their employ, wages on which they cannot decently live. They are right I know according to the modern gospel—they do as all do now-a-days, buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market. But have they or any masters a right to take the whole time of any man or woman for a remuneration that will scarcely secure bread. Depend upon it, "the social evil," as it is called, is, as regards most women, a mere question of wages, and will cease when female labour is better paid. But time passes on. A gentleman gives out a hymn; they all rise and sing,

"Sinner, why so thoughtless grown,
Why in such dreadful haste to die,
Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
Heedless against thy God to fly?"

A few more verses are sung; a woman near me says she wishes for flash songs; but she has been drinking before she came in, and is evidently here for what she terms a lark. The singing over, the clergyman I have already alluded to—the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel—delivers a short address. It is very solemn, almost too much so. There is no beating about the bush. We are all lost and perishing, he tells us, but some have been saved by grace. Those who are lost, if they died, must be damned; and the question then is, whether those present were prepared for that alternative? I look round, and some women are asleep, and many are inattentive. In a few minutes Mr. Noel ceases to be theological, and touches on subjects of human interest. He speaks less of abstractions, and more of living flesh and blood. He deals in personal narrative. He tells





PEASANT CHILDREN.—GAINSBOROUGH.

anecdotes of such as they whose hearts had been suddenly touched and whose lives suddenly amended by listening to the gospel offer of salvation. None sleep, and very few are inattentive now. When he last addressed them, said the reverend gentleman, there was a woman in that room who had accepted the rescue offered her and become a Christian woman, and he loved her as such. Mr. Radcliffe had been lecturing to such as they at Edinburgh, and wonderful conversions had been made. Mr. Weaver, now preaching at the Surrey Theatre, had been in a similar manner successful. They had told Mr. Noel anecdotes, which he repeated. Such was the address, lasting about half an hour, delivered in a simple and earnest and affectionate manner. At the conclusion prayer was offered up, another hymn was sung, and an intimation was then made that those who liked to go were at liberty to do so, and that if any liked to remain they would receive a kindly welcome, and be provided with a home. A home! what a magic there is in the term! It has charms for some there. Back to the world of riot without—to laugh, and drink, and die—the most go; but some stop to be garnered up, and cared for, and saved, sinners though they be. Sinners, I say, but not sinners at whom we may cast stones, not sinners to be held up to reproach whilst we reverence and do honour to far bigger sinners every day. The sweetest page in all the Gospel story is that which tells of Mary Magdalene, which tells how

> "She sat and wept, and with her untressed hair
> Still wiped the feet she was so blest to touch;
> And He wiped off the soiling of despair
> From her sweet soul because she loved so much."

And the Marys in that room had heard of her, and were evidently trusting to do the same.

PEASANT CHILDREN.

We give our readers an engraving, by Mr. W. J. Linton, of one of Gainsborough's most celebrated pictures. No one understood peasant life better, or painted it more naturally, than did Gainsborough. As a child he was familiar with it. The Suffolk peasantry are the most genuine types of the class, and nowhere do you see finer boys and girls than the little rustics, many of them born to a life of toil, of which happily in childhood they have no idea. Worthy Mr. Timbs gives us some amusing anecdotes relative to Gainsborough. The following, perhaps, may seem to come within the category of "strange, if true:"—"When Gainsborough was living at Ipswich, one day seeing a country fellow with a slouched hat looking wistfully over his garden wall at some windfall pears, he caught up a piece of board, and painted him so faithfully, that, the figure being shaped out, and set upon a wall in a gentleman's garden at Ipswich, induced many persons to speak to that *melancholy-looking man*." On his celebrated picture of "Girls and Pigs," which was purchased by Sir Joshua, an observant agricultural critic is said to have remarked, "They be deadly like pigs, but nobody ever saw pigs feeding together but what one of 'em had a foot in the trough." The marvellous fidelity of Gainsborough's sea-pieces would have alone been sufficient to insure his reputation as one of the greatest representatives of the English School of Art. "In the Exhibition of 1781," writes Walpole, "he had two pieces of land and sea, so free and natural, that one stept back *for fear of being splashed*." We may add, that we find there is only one picture of Gainsborough's in all Suffolk, and that is at Mr. Tomlin's, Orwell Park. What are the people of Ipswich thinking about? They have a lane leading along the Orwell called "Gainsborough;" but the best memorial of an artist is his works.

JOSEPH SMITH'S FIRST BOX OF CIGARS; OR, AT HOME BY CHRISTMAS.

Joseph Smith had learned to smoke before he went to Germany: smoking had been one of his preparatory studies. Grammar he had pursued at his father's request—cigar smoking he had acquired at his master's.

"Do you smoke?" had been one of the first questions put to him by Mr. Schmidt; for by a strange coincidence, if we may so call it, Joseph Smith's German master's name was Schmidt.

"No, sir," had been Joseph's answer.

"Oh, I dare say you do though, only you do not like your father to know it; but young people should not do anything underhand."

"Papa don't mind it a bit, and often says so; but I don't like it. It is true I get cigar-money from mamma, for she says it is off-hand and gentlemanly for a young man in my age to smoke; but I don't like it, that 's a fact."

"It is a very remarkable one, how comes it?"

"Well, I see no fun in it," said Joe.

"Fun! my dear sir! we don't smoke for fun. Smoking is a very serious thing. Do you think I should ever have learned English if I had not first learned to smoke?"

"Why not?" was the pupil's inquiry.

"Why not? because it would have been impossible, even for a German; but further I cannot explain now. Come—will you take a cigar, and begin your linguistic studies?"

"Well, if you will let me take it home and try alone. Do you think it will help me to learn German?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Then I shall try."

And Joseph did try—learning to smoke, as we have said, before he came to Germany; but up to the time our story commences he had found the art a most serious affair. He no more liked it than he liked German grammar, but his father, who, by-the-by, was a respectable business gentleman in the city, one of the rising class, had assured him that German was a fine thing for a man now-a-days, and useful in the world of business as in the world of fashion; so his mother had for ever been descanting on the fact that all real gentlemen smoked.

"Your father," she would say, "has risen a step or

two in the world,—you must rise another step or two. German, and business, and such things, are well enough, but we must have an eye to other things—we must n't neglect externals."

So Joe, wishing, if possible, to unite the intellectual and the fashionable, learned smoking with his right hand, and German grammar with his left, his head and his heart having little to do with either.

In the year 18—, then, Mr. J. Smith made his first appearance in that venerable antique Hanse Stadt which lies on the Weser, and is seldom visited by any persons who travel for objects more or less important than those of merchandise. A friend of Smith's father having some knowledge of the place had recommended it as a town in which German studies might be prosecuted, and thither the young man was despatched. A strange old town; a little severe, perhaps, but very venerable—not modern at all, except in a few new streets, yet a town to be respected, and at one or two points to be admired. Joe ran through the straggling streets on the day after his arrival, gazed at the old high houses with the lofty gables and queer ornamentations, tried to find out which were shops and which were private houses, wondered where the men of business lived, and made many reflections on the number of inhabitants, size of the town, and use of gables, till, after a time, his day-dreams vanished at the sight of something stranger than all he had yet observed.

He saw affixed to the front of a house a large board, with very queer figures painted on it. At first he imagined it might be the ancient characters of the language, or, perhaps, some special Hanseatish way of saying or writing something; but going nearer he found out the meaning of the signs. This strange thing was a painted bundle of cigars, and that was a box; this was a very fine Havannah, and that a couple of Domingos.

While staring at these pictures of cigars, boxes, and bundles, he began to think of his mother, and as he knew how much she had wished him to learn the graceful art, his conscience began to smite him. For a week before he left London he had not touched a cigar, to keep himself in order for the voyage. On that voyage across the inconstant, giddy North Sea it is needless to remark that he had—not exactly other fish to fry, but—well, let that pass. Joe Smith is in the Hanse Stadt, standing before the picture, trying to forget the rolling waves, and to remember the injunctions of father, mother, and master. The weather was fine, the wind of October was blowing—for in October he had come; most likely he was in the neighbourhood of a cigar shop, why should he delay his studies longer? With this thought he entered the door nearest the large board, and found that he had indeed not been mistaken, he was on the threshold of a cigar shop; but he had come in too quickly, and a difficulty unthought of in his haste was before him. His German studies, never very diligently pursued, were not likely to avail him much now; his master was no longer there to prompt him. With a cigar in his mouth he might remember the necessary words, but without a cigar he felt it impossible, for, as Mr. Schmidt had said, "Smoking was a very great help in learning." Joe stood now in the shop, trying to remember, but, alas! the sight he next saw made him forget all; he stood there rooted to the spot, now looking at the real boxes of cigars, and now at the beautiful face of a girl who sat there behind the counter. Joe afterwards said that very, very old remembrances out of Latin and Latin books then darted into his brain, something that being translated would express that he did n't know whether it was goddess or woman. But she spoke, and most probably said,

"Was wünchen Sie, mein Herr?"

"I—I—I," stammered Joe.

"What wish you, sir?" said the girl.

"Ah! you speak English!" exclaimed Joe enthusiastically, and then stopped very short, as if he, in spite of himself, had made a great mistake; but at last he did the most foolish thing possible—he tried his German!

"Ik—Ik—" but he could positively get no further, and was very glad to see the young lady place a small box of cigars before him, out of which Joe began to help himself very deliberately, in fact, quite at random—though making believe to eye them as a connoisseur—now taking out one and looking at it sharply, then laying it on the counter, and giving a glance equally searching at the beautiful face that observed him from the other side. At last, after having chosen about a dozen of the worst cigars in the box, with by chance a couple of tolerable ones, Joe pointed to them, and then drawing out his portemonnaie, handed it to the lady of the counter. What was Joe's surprise to see the young lady take out of his purse one silver coin only, and give him in return a number of smaller silver pieces. Why, cigars must be as cheap as dirt, thought Joe. This, however, was all, for a summary proceeding followed. The fair girl, taking from his hand the cigars he had with such careful ignorance selected, she looked at them a moment, broke one in halves, threw two under the counter, replaced the rest in the box, then taking another box herself chose a few cigars, which, even to Joe's inexperienced eyes, were far more beautiful in form and colour than the first, and having wrapped them carefully in a neat fold of blue paper, offered them to the astonished youth. He took it all passively, making, however, a rapid generalisation in his own mind, and resolving to write an account of the transaction in his next letter, as an instance of German methods of doing business. How should he know—how could he possibly guess that he, a perfect stranger, had found favour in the girl's eyes, and made already a capital bargain! He took the cigars, one he lighted—the rest he pocketed; one fervid glance he cast at the damsel, the rest of his thoughts and looks he gave to the shop-door, his hat, and to the sign-board, but it is to be feared, from what afterwards occurred, that such thoughts and looks were of a very desultory character.

"Who in the world is that fellow?" said a young man in good English, who entered as Smith went out.

"How should I know?" said the girl, who is for the future christened Cherry; "some Englishman like yourself, when you first came."

"Ah! what was I when I first came?"

"Rather green, sir."

"Well, you of the fair sex are too sharp for our innocent race. He looked a little shy, but he was rather a good-looking fellow, and you, Cherry, are enough to make a prince look shy."

"No compliments, sir, I do n't want them. I say the fellow was exceedingly green. Only think—in return for half a dozen abominable cigars, which he chose from a box kept here expressly for the Shusterjunger, for the schoolboys, and such small fry, he presented me with a purseful of gold and silver. What a lark, if I had kept it."

"You might have done so, Cherry, and rallied him afterwards on his greenness, as you call it."

"But I did n't, I have other plans. Do you love England, Mr. Lefevre?"

"What a sudden change of the subject!"

"Not a bit of it; but if you do n't like it, tell me what you do. What do you want?"

"What I want? Now, Cherry, that is too bad! How can you ask me that. Here by your counter I have stood for six weeks! Have n't I, at any time of the day? Have n't I bought all the cigars you recommended me, good, bad, or abominable? Have n't I done anything you wished, gone away at a moment's warning, brought you good customers? Oh! I say, Cherry, may n't I come to that side?"

Cherry was very stern all at once. "Stay there, sir, or I shall ring the shop-bell for my uncle."

"Always inexorable! Cherry, why are you not pitiful?"

"Mr. Lefevre, I cannot help your coming here."

"Do you wish it, Cherry? Would you banish me?"

"For two reasons, No; you are a countryman, and you can at times be reasonable and sensible."

"There now, Cherry, that is good of you. What can I do, to show my gratitude?"

"Find out who that stranger is, I have a great curiosity to know."

"Oh! that is easily done," said Lefevre, and also left the shop.

Lefevre, in his zeal to serve Cherry, did one of the most foolish things in the world, for he went to the police-office and inquired if a young Englishman had lately come to the town. The police answered that they had not in the last two weeks received information, "but what of that? people were negligent, people must be hunted out. It was strange that citizens would go against regulations. Police would instantly inquire at all hotels and boarding-houses, and soon learn whether any stranger could have the impertinence to be residing in the well-regulated state, without permission of the higher powers." And with this answer Lefevre was obliged to content himself, and to withdraw.

Meantime Joe was on his way through the streets trying to arrive at his boarding-house, but what with the intricacies of the route, the fumes of his cigar, and the thoughts of the beautiful girl, he contrived to lose his way most perfectly, and was at last obliged, on coming to a stand for Drotschy's, to take one, to hand the driver his card with the name of his street, and to let himself be taken home. After many turnings up this street and down that, Joe was set down at the right door, but it was getting late. The dinner hour was near, all the rest of his companions in the boarding-house were at home for the early German dinner, and several of them crowded round eager to hear where he had been and what he had seen.

Joe was staying at a boarding-house, according to an arrangement made by his mother's and not by his father's wish. "A boarding-house," said Mr. Smith, senior, "where young men of all sorts, and of all nations and ages and characters, live together, is not quite the place for any young man, and certainly not for Joe—who has never been to a public school, and has little experience in the world."

"He must get it," said the mother; "my boy must see something of life now. He is too much like his father as it is, and wants something of my spirit."

"Well, let it be so," said Mr. Smith, and his dear partner had written to a friend, who knew some one who had once had a son living in that old town in which Joe was to spend the winter. So it was that the young man had first got into this boarding-house, and now found himself surrounded by a group of Germans, Spaniards, and Frenchmen. Most of them spoke a little English or French, and as Joe also knew his dozen phrases of German, they managed to discourse together.

"What is the matter, Smith?" said one of them.

"I have been out?"

"So have I, but I do not look so down-hearted as you do."

"Do I look glum?" said Joe; "well, I suppose I do. I have been smoking and lost my way."

"Smoking! Oh, what will mamma say?" asked a young man who had been in England.

"What will mamma say! what will papa say? what foolery, and I must repeat it a hundred times. My mother gives me special cigar money, and my father at least don't mind it."

"But why so glum then?"

"It will out," said Joe, "I have seen a girl, a beautiful girl."

Now there followed a volley of questions. Where was it? What was she like? Where did she live? Had she blue ribbons in her hair? cried one, or red? cried another, and a gold brooch? Was she tall with light hair, or short with brown eyes."

"No! No!" said Joe, and felt quite vexed at having so easily betrayed himself. "No! indeed I do not know in the least what she is like, and, what is more, I have lost my way, and don't know where she lives."

"Was she German, or English, at least you know that? There is an English girl in one of the shops not far from the market."

"Why, she was German of course," said Joe, "for she spoke a few words of English, but spoke quite wrong."

"What did she say?"

"Oh! I do n't know: do n't bother me!"

"Do n't plague him," said one satirically. "He is in deep trouble, he has lost heart, head, and way altogether."

At this there was a laugh. Dinner was announced, and this scene closes.

It was on the afternoon of that day that Joe's landlady was a little startled, and Joe too for that matter, by an emissary of the police. Conscience-stricken the good lady acknowledged that Mr. Joseph Smith, a gentleman of some nineteen or twenty years, had already been lodging nearly a week in her house, and she having so much to do, and to think of, she said, had

quite forgotten to tell him how absolutely necessary it was to go to the police to get the permission to reside there.

"Well," said the emissary in a decided but not rude tone, "here is the summons, you or some gentleman, some friend of yours, must appear with this Englishman to-morrow before the authorities, and there get things set to rights.

"That we will certainly do," said the lady, and as soon as the officer was gone, entered into every explanation with Joe, half in English, half in German, showing what, and how, and why, such police arrangements were necessary.

"I think it is very likely," said the lady, "that they will not allow you to stay here now for more than one month, but I shall get my friend Mr. Meyer to go with you, and we will see what can be done."

Joe was glad to be free from this long conversation at last, and saying he wished to go out for a walk, went out, but again alone. He determined to search very carefully for the cigar shop. He knew it could not be very far from his lodgings. He remembered the large sign-board, and he hoped by searching in many of the neighbouring streets, and by returning ever and anon to the market-place, to find at last all he wanted. All in vain! He saw many sign-boards, he even went into one or two shops, which he tried to hope might be the right one, and bought several parcels of bad cigars, but twilight came on, and at last he hastened home to his boarding-house, which he this time found without difficulty.

The next morning he would have renewed the search, but soon after breakfast the landlady reminded him of the police, and then Mr. Meyer came, and then, as it so often goes in life, instead of a pursuit of the beautiful and ideal, and an excursion in dreamland, he had to buffet with the excessive prosaic, with the annoyances of a foreign police bureau. Mr. Joseph was asked a dozen questions, one after the other, like a school-boy. Was he rich or was he poor? Had he a father, had he a mother? Why did he come there? Why did n't he keep at home? Had he been long in the Hanse Town? Did he mean to stay much longer? Had he any friends in the town? Had he, in fact, any sort of manner of business there, of any sort or kind? It must be said, and rather in Joe's favour, that after the first minute or two, he did n't feel half so much afraid in the police bureau as in the cigar shop, not nearly so shy before the senator (for a live senator was on duty) as before the beautiful cigar seller. He even began to get a little impertinent, and was once on the point of saying "What the devil is that to you?" in answer to the various questions put, when a final one and a more serious one, seeming to contain the pith of all, really startled him. "Mr. Smith, have you a passport?" Now poor Joe knew he was at fault. He had indeed heard of such things, but he as well as his mother and father had quite neglected it, the old German master having said that in the free Hanse town of the north it was not necessary. Here was a fix. By instinct Joe drew out his purse, and at the same time threw an appealing glance at his friend Mr. Meyer, who had all the time kept very quiet and still, a little awed in the presence of a senator. "He is a friend of mine, your worship. I will answer for his perfect respectability." "You are a good citizen, Mr. Meyer, we take your word. The young man can deposit something for a residence card, but you must know that it is an unheard-of thing for a young man, a foreigner too, to live here away from his family without a passport. We will, as a very great favour, grant him permission till Christmas."

"They grant you permission till Christmas," said Mr. Meyer.

"Then I suppose I must walk my chalks," said Joe.

"What is that?" said Mr. Meyer, as soon as they were outside of the room.

"Well, I cannot translate it into German," replied the youth, "I am not quite far enough yet."

On the steps of the police-office, in the Hanse, Joe parted with one friend and gained another, for Mr. Meyer, saying that he must now go to his own buisness, went away, and at the same moment a young man, whom Joe instantly recognized, came up, and much to his surprise shook him by the hand and addressed him in good English. This was Mr. Lefevre, who had been to Cherry to relate about his visit to the police, and his inquiries after Joe. Cherry had scolded Lefevre for his thoughtlessness, but promised to forgive on condition that he should go and search for Joe, make his apologies, and bring him to buy some more cigars.

To avoid all misconception of Cherry's character, it may as well be mentioned at once that she was an orphan, that she lived with her uncle, that he was much attached to her, and took the greatest care of her, that having already seen something of the world, she had attained to a certain strength of character and energy of purpose that might make her at first appear a little unfeminine, but gave her no pretension to belonging to the emancipated, that at present her ruling passion was love to her native country, to England, which she had only left a few years previous to Joe's visit, and her chief desire was to go back to that country and spend her life there, if so it might be.

So much being understood, it is easier to introduce Joe to her again, and to hear what goes on in the little shop.

One of Joe's first remarks was to his new acquaintance.

"You call this young lady Cherry, do you? that is not fair."

"It is not fair," she said, "I have told him so a dozen times."

"And what shall I call you, then?"

"My name is Smith."

"Your name is Smith?" said Joe; "what a wonderful coincidence!"

"It is a common name," said Lefevre.

"Well, Cherry is prettier than Smith," said Joe.

"There now, that is what I always say," exclaimed Lefevre.

"Call me what you like," said Cherry, "but what do you want this morning?"

Joe now chose, at Cherry's recommendation, some cigars of a very fine quality, and only thinking how to please her, ordered a very large box of them, and they were to be sent that evening to his lodgings: then having lingered as long as he possibly could in that

fascinating company, left the shop, and soon after parted with his new acquaintance, but not till they had appointed to meet soon again.

This time Joe went home in high spirits, though when he thought of the large box of cigars, it occurred to him that he had done an extremely foolish thing, as they would last him till Christmas at least, and he should now have no excuse for going to visit Cherry. After mature deliberation, as he did n't like to go back and refuse the cigars, he determined to give them away. Mr. Meyer had been kind to him, a little present would be polite, nay, absolutely the necessary thing. Lefevre too was very friendly; besides, all his companions in the boarding-house smoked,—yes, he would give his cigars away.

By the time he had reached his boarding-house he was quite resolved on this point, and had his thoughts tolerably clear and free to read and reflect on three letters which were waiting for him, which will not, however, be given here, though the contents must be briefly narrated.

In the first of these Mrs. Smith told her son that she supposed he would by Christmas be perfect master of the German language, as by that time he would have been nearly four months in Germany, that she hoped to see him at Christmas, that she missed him very much, that she often saw Mr. Schmidt, his former German master, who came to inquire after him, and had also written a letter to be enclosed with hers, that Joe's cousin and old friend, Miss Jones, would spend the Christmas week and the first month of the new year in the house of Joe's father and mother, that as Joe was now a man, and Miss Jones had good private property, it was very desirable that Joe should see more of her; in fact, the purport of the letter was to express the mother's natural desire that her son should be back by Christmas.

Mr. Schmidt wrote to Joe about a doctor's degree. An odd thing, as Joe thought, but Joe was to have no great trouble about it; only if Mr. Schmidt should forward a mass of written material, would Joe send it on to the university of Jena? receiving also a bill of exchange from his old master, and forwarding money also to the said university.

"Would Joe do that for his old master?" Of course he would. "Would Joe do his old master another favour, and not come home at Christmas? he would indeed miss the pleasure of seeing Miss Jones, but what was that to the pleasure of learning German? besides, it could not be denied that the lady was past thirty."

Mr. Smith, the father, wrote on business. "Did Joe want money yet? Did he think he could ever find out anything of an uncle, a brother of Mr. Smith's, who had, on account of a family quarrel, left England some years ago, gone to Germany, and never been heard of since? Did Joe like Germany, and make progress in the language? It would be pleasant to meet at Christmas, but if the son had not made the necessary progress, the father would have to send him back again early in the new year, for, at all events, Joe must turn out a more learned man than his father, and not be for ever dependant on others, when in the course of business German letters arrived, in their extensive corn and grain trade." Such was the tenour of the three letters, and Joe had enough to think about for some hours.

We return to Cherry. What Cherry thought, and what Cherry did, when Joe and Lefevre left her, would so much surprise and astonish the English young lady of high moral principle, that we hesitate to relate it, and yet the truth must be told. She was, to put it in the mildest light, extremely interested for Joe. There was something in him different from most of the strangers who bought her cigars, and the distant possibility of returning to England so excited her imagination, that in fact she did what she did. In Germany friends give presents to friends at Christmas or at New Year, and every one is busy long before Christmas preparing some pretty thing or other for some chosen friend. Now Cherry had already been working a toy-tree, a lilliputian copy of a Christmas tree, which was to be ornamented with knicknacks, enclosed in a box, and sent at Christmas to a girl of Cherry's acquaintance. The thought occurred to Cherry to send, as if by mistake, this tree enclosed in a cigar box to Joe, nor did she hesitate long. Of an afternoon she had few customers, and her uncle usually left the room up-stairs in which he worked to go and drink coffee and read the papers in a room at some distance. It was Cherry's time. She despatched the errand boy on a variety of small commissions, and set about her own affairs. The little tree itself was quite ready, she had but to put on a bit of gold paper here, and silver paper there, to roll up a bit or two of tobacco in the shape of cigar, and tie it on, the thing would do. One or two things were added not at first intended, and one or two left out which she had not yet provided, but the tree looked very pretty, and as a last thought she wrote a little scroll with the words "a merry Christmas," and fastened it to the top. She found a piece of metal, which she tied to the foot of the tree as a stand, and to make the box heavy. One thing more she wished to do, and could not decide for a long time, and this was to hang on two little toy rings, which she had found in a drawer. Even this was at last done; the tree was laid in the box, the cover was fastened on, and in the evening the box was sent to Joe.

"Miss Cherry," said Joe, next day, "there is a great mistake."

"Indeed," said Cherry, "looking very innocent."

"Yes, there were no cigars in the box you sent me."

"No cigars?" said Cherry, "why, there ought to have been five hundred, it was a half-mille chest."

"There were no cigars though, but a very pretty little artificial tree with little trinkets, and make-believe cigars."

"Heavens!" said Cherry, "the boy surely didn't bring you the wrong box?"

"It is the right one if you will let me pay for it. It is a thing that will please my mother wonderfully, and as I go home at Christmas I shall take it to her."

"Oh, please now," Mr. Smith, said Cherry, "if you like it, please accept it; it is a foolish thing, and you ought to have it, for my making such a stupid mistake. I was making a tree for a little present to a distant relation of my uncle's, and no doubt it was taken wrong. You shall have the cigars this evening. I can make another tree for my friend. There is no hurry about that."

"Well," thought Joe, "I will keep it, and find out how to give her something in return;" but he said very dryly, "Well, it is true I ought to have it, as you made the mistake, so I will keep it, but do n't send the cigars. I shall smoke them here, let me have one now. You see my father wants me to learn German in a great hurry, so I shall come and talk to you."

From this time Joe went every day to smoke his cigars in Cherry's shop, and made great progress in smoking, if he did not in learning German, and yet even in that he fancied he was succeeding, as Lefevre had recommended him to a young German scholar to take lessons with, and our hero went regularly twice a week to see him. In Cherry's company, the German words would not come out, but they had many very interesting conversations in English. Joe was quite astonished to hear her talk. "Goethe, Schiller, and the Classics, how did the girl know it all?"

"Well," she said, "her uncle was an intelligent man, and Joe must see him some day; that he had taken great care of her, had her well taught, and she had come so far, that she hoped some day—if her uncle would consent, and most likely he would, for he was thinking of marrying—to go back to England, there to become a governess." It was after one such conversation that Joe, not exactly knowing the extent of the order he was giving, went one day to a bookseller's and asked for certain books, English and German. The bookseller had n't all just then at hand, but would send them that evening, and, in fact, that very day Joe found his little room turned into a library,—Goethe in twenty volumes, Schiller in twelve, Jean Paul in as many, and half-a-dozen slighter productions sent for inspection. Joe kept them all, besides the five volumes of Byron which he had expressly ordered for Cherry, Byron being almost the only English author he knew.

Not many days after Lefevre came to him,—"Do you know what they begin to call you?"

"Not I," said Joe, "nor do I care."

"Der verrückte Engländer."

"What's that?"

"Crazy."

"And why, pray? What do I do?"

"It is not exactly what the Englishman does," said Lefevre, "but how he does it, that gains him, and now gains you, this title. Everything is done so wilfully, so zealously. You think of Germany and rush here without a passport. You fall in love with the first pretty girl you see. You pay a master handsomely, and learn next to nothing. You walk in the street smoking in such a ridiculous way that the very boys observed that you are a foreigner and a learner. With the notion of killing two birds with a stone you go to church *regularly*, an unheard-of thing in this town. You talk too loud in the theatre; and now, to finish all, you have bought a mass of books you cannot read. What are they all? Lessing, Goethe, Herder, Schiller; and you send Byron to a girl in a cigar shop. Besides, you have drunk brandy in a restaurateur's, and no gentleman ever does that here. What will you do next?"

"Well," said Joe, "Cherry said she liked the flute, I think I shall learn it."

"If you care the least for Cherry, give up the thought."

"I certainly do care for her, and I shall take her home at Christmas."

"My dear fellow! now you are crazy, I think."

"Not a bit of it! She is a pretty girl, a clever girl, and a good girl."

"She is honest and good, I know," said Lefevre, "and therefore I seldom go to see her now. I can't get on with a girl who is too strict about trifles."

"What do you call trifles?"

"We can't go into that again. Only that 's no trifle, to think seriously of a girl, and to talk of taking her back with you. What will papa and mamma say?"

"There it goes again! Well, let me tell you how it is; Cherry's uncle has perfect confidence in me, and has given his consent so far that Cherry, escorted by me, shall go to England, to seek a situation, as a governess, and be introduced to my father and mother. I half think that Cherry is my own relation. A brother of my father's came long ago to Germany, and has been for some years unheard of. I never heard the right of the story, but we shall find it out. If it is so, all is right. Cherry will be my wife,—and she will be my wife at all events, for trust me to get over my mother, and as to my father, he has always said I shall do as he has done, choose my own girl and marry the woman I love."

To such a long speech Lefevre had nothing to reply.

The weeks passed on, Christmas approached, and serious preparations were made for the journey. Cherry's uncle often spoke to Joe in broken English, and Joe to Cherry's uncle in broken German, about Cherry, and yet they came to a very good understanding. The uncle would write by post to Joe's father, and would send with Cherry one or two old trinkets, which might help to prove any relationship that might exist between Cherry and Joe. She was to be introduced as a future governess in some English family, but the uncle understood that Joe was in love, and had the greatest confidence in Cherry. A girl schooled as she had been, would be wise and no fool; besides, in winter the sea would be very rough, and Joe and Cherry far too sea-sick to be at all sentimental. Meantime the "old folks at home" and Joe's master had written again, and all went merry as a marriage bell. Miss Jones had arrived, and she and the German, Mr. Schmidt, were already preparing a very splendid Christmas tree. The doctor's title had come from Jena, and the money for it had been sent from London, by Mr. Schmidt, who had written, or got written, his Latin Essay. The only thing that would n't get on at all was Joe's German. "It is n't in me," would Joe say, "and it won't come out."

Lessing, Goethe, and Schiller were no more to him than the flute on which he could n't play. Smoking, however, was very easy, and spending money easier still. His father gave him hints, now and then, but his mother said that her son was a gentleman, and must live and spend like one. There is no time to moralize, and the story has no moral. So things go in the world, and all that we have to do is to relate the end of Joe's adventure, to light up the Christmas tree, and so bring about the catastrophe, which was indeed such as might have been expected.

In the country-house of Mr. Smith, sen., there was a

pleasant scene on Christmas Eve. Joe was expected, and preparations were made to give him a welcome, partly English, partly German. Father and mother were sitting in the comfortable drawing-room, talking about their boy, as they still called him, and discussing his future. In the dining-room, Miss Jones and Mr. Schmidt, who had been very busy at the last touches to the tree, were also talking about Joe, but still oftener returning to their own prospects.

"It does n't matter, you know," said Miss Jones, "if my aunt does n't like it, she can't hinder it."

"I should n't like to offend old friends," said Mr. Schmidt, mildly.

"Well, you wo n't offend them in the long run. If Joe comes, as we expect, you will be a doctor by nine o'clock. You said he was to bring the title with him, and if that does n't stop my aunt's mouth, what will? She has a great respect for titles, and thinks a doctor something sublime. Only perhaps she will think it a joke."

"We will soon set her right there."

It was then that the cab drove up, that a ringing was heard at the bell, that a noise was heard in the hall:—but, as before arranged, Mr. Schmidt and Miss Jones did not stir, they were to stop in the dining-room, and on a message from the mother, light up the tree and receive the dear petted boy, as the father sometimes called him,—she would never allow it to be a true title.

So the noise and the bustle, and the talking and laughing, did not move Miss Jones nor Mr. Schmidt, but they went on listening, and then also talking and laughing. One shrill loud scream, however, upset their equanimity. What could it be, and the ringing of the bell, and the servant running? As Miss Jones had her hand on the handle of the dining-room door, a maid-servant wildly pushed it open, burst into the room, and exclaimed, "La! Miss Jones, Mr. Joe has gone and got married, and missus is in a fit!"

"Married!" said Miss Jones, "impossible!"

"Married!" said Mr. Schmidt. "Well, I did n't think it would have come to that." It was quite true though, Joe had married Cherry.

Instead of waiting in the old Hanse town till Christmas, he had left three weeks earlier with Cherry, crossed the sea in a steam vessel in two days, put up at a good hotel in a quiet part of London, got a license, and accomplished the affair without much difficulty. As to the license we will not swear whether it was for the church or whether it was a quiet registrar's office marriage. It matters little, Joe was married. He has often said since, "He thought it best to make quite sure! He saw there would be a scene, and thought the thorough-going way the best." Mr. Smith senior took it all very easy. Indeed, as early as Christmas day he was quite reconciled to Cherry, called her his daughter, and said that though the trinkets were quite unknown to him, and she was just as likely not his niece as his niece, it was all the same to him.

Mrs. Smith was much longer in coming round. It was well for Cherry that the trinkets proved no relationship, else it might have fared still worse for the poor girl. Mr. Smith's niece set over her niece. The worst of all was, it was so aggravating to have her plans disturbed. Now, however, we must say that time has healed all wounds. Doctor Schmidt and Mrs. Schmidt are very welcome visitors at the corn merchant's. Joe is in business with his father; and he has been to Germany once or twice with his wife. Mr. Smith's brother has turned up, and the old quarrel is forgiven, but cannot be quite forgotten, because Cherry always reminds them of it, by her presence, though she has never found out that she is any other relation than daughter-in-law to Joe's father. Joe has never repented of his choice. He often refers to the first Christmas, and the proverb that then occurred to him, "Mother," said he, "the proof of the pudding is in the eating." It was the first smile she gave after the great shock. She had smiled again when Joe opened the box and gave her Cherry's lilliputian tree: but she had looked rather grave when he told the whole story, thanked his mother rather humorously for all her good advice, and affirmed that his dear Cherry had, so to say, come out of his First Box of Cigars.

STAND FAST!

An English Appeal to Freedom's Friends in America.

O BROTHER freemen o'er the sea!
Our English pride—our boast,
You who, when here we name the free,
We love and honour most.
To-day with eager ears and hearts,
With natures strangely stirred,
We hush to hear what from your marts—
Your homesteads, shall be heard.

To-day the war of hell and heaven
Is waged by each of you;
To-day to each of you 'tis given,
To either to be true.
Our English hearts may well be still,
While we this issue bide;
God's hopes and ours will you fulfil,
Or blench from freedom's side.

In many a cause it well may be
Good men their way may miss;
But right and justice now can see
No way but one in this:
Here is no room for paltering doubts,
Each soul must, to its cost,
Weigh well the doom that conscience shouts,
Who wavers here, is lost!

Guides of the present—hopes of earth,
The nations look to you,
Even as their freedom springs to birth,
To learn what freemen do.
Show them, by all that is your fame,
By your free fathers' graves,
Their sons this hour dare not the shame
Of faster fettering slaves.

Those fathers left their homes—their land,
The sea and desert trod,
Because for conscience they must stand,
Must live or die with God.
And you—of you shall it be said,
When of you men shall tell,
"We name them not—they basely fled
From heaven to side with hell."

Draw not one foot back in this strife;
To you is God's voice dumb?
On you depends the more than life
Or death of all to come.
Let the South rage,—the Devil plead
For mercy; men be ye!
But God—but right—but conscience heed,
And stamp the future free!

W. C. BENNETT.

Greenwich, January 18th.

WINTER IN 1861.

Such a winter as we have just experienced we have not known for some time; it has thrown every one into confusion. The rich and the poor have alike suffered, railway accidents have occurred, lives have been lost, thousands of people have been thrown out of employment. Some people say we have never known such a winter before. At any rate it is an undoubted fact that in London coals have been thirty-five shillings a ton. To prove the severity of the weather a newspaper correspondent sent "a catalogue of birds seen, and, in most instances, shot, on the 12 miles of coast between Wells and Thornham Harbour, Norfolk:—Pink-footed goose, Brent goose, merganser, mallard, red-headed poachard, gold-eye, curlew, widgeon, gulls of three kinds, godwit, redshanks, gray plover, knot, sanderling, purple sandpiper, dunlins in myriads (probably 'the seven snipes at a shot' of one of your correspondents), oyster-catcher, wild swan, diver, scoter, and jack snipe. Among land birds I observed the short-eared owl, snow bunting (probably "the piebald birds" noticed by another of your correspondents), mountain and common linnet, corn bunting, and black-headed bunting. But what was most remarkable was the number of land birds driven by the severity of the weather from the meadows and arable land to pick up a subsistence on the sea-shore. Among these I noticed crows, Royston crows, jackdaws, starlings, greenfinches, meadow pipits, thrushes, redwings, fieldfares (the last so tame that they allowed the observer to approach within 20 yards of them), and larks flocking with dunlins, and alighting on the 'scarves' of the submarine forest of Brancaster, when almost covered by the advancing tide."

The cold on the Continent has been of almost unexampled severity. At Berlin, during the funeral of the late King, more than 200 soldiers who lined the streets were obliged to go into hospital, some of whom have died. A number of horses, also, perished from the same cause. The Scheldt is covered with enormous sheets of ice, which, however, are borne along by the current. It is nearly 40 years since that river was entirely frozen over; that event happened in 1823, and then a great fair was held on the ice, while waggons could cross it in every direction. A customs officer on duty at the village of Gron, near St. Naziere (Loire-Inferieure), was found frozen to death at his post on the morning of the 13th. There have been some most destructive inundations in Holland, owing to the giving way of dykes.

Our artist has drawn a view on the banks of the Thames, a river which we have seen frozen over this winter, and novel was the sight as we stood gazing on from Westminster Bridge. Such an occurrence is rare. The Thames was frozen for 14 weeks in 1063, and below bridge to Gravesend from November 24 to February 10 in 1434. In 1515 carriages passed over from Lambeth to Westminster, and fires and diversions were witnessed in 1607. In 1684 the river was covered with ice 11 inches thick, and nearly all the birds perished. In 1716 a fair was held and oxen were roasted; this frost continued from November 24 to February 9. A frost in 1740 lasted nine weeks, when coaches plied upon the Thames, and festivities of all kinds were celebrated upon the ice. From November to January in 1789 the river was passable opposite the Custom House, and in 1814 booths were erected.

THE APPROACH TO THE SHORES OF EGYPT.

We have been pretty well buffetted by squalls or surfeited with alternate calms; and the skipper, whose vocabulary of oaths is thoroughly exhausted, retires indignantly behind his pipe and the capacious shade of his veritable Leghorn hat, to chew the ends of impotent wrath. Wind, sea, ship, sailors, blocks, spars, rigging, sails, helm, builders, shipwrights, owners, underwriters, cargo, port sailing from, and port bound to,—all and every one successively and alternately have been subjected to the direful maledictions of their wrathful Mariner. Maledictions the utterance of which have developed the captain's extensive travel and knowledge of language; for he swears in English, French, Italian, German, Arabic, Turkish, Malay, and Hindostanee, winding up a dreadful tirade with a running fire comprising a melange of the whole. The cabin-boy and the black cook have respectively led lives that entitle them to be recorded amongst the list of "Martyrs;" and sundry incoherent allusions to Jonah being aboard has made us double lock the cabin-door of a night and pile against it the heaviest portmanteaus. Sunshine and fair wind however, even though it be the middle of December, smile and blow upon us not far from Aboukir's famed bay. And we wake up one fine morning to gaze with unrestrainable impatience at the distant low range of sand, dotted here and there with stunted palm-trees, and shooting up from which a bold defined relief against the molten sky of Egypt, rears itself loftily, Pompey's Pillar. We are, then, entering the harbour of Alexandria.

Whilst Peninsular and Oriental Company's, Aus-



WINTER IN 1861

trian Lloyds and Messagerie Imperiale steamers, beside the Liverpool and many other boats, are almost daily plying upon this line, we have humbly preferred, as our means of transport from Malta, a small English brig of two hundred tons' burthen; the owners of which, famine-stricken as regards freights, have, like Jacob of old, heard that there is corn still in Egypt, and consequently ordered her thither, "seeking." Had we come per steamer, our experience of the approaches to the harbour, the gradual rise and appearance of the city, and the formalities of Quarantine Establishments, &c., would indeed have been brief and unsatisfactory, for no sooner is the anchor down than without further formality the passengers are landed at what is called the Austrian Wharf, and thence, provided with hack carriages and omnibuses, are whisked off to the various hotels in the European Square; their stay in the majority of instances being limited to only a few hours. We have come hither with the predetermined intention of vegetating in Egypt for a whole year, living in private lodgings with Egyptian landlords or landladies, mixing with all classes of society, of all creeds and nations; noting their manners and customs, and, in short, whilst in Egypt living to a certain extent as Egyptians live. It was a wise and well-known saying of the not over-literate lady of a high diplomatic functionary in the East, now half a century deceased, that "*When we is in Turkey we must do as Turkeys does;*" founded no doubt upon the old saw about Rome and the Romans. We accept it, however, as our pattern and guide from the moment that the boat with this government pilot aboard heaves in sight, and we follow up our resolution, we trust, with some success.

And what a man this pilot is! how wonderfully expert in guiding the fragile bark under his charge through intricate quicksands and shoals! How thoroughly unintelligible in the orders he issues, to uninitiated ears, commands delivered in a species of English *patois* peculiar to the seafaring classes in Egypt, and heard nowhere else on the face of the globe. How, as a primary stimulant to his nerves and energy, he loads his short Turkish pipe, and ramming down the tobacco, asks authoritatively for lutchifrums, meaning thereby lucifer matches; how then, the pipe being duly lit, he girds up his loins to the heavy task before him: first unwinding his tar-besmeared girdle of many yards' length, then, after firmly attaching one end to a belaying pin, tightly winding himself up again till his waist might almost be spanned, and his digestion must be deplorably injured. If we were not aware of the painful fact that this dignified individual, despite his brand new red slippers, is occasionally exposed to the unpleasant and ignominious infliction of the bastinado, we should certainly conclude that he was a bosom-friend and intimate of the "Powers that be" in Egypt; and that the Vice-Roy occasionally after the *Mogrub* repast, would tender him his own silk bac'y bag, in lieu of our Western snuff-box, and beg of him to help himself unsparingly. Nature has indeed been bountiful to this son of Neptune, adapting him peculiarly to his branch of the seafaring profession; whilst one eye intently watches the irregular pulsations of the needle in the compass, the other is happily scrutinizing the flirting of the breeze with the main-topgallant-studding-sail, and he can embrace within that range of sight everything below and aloft. Ever and anon as we cleave the dirty-looking waters of the Mahmoudiak Channel, alterations in the position of the yards and sails are requisite, and then comes into play every gift of the pilot. As a linguist he sometimes forgets himself, and sings out to astonished Jack to take in the "Parroquets," which in French, we believe, means top-gallant-sails, and Jack in answer, in no measured language, wishes to know where them foreign hanimals is to be "cotched." His memory for the moment failing him, and time being not only precious but perilous, the unhappy pilot kicks off his slippers in desperation, and with his pipe cuts Chinese hieroglyphics in the air. At this moment the captain, who has been "cleaning himself" below, rushes up on deck, shaving-brush in hand, and, being an old trader, understands said cabalistic signals, and the necessary order is speedily issued and executed.

As we progress onwards we become rapidly land-locked. On one side loom against us fortresses and modern built seraglios and palaces, interspersed with barracks. On the other a range of sand-hills surmounted with windmills that would have frenzied old Don Quixote, who would in such a fright perhaps have substituted an Egyptian donkey for his charger "Rozinante." Before us the great mass of the shipping in harbour, and behind these, again, the town itself, interspersed with scores of minarets, and flanked in on either side with long rows of palm-trees. In the centre of the town, and a very conspicuous object from sea, is a small fortress on a mound or hillock, which is said to command the whole place, the harbour included. The pilot moveover, when he is at liberty, assures us that this hillock is artificial, and was the handiwork of the French under the first Napoleon, who threw up these works under cover of a single night, and when the bearded children of the prophet woke up next morning at day-break and went forth devoutly to their mosques to pray, much to their consternation and surprise, the minarets came toppling over about their heads, and the cannon-balls played ducks and drakes amongst the inhabitants.

All anxiety being removed from the breast of the Arab pilot by the vessel entering safely upon the anchorage ground and sailing smoothly into the midst of a legion of other vessels of all sizes and nations, he resumes his slippers and the thread of his conversation which was interrupted when the captain rushed on deck with his shaving-brush. The captain has remained on deck ever since, and is finishing his ablutions over a bucket-full of water, and with mottled soap, and a towel so coarse and hard that the friction would prove exceedingly painful to any mortal possessed of ordinary skin; the skipper, however, is proof against this, and he rubs and scrubs his jolly old face, till, like another Moses, he returns to us with it positively shining in all the glory of health and cleanliness.

Our pilot is not only an adept at his profession but he is possessed of an extensive range of information regarding various topics of local information, and in the captain's estimation he is an immense authority as to the probable rise or fall of freights,—what ship-brokers are the best of the day,—what merchants owing most

grain or cotton for shipment; and he winds up every scrap of information by a petition for something or other. Ship biscuits being in great requisition with the nostril-ringed lady, his wife, ashore, who he whispers us, for it would be a scandal punishable with the bastinado for a true Moslem to broach such subjects to any one, much less a Giaour, is more beautiful than the dawn of a spring morning. Shoes and tobacco he looks upon also as his perquisites, and common clay pipes are a perfect treasure-trove.

At last we come to anchor close alongside of another English brig which is hoisting out Manchester bales to the jolly go-heave of her British tars. Close alongside of her is a capacious bumboat, steered by an old Arab and rowed by his hopeful son. According to his own phraseology the bumboat-man sells "ebryting," and though he dares not approach but within a certain distance of us until we obtain pratique, we can see what the boat holds, and very tempting are some of its contents to the eye and mouths of poor salt-pork sickened mariners.

A medical man from the Quarantine office now boards us, and everybody on board is ranged along the deck for close inspection. This farce is speedily concluded, and the medical man taking the bill of health in his hand, and thereby compromising himself and his boats' crew, should the higher powers put us into Quarantine, pulls ashore to report satisfactorily. Although to all intents and purposes we are free, there is much foolery yet to be gone through, and we have to await a signal flag from the Quarantine office before we durst attempt to land there. The man that sells "ebryting," however, labours under no scruples, for the pilot has gone ashore with the doctor, and so under screen of the leeside he fastens his boat to the main chains, and extols his wares to the skies. In that boat, in wicker baskets of goodly dimensions, there are fowls and ducks, geese, turkeys, pigeons, and doves; and perched on top of them a couple of small monkeys, which threw the cabin-boy into ecstasies of delight. Parrots there are in cages, and owls too in abundance. Then there are baskets full of delicious oranges, melons, watermelons, grapes, figs, dates, and prodigious-sized pumpkins good for soup. Bread and vegetables, and an endless assortment of queer-looking curiosities, such as handsomely carved shells from Bethlehem, extraordinary Egyptian mirrors which reflect the very ghosts of faces, and, above all, a variety of small scent-bottles containing sandlewood oil, otto of rose, and so forth.

The welcome flag is floating from the staff ashore. We jump into the boat and pull away towards the Quarantine, and as we near the shore our eyes and senses are terribly assailed by offensive objects. The stench issuing from some of the small seagoing Arab craft is only to be surpassed by one or two little artificial islands (intended some brighter day for Egypt to build a magnificent pier upon, a work to be accomplished, perhaps, and opened to a grateful public at the same epoch with Lesseps's Suez Canal), on which are stranded dead cats, dogs, rats, fowls, and every species of filthy offal, inclusive of decaying fish. Good heavens! if there is any place in the world likely to bring contagion and plague into the town, in lieu of excluding it, that place most decidedly is the Quarantine Establishment at Alexandria, situated as it is in the vilest and filthiest purlieu of that, to say the least, exceedingly filthy city. A long row of seedy half-rotted railing, reached by crossing an exceedingly perilous old jetty, and we are ushered into the parlatans of the Quarantine. Suddenly a little window slides open, and behind it there peers upon us and carefully scrutinizes us one of the most comic-looking little old fellows that mortal ever gazed upon,—an owl in an ivy bush with goggle eyes, remarkably well set off by huge spectacles; his nose is a perfect beak, and the skin of his face, through age and exposure to the climate, just the colour and about the texture of parchment. Moreover, upon his bald head he wears a not over cleanly skull-cap (the tarboush being removed in-doors), and with fingers long and as sharp as talons this strange bird flourishes a pen, and intimates to us in very fair English that we must be careful how we answer his questions, as he is about to enter them into a terrible book which the Vice-Roy himself is supposed to inspect occasionally.

By this old bird we are exposed to a raking fire of questions and cross questions; he is as shrewd and as sharp as a barrister at this kind of work, and having to do with a multitude of lying Greeks and Arabs, has attained to great perfection in the art of sifting out the truth. As we have never even sighted ship or shore between Malta and Egypt, we pass through the ordeal scathless, and the old gentleman tenders us two claws as a mark of congratulation on our admission to free pratique.

Passing through a side-door which has been strictly guarded by a severe-looking official with a silver-knobbed cane, we are ushered into an extensive barn-like place, all railed in, however, with the door carefully locked and bolted. Behind these railings, as closely packed as space will admit of, are some threescore and ten donkeys and donkey boys, the latter being without exception the greatest plagues in Egypt. Interspersed amongst them are some cadaverous-looking Maltese youths, with sinister faces ill concealed under extensive slouched hats. These are all touters for the various ship chandlers, brokers, hotels, and so forth. Even some of the petty tradespeople, such as shoemakers, tailors, &c., favour you with a card here. Our appearance is hailed with the utmost enthusiasm, and divers youths who have flattened their noses patiently against the railings for the last half hour, grow suddenly ambitious of the honour of our patronage, individually calculating the chances of securing us for a prize, though the odds are every one dead against them, they having only three riders to divide amongst ninety donkeys. Even here, however, the Quarantine ordeal is not at an end. A stout old Arab in Mameluke clothing, with a solid gold chain hanging round his neck, has sundry questions to ask us and answers to write down. Meanwhile the uproar outside of the pailings is immense, to the intense wrath and disgust of the man with the silver-knobbed cane, who is further outraged by the director's own donkey—a fine large animal from Baghdad, positively staring him in the face and braying defiance at his beard. The ceremonials are at last concluded by a general shaking of hands and demand for buckshish, the gates are unbarred, and we are thrust

forth into the street, and instantly the Philistines are upon us. Of what avail language or persuasion or remonstrance! how impotent is rage and resistance with a dozen imps clinging and pulling at either arm and leg, with a score at your coat-tails, and as many in front trying to lay hold of any tangible portion of your garments, amidst dust and shouting, and braying and screaming. Amidst the audible rending of garments, some Hercules amongst these fiends, forces us upon donkey-back, and away we go helter-skelter along the filthy sea-side; now leaping stranded anchor, now stumbling over old spars, then coasting along the hull of a wretched ship, all the way pursued and followed and posted after by all the other donkey boys and touters, every one on donkey-back and tearing away at full speed, and not one of whom yet despairs of being a successful competitor for our patronage. So after ten minutes' hard riding we reach old Charley's, the Irish ship-chandler's, and there find refuge from the storm of voices raging without.

THE HUSBAND-TRAP.

BY AN AMERICAN.

I HID myself behind a log in a western swamp, waiting for ducks. Hunters generally go after their game; I prefer reading, or enjoying the scenery, until it comes to be shot in a regular and reasonable way. Ducks must be as fond of nature as of acorns and tadpoles; the sequestered lakelet near which I was ensconced, one of their favourite resorts, being surpassingly picturesque. Silver-gray trunks of enormous dead trees were reflected in its surface as in polished black marble, which, broken into rippling greaves of light by the purple, green, and golden drake, or the plainer, but not less lovely, duck, made too exquisite a picture to be broken by noise, unsavoury smoke, blood, broken wings, and feathers. Everything around me was "rich and strange;" the arrowy polished tubes of the cane, the thick black vines, like anacondas, hanging, as it were, from the skies; the light open fret-work of swamp-foliage above, from which many birds poured forth flute-like and actually chromatic warblings; comic birds, uttering short, odd notes; crimson and azure birds, not down in the ornithologies; and mysterious woodpeckers, sounding as if all fairyland were carpentering. I was resolving in my mind, indeed, to take up my abode in this enchanted solitude, when the discovery of an immense old hollow stump of cotton-wood decided me. It was a perfect miniature palace—its style, I named on the spot, the anti-arabesque. The gnarled roots spread in triple pedestals, like paws of mammoth lions, and in its knots and excrescences might be discerned the faces and forms of beasts, monsters, hydras, and chimeras dire. Here, beneath a roof of plaited cane and bark, I might pass my days in peace. (I was only eighteen, and subject to terrible fits of misanthropy.) Even the winds should not disturb my contemplation. Aquilone, Notus, Eurus, Euroclydon, the storm-wind, all are for ever kept out of these peaceful vales by the strong and stalwart cotton wood and oak.

The son of Sheikh Mohammed Ali Hazin (may the soil lie lightly on his tomb) relates, with infinite *naïveté*, (may Allah ventilate his evidence,) how that, having determined to lead a hermit's life, he went about searching for a suitable cave. Certain family considerations operated adversely to Mr. Hazin's design. I was not so sublunary. Hungry I certainly was, and my first care being to provide dinner, and not wishing to disturb my beautiful duck-pond, I searched the river flats for wild geese. This proved, literally, a wild goose chase. As usual with game, its willingness to be shot seemed inversely as its value. Re-entering the timber, to hunt smaller and surer quarry, what was my astonishment at beholding, winding along a cow-trail, a grave, orderly procession of these very wild geese following after a middle-aged, severe-looking woman, who was leading them toward a clearing.

"Why, madam, you seem able to bewitch those animals. I have been trying all the morning to get within a mile of them."

"Wal, my boy, he russled round among 'em and caught these, one way or another. I bring 'em up every night to feed, on account of 'possums and coons, which is mighty bad among the poultry. I reckon you're a preacher."

"Not yet."

"I thought you was a preacher, *sure*. You look like one. You ain't a doctor?"

"No."

"*Then* walk in and take a chair. My old man 's poorly. He 's stopped work ever since last fall, and this spring the garden was took down with kukkle-burrs and dock, and me and my little girl's been cuttin' steamboat wood, but the steamboats don't run much now—thar ain't been no rise these two months. Jane! drive them hogs away from the styew (stew.) I don't know what I'll do if thar ain't no steamboat soon. I want to go up to town, bad, to git some groceries."

"What is the matter with your husband?"

"Feveranager."

"Fe— oh, the fever and ague. Yes, I understand."

"Oh, it's *some* here, is feveranager, you'd better believe! You might almost cut it into chunks. I thought my old man would a pegged out last night; but he holds on wonderful!"

"You do n't mean to say he's dying!"

"I do n't mean nothing shorter. And I'm moughty sorry to lose him, too. He claared all this field round back of the house, and them thar two fields in the bottom. He kep three acres a-goin to Joe Stebbins' one, but he war n't a patchin' to Joe at cuttin' timber. Poor Joe! I buried him in the fur corner of the turnip patch."

"*You buried* him?"

"Married him one year and buried him the next."

"And what did *he* die of?"

"*Fe*veranager."

I was shocked at the mechanical manner and facile emphasis (diminishing with geometrical rapidity toward the last syllable) with which she uttered this fearful word.

"Joe warn't much at hoein'; but he could knock

spots out of things with an axe. He could cut more steamboat wood in one day than Bill Sparks could in a week."

"And who was Bill Sparks?" asked I, with a dread presentiment.

"Bill was a husband of mine, too. He had money, Bill had, and he entered two forties of upland, and bought four head o' cattle. Yonder's two of 'em now. I'm going to take 'em up on the next boat, to swap for groceries."

"Did Mr. Sparks die, too?"

"Now you *don't* think I'd a gone and got married and him alive! O' course he died. He was took down sudden, ketchin' drift-wood. My boy ran home about it, and I went down with Jane, and we packed him to the house, and made him as comfortable as we could; but it warn't no use."

"Fever and ague, I suppose?"

"Feveranger? You'd a said so, if you'd seen him shake! I gave him all the *qui-nine* there was in the kubbard, and then sent Jane to Mr. Skeggses to bring all the *qui-nine* he had, and his hymn-book. He went off peaceable, and his last words was, 'Where's Jimmy?'"

"Meaning your little boy?"

"No; Jimmy Sands, my husband before him. They had been great friends, and I think poor Billy must have seen his sperrit, for the owls was whooping awful that night. Them two mules in the cabbage-patch was Jimmy Sandses, and that thar mar, (mare,) whose head is pokin' out o' the corn-crib, is the same mar he married me offen."

"Married you from off horseback?"

"Well, *you'd* say so if you'd a seen us. It was when I lived down to Stoney at the crossin' with Sal. Sal she hearn some one a hollerin' and shakin' the gate one night, and thinking it was jist some strainger wantin' to git to stay all night, she never minded; but the noise kept on so, that at last she poked her head out o' the dividing and asked what was wantin'."

"'Are thar any young gals here as wants to git married? I'm goin' down to the river-bottom, *I* am, to live in the timber. I got a mar and a mule and lots of traps, and don't ask nothin' in return but plain cookin' and kerrect behavior.'

"'Jane,' says Sal, 'what do you say?'

"Sez I, 'I'm willin',' sez I, 'but I can't be married without a preacher!'

"'He says thar's a preacher out thar with him.'

"'Ask him if it's Mister Skeggs; I won't be married by nobody but Mister Skeggs.'

"'Yes, it's him.'

"Well, I struck a light and put on my Sunday dry-goods mighty quick. Sal, she carried out a fryin'-pan of grease with a rag for a candle, and we woke up Sal's uncle, old man Solomon, and so I got married. Jim and I had to jine hands, and he on the mar; he couldn't git down on account of the furniture and things being hitched all round him."

"But is this Mr. Skeggs a regular clergyman?"

"Oh, reg'lar built. He and Jimmy met together at the crossin', and it was him *re*-commended me. He got a sight of tin for the job, too!"

"A large sum was it?"

"It warn't in money; it was tin cups Jimmy paid him with. Jimmy peddled tin cups round the country, and had two dozen left. Mr. Skeggs put 'em round his neck in a string, and we heard 'em rattlin' on the prairie a mile off!"

"Well, madam, I *did* have some idea of living down in the 'bottom' myself, but—"

"Down in the bottom! What, among them ponds of water? I see you livin' there! A pound o' *qui-nine* a minute wouldn't keep you alive two days! If you want a good buildin' lot, there's my two forties, I'll sell 'em cheap—a dollar and a half an acre."

"I am not certain, after what you have related, that I could live long, even in the uplands."

"Not without you was used to it, you could n't. Some can stand it, and some can't. Now there's an old gentleman up to town that I think might stand it a couple o' year anyhow, Squire Spring. I reckon you know him; he's got a splendid wagon and team, and, they *do* say he's got a hundred head o' hogs. You never heerd, did you?"

Could the woman possibly mean to compass the deliberate murder of Squire Spring? I wanted nothing further to hasten my departure.

The shades of evening were falling fast, the owl had already begun to utter his long-drawn, frightful cry, a mingled whoop and howl, and receiving a few general directions as to my *nearest* way to B——, I rapidly left my newly-chosen residence to rearward, debating within myself whether or no it was my duty to inform the authorities of the existence of this horrible *husband-trap.*

SAFE RAILWAY TRAVELLING.

Our readers will have observed that the time of year has now arrived when applications are made to Parliament for the formation of new lines of railway, or for the extension of such as are already formed,—they will also have observed that lately the accidents have been of the most painful and distressing character, and that in severe frost the danger attendant on railway travelling, in consequence of the effect of cold on the iron metals, is considerably increased. It is useless to protest against the railway system; nor would we if we could. It is a grand means of social and commercial progress, and is one of the proudest trophies of our age. By means of it a man can do marvels and see wonders. Time and space are annihilated; the barriers of nations are broken down, ignorant prejudices rooted up, and the world is becoming what God and Nature intended, the dwelling-place of one vast family—all at peace, and endeavouring to supply each other's wants. But the question occurs, and very naturally, Is the system as perfect as it ought to be? We have just read of the murder of a French judge as he was riding alone in a railway carriage. We read daily of the most wonderful hair-breadth escapes. A guard takes a drop of gin, and forgets to put on the break, and the engine and passengers rush along the station, nearly knock down the building, and find themselves in the

main road! A station-master tells the driver of a cattle train to make the best of his way on; but the rails are greasy, and, as he is shunting, a mail train dashes up, and ten souls are hurled at once, and without a moment's warning, into eternity. A plate-layer, without troubling himself to ascertain whether a certain train is past, proceeds to take up the rails, and as the train comes up it is thrown off the line, and death is the result. The neglect of signal-men is an ever-present and increasing source of accident. In one week lately in the papers there were three or four cases of such recorded; happily, no lives were lost; but property to the extent of some thousands of pounds was sacrificed. Nor are we sure that when the papers tell us there was no loss of life, that such was actually the case. A railway accident is a serious thing. A man or woman may be in a train when one occurs, and may not be aware of having received any injury. We have heard of more than one such instance. On a *post-mortem* examination it has been found some injury has been done of which there was no external indication, and a life has been lost when, according to the newspapers, we were called upon to congratulate ourselves on nothing of the kind having occurred. We are not writing as alarmists; but nothing is so sacred as human life, and nothing can be so carefully guarded. In a few months summer excursions will commence; cheap trains will be advertised to all parts of the land; thousands of persons will take advantage of them, and terrible will it be if accidents occur. Who amongst us would like to be the sufferer? Let the wife think of her husband, brought back a mangled corpse; of her beautiful boy, cut down horribly in his prime. In this hard, bleak world precious above gold are the ties of friendship and of love; and yet a railway accident may occur, and, in a moment, we may lose all we care for and all we love. No money can compensate us for such a loss.

The question, then, is, How can railway accidents be avoided? On the continent they are not so numerous as with us, because there they are under Government surveillance. In America they are more common than with us, because there they are still less under Government control. We have, we confess, a great dislike to Government interference; but there are cases where it is indispensable. We might argue that Nature has given parents feelings which would render it unnecessary for law to step in and guard their offspring; but we know that such is not the case. We might argue, in the same way, that railway directors, having a deep interest in avoiding accidents, would always take proper precautions for the safety of the public; but we know they do not. In private life, misfortune in the past is the parent of wisdom in the future. In a great public company the case is wholly different. Those who cause the loss are not themselves the losers; it is spread over a large surface, and divided among a multitude of shareholders, so that its effect is so far diluted as to be scarcely felt by individuals; and one of the most unsatisfactory features in connection with railway accidents is, that the inducement to greater care and the adoption of better means of security which would result from private enterprise, is almost entirely inoperative in large corporate bodies. But to this it must be said that Government interference is too often little better than a farce. In the mean while, however, the railway companies can do much themselves. There ought to be one uniform system of railway signals; and Mr. Wrigley's idea should be acted on—that the system should be affirmative, and not negative, as now. For instance, on approaching a station the engine-driver rushes on, only slackening his speed and stopping if he sees the signal danger. Now, as the principal cause of railway accidents is mistakes in signaling, if he had to wait till he received the signal, "All right," most of the accidents which now occur would be altogether avoided. It is true a little delay would be incurred, but then, against that, as a set off, there is the certain safety of human life. Louis Napoleon, it is said, is about to buy up all the French railways and place them under Government control. On behalf of the Public, while we do not ask this, we do claim greater care and responsibility than at present are met with while travelling on the rail. By means of the press railway directors and officers may be increasingly told of the heavy responsibility attaching to them. The lesson ought to be repeated every day. A correspondent of the *Times*, an M.P., at the date of Dec. 18, writes,—"Sir,—Twelve accidents have occurred to railway passenger-trains since the 1st of November. Of these, 11 have been collisions, all of which might have been prevented by the adoption of a simple rule—viz. that no train should leave a station until it has been telegraphed from the next station that the line is clear. A word from you, enforcing the necessity for this, will do more than all the legislation of a Session." There is much truth in the suggestion thus thrown out. The press can do much to reform our railway system.

Since the above was written we have had an opportunity of examining an invention, patented by Mr. Thomas Wright, engineer of George Yard, London, by means of which, it seems to us, as far as human ingenuity can go, railway accidents are rendered utterly impossible. This system of safety rails is adapted to prevent injury to the engine or carriages, should either, from any cause, get off the rails, and in the event of a wheel or an axle becoming fractured, the carriage slides harmlessly along on the surface of the safety guards extending along on each side. Such a system, if introduced only at embankments, viaducts, and other points exposed to danger, would certainly find favour with all who travel; and who does not in these days of rapid locomotion? Besides, Mr. Wright has a break, which at once stops the train in case of collision. All interested in the subject should din the ears of railway directors till Mr. Wright's plan be adopted on every line. If it is not, we may depend upon it the consequences will be most disastrous. As our rails get older, as we go on placing on them heavier engines and more rapid trains, we may be sure that the risks of railway travelling will be materially increased.

LITERATURE.

Life Story—a prize Autobiography, by James Hillocks. London: William Tweedie. Mr. Hillocks is one of the many who, especially in Scotland, under the most ad-

verse circumstances, rise superior to them all by dint of untiring energy, and show themselves men. Born in Dundee, the son of a weaver, while yet a babe deprived of a mother's care, everything seemed against him. He had, however, early a love of reading, and a thirst after knowledge, which have raised him in the world, and conferred upon him some literary fame. It is a cheering sign of the times that such lives are on the increase. Mr. Hillocks has told the story of his in a manner worthy of all praise.

Of other works lying on our table we must notice the appearance of the second edition of the *Underground Railway from Slavery to Freedom, by the Rev. W. M. Mitchell*, a work we have already introduced to our readers. We must also notice with approval the spirited progress of *Cassell's Illustrated History of England*, the new series of which has now reached its twelfth part.—A Physician has sent us *London Medical Practice—its Sins and Shortcomings*, which is a severe attack on modern medical practice. The writer contends that great improvements have been made by the abandonment of blood-letting, and that they are all due to Dr. Dickson, who was the first to introduce what is here called the Chromo-thermal System.

Sermons are not generally very popular, unless they be written by men with great talents and names, yet many are published which well repay their perusal. A volume of peculiar worth lies upon our library table; it is entitled, *Sermons preached in Marlborough Chapel, London, by J. Gage Pigg, B. A.* (London: Ward and Co.), and we are glad to find it is now in a second edition. These sermons of Mr. Pigg's are plain, vigorous, fresh, and animated with sympathy in life in all its forms. He does not preach like a pedant, or a student, but as a man to men. We are glad to find that such a book reaches a second edition.

Mr. Baldwin Brown, whose "Divine Life in Man" we had occasion to speak very favourably of a few months since, has also published a sermon, in a pamphlet form, called, *The Doctrine of the Divine Fatherhood in relation to the Atonement.* (London: Ward and Co.) It is directed against a spirit which is now abroad, and which, as Mr. Brown tells us, would stigmatise the Epistle of St. James, for instance, as a defective Christian document, the Lord's Prayer as a most imperfect Christian prayer, and the Gospels themselves as wanting the Gospel. The sermon itself is worthy of the high position Mr. Brown has gained.

Photographs of Paris Life—a Record of the Politics, Arts, Fashions, and Anecdotes of Paris, during the past Eighteen Months, by Chroniquese. (London: W. Tinsley.) Next to London, to an Englishman Paris is the most interesting city in the world. There is no city so gay, so gorgeous, so devoted to pleasure, or so full of life, as Paris. Every one wishes to see it—no one tires of reading about it—no one who has been there once but wishes to go there again. We may be certain that in the spring, in consequence of the abolition of passports—for which we have to thank Mr. Cobden—the rush of visitors there will be immense. These "Photographs of Paris Life" make their appearance, then, at an unusually seasonable time. They are light, and sketchy, and truthful, and in a gossiping way will give the reader information of a kind which he will find nowhere else, and which will be very acceptable. We predict for the book a very rapid sale.

The Heroes of Europe—a Biographical Outline of European History from 700 A.D. *to* 1700 A.D., *by Henry G. Hewlett.* London: Bickers and Bush. "All history," says Emerson, "resolves itself very easily into the biography of a few stout and earnest persons." Mr. Hewlett is of this opinion, and accordingly gives us some short and spirited biographies as a companion volume to Mr. Edgar's Heroes of England. With this aim, he tells us, he has been influenced in his selection of heroes less by a consideration of their personal eminence than of their representative value. Particular epochs, movements, and episodes have thus been illustrated in a single sketch, and threads of connection preserved throughout the series. The heroes to whom the attention of the reader is directed are, Charles Martel, Pepin Lebroef, Charlemagne, Hildebrand, the Cid, Godfrey de Bouillon, St. Bernard, Frederick Barbarossa, Frederick II. of Germany, St. Louis, Rudolph of Hapsburg, William Tell, James and Philip Van Artevelde, Cosmo de Medici, Francesco Sforza, Columbus, Machiavelli, the Chevalier Bayard, Martin Luther, Cortes, Gustavus Vasa, Loyola, William the First of Orange, Henry the Fourth of France, Wallenstein, Richelieu, Condé. The author writes in a popular way, and his book ought to be a great favourite especially with young readers. It is profusely illustrated and handsomely got up. Young people never tire of such reading.

The Worn Wedding Ring, and other Poems, by W. C. Bennet. London: Chapman and Hall. Mr. Bennet has again come before the world with a volume of poems. To the readers of the *National* it is superfluous to expatiate on his merits. We all love him as the poet of home and its treasures. No one has sung so well of the joy, and beauty, and blessedness of childhood—of the sacred tie which binds together man and wife—of the tenderness which grows, and ripens, and bears fruit by the fireside. His verse is always harmonious, healthy, and cheering, and we feel all the better after reading his songs. Some of his very sweetest are in the volume whose title we have just given, and, besides, we have many noble sonnets, in simplicity and dignity almost rivalling those of Wordsworth. Let us trust he may go on singing, and the world listening, for many coming years. When such poems as these are in demand it is a good sign of the times.

Mysteries of Life, Death, and Futurity, illustrated from the best and latest authorities, by Horace Welby. London: Kent and Co. Mr. Welby reminds us somewhat of that indefatigable gleaner in the field of knowledge, Mr. Timbs. What the latter has done for science and antiquity, the former attempts to do with reference to the infinitely greater wonders of life, death, and futurity; he undertakes to concentrate within a focus the views and opinions of some of the leading writers of the present day, and to place them before the reader in so popular a form and setting as to adapt them for a larger class than would be likely to consult the authorities themselves. Facts, anecdotes, personal traits of character, and well-founded arguments and opinions are the staple of the work. Mr. Welby has performed his task well and has given us one of the most deeply interesting books we have seen for some time. It ought to

find a place in every library, and is one to be strongly recommended when the reader has an hour or two to spare. It is a book to ponder over and think on.

THE MONTH.

JANUARY has left us, with a character for cold almost unexampled. We have had a genuine old-fashioned winter, and it comes when people have suffered much from an inclement summer, when American affairs are filling all men's hearts with anxiety, and when people are wondering whether the French fleet is to remain at Gaeta, and when the Syrian expedition is to be recalled. No wonder there is a drain of gold, a high rate of interest, and much commercial distress.

The revenue returns for 1861 on the whole are not discouraging. They exhibit in the Customs a decrease on tht quarter, as compared with the corresponding quarter of last year, of £364,000, and in the year, as compared with the previous year, of £1,792,184. This reduction results from the operation of those beneficent free-trade measures by which so many duties have been demolished, the full benefit of which, it should be remembered, the people derive. In the Excise there is a reduction on the quarter of £1,000,000, and an increase on the year of £28,000, a state of things which is attributable to the change in the malt credit, and the postponement of the hop duty. Owing to the transference of the duty paid for game certificates to the Excise, there is a diminution of £105,000 in the year under the head of taxes. But the most striking item of these returns is the Income-tax, which shows on the quarter an increase of £2,592,000, and on the year of £6,824,710, the aggregate amount of the tax for the entire year being £12,901,816. Verily a penny or two, more or less, in this productive tax, effects a wonderful transformation of figures. The Post-office, it is worthy of remark, has produced an increase upon the year of £95,000. The net increase of revenue upon the quarter is £1,157,518, and upon the year £5,897,026.

The first of the iron-clad ships which will be required for the "re-construction" of the British navy was launched at the beginning of the month from the building yards of the Thames Iron Company, Blackwall. This new engine of naval destruction is called the Warrior, and at present it is the largest man-of-war in the world. The Black Prince, the companion vessel to the Warrior, is approaching completion, and these two are each of them nearly twice the size and tonnage of what the *Observer* calls "the much-talked-of La Gloire." Sir John Pakington performed the office of sponsor to the Warrior, a departure from the usual rule, which generally appoints a lady to officiate at the ship-builder's font. The Warrior is completely built of iron, La Gloire is only iron-plated. The lines of the Warrior are said to be extraordinarily fine, notwithstanding that her total weight, when she is complete and afloat, will be ten thousand tons. The journal quoted above gives us the list of iron ships now building by the British Government. The Warrior, the Black Prince, a ship at Chatham larger than either of these named, three frigates for which contracts have been received by the Admiralty, and two steam rams; the Defence, building on the Tyne, and the Resistance, building on the Thames.

Death has carried off the King of Prussia, Sir Peter Fairbairn of Leeds, the Countess of Eglintoun, and Dr. Noble, M.P. for Leicester.

The tender of Messrs. Tregelles and Taylor has been accepted for the erection at Stratford of an obelisk fountain 40 feet high, in memory of the late Mr. Samuel Gurney. The works will involve an outlay of £400.—Upwards of £1200 has been subscribed at Boston for the erection of a memorial in honour of the late Mr. H. Ingram, M.P. Mr. Staniland, M.P., who was returned for Boston in conjunction with Mr. Ingram, has subscribed £52 10s., and Mr. Malcolm, M.P., who succeeded to the vacant seat, has given £25.—At Whittlesey an effort is being made to raise some fitting memorial of the late Sir Harry Smith. The Earl of Hardwicke has subscribed £50, and the example has been followed by several of the gallant deceased's companions in arms. The amount at present raised is about £400.

At the last meeting of the Council of the Society of Arts Mr. Henry Cole, C.B., was elected a vice-president of the society, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late Mr. Matthew Uzielli; and Mr. Matthew Henry Marsh, M.P., was elected a member of council in the room of Mr. Henry Cole.

Notwithstanding the severity of the weather, which to a considerable extent has retarded and suspended building operations in the metropolis, a large body of workmen are daily engaged in forwarding the improvements at the National Gallery, for which a vote was granted in the last session of parliament. The old Sculpture Gallery has been removed, and the new one, of very elegant design, by Mr. Pennethorne, the Government architect, is making rapid progress. Its dimensions are 70 feet long by 50 feet wide and 20 feet high, lit by a large circular skylight and surrounding side-lights. It will be four times the size of the former sculpture gallery, with appropriate and classical ornamentation. Above this the new picture gallery, which abuts upon the barracks, is also proceeding under the superintendence of Mr. G. Street, the clerk of the works, the entire contract being in the hands of Messrs. Cubitt. The new picture gallery will have a fine elliptical roof, composed of wrought and cast-iron girders. It will be 75 feet by 30, and 32 feet high, elegantly decorated and with surrounding ante-rooms. It is expected that the galleries and entire improvements will be completed and opened to the public by the end of March.

By the liberality of a Manchester gentleman, Mr. T. B. Potter, of Builehill, the Peel Park Museum at Salford is now, we believe, to be enriched with a fair bust of Cromwell, the original cast of which, having just seen it in Mr. Noble's studio, Bruton-street, we are glad to be able to approve. It is moulded of the size of life. There is the expression of life in its countenance, and what we seldom get from sculpture, a glance of life in the eyes. It may occur to some visitors when they first look at the robust features of this face, that, massive and strong as they are, they do yet wear a certain aspect of frank, jolly grace and manly tenderness, which comports not with the vulgar conception of a turbulent and sturdy "barbarian," as Oliver Cromwell has been termed in the euphonious style of Mr. David Hume. But recollecting the juster impressions of his character which Mr. Carlyle and recent biographers (Mr. Langton Sanford, the last and one of the best) have aided us to form, that objection vanishes, which might perhaps unconsciously arise from some lingering shade cast upon him in our imagination by the aimless epithets of slanders.

Mr. Robinson, acting for the South Kensington Museum, has just made an important acquisition here. He has purchased from the Papal Government the section of mediæval Italian sculpture of the celebrated Campana collection. The number of specimens is between 80 and 90, and includes a series of 12 unique examples of majolica ware, which it appears was much coveted by the Kensington authorities. The principal work is a beautiful life-sized marble statue of Cupid, represented in a kneeling attitude, as a youth of 15 or 16. There seems to be no doubt that this is an authentic work of Michael Angelo; it was formerly in the possession of the Riccardi family, in Florence, and is believed to be the statue mentioned by Vasari as having been executed at the same time as the Bacchus now in the gal-

lery of the Ufficii. The purchase also comprises two admirable *bassi rilievi* by Donatello, and important specimens of Jacopo della Quercia, Andrea Orcagna, Lorenzo Ghiberti, Desiderio di Settignano, Rosselino, Luca della Robbia, &c. Sir Charles Eastlake has also recently acquired in Rome a fine picture of Fra Angelico for the National Gallery. Our art authorities are doing well to neglect no opportunities at the present moment. Italy, liberal and united, will cling to her monuments of art with jealous tenacity. Already new museums and galleries are being founded in many provincial towns.

Sir S. Morton Peto, Bart., M.P., has presented a very beautiful statue of Sir Hugh Myddleton for erection at Islington. It is of Sicilian marble, 8 feet 6 inches high, the figure being in an easy and dignified attitude, and in the picturesque costume of the period, when citizens were accustomed to go to Clerkenwell and Islington to "take the air." It is erected on a rich and elaborate pedestal, with sculptured dolphins and nautilus shells, supported on bold-shaped tresses at the angles, which are intended for fountains. On each face of the pedestal is a marble panel with festoons of shells, water flowers, &c. The pedestal stands in the centre as a basin for water, with a bold ornamental curb, 3 feet 6 inches high, in the Italian style. On each side of the basin are sculptured fays, with classical vases, from which jets will issue, falling into marble shells.

The *Observer* says,—"In pursuance of the rule of the Court of Queen's Bench, a messenger of the court proceeded on Saturday, Jan. 19th, from Liverpool by the Cunard steamer for Canada, and Anderson will be brought over, unless it shall so happen that he be liberated by the Court of Common Pleas in Canada before the messenger shall arrive out." The same journal adds: "It is possible that the arguments which have here been so ingeniously raised, will never be formally argued. The Colonial Office had already sent out instructions that Anderson was on no account to be given up without the assent of the Crown. This consent must be previously obtained, and is not likely to be given in such a case as this, which only the most strained and unnatural construction of the Ashburton treaty could possibly bring under the law of extradition provided for in that memorable convention."

Sir Edward Belcher has read an interesting paper on the Esquimaux before the Ethnological Society. He would seem to have established some identity between them and other races of Indians on the American continent. The information which he furnishes as to their intelligence and knowledge of the useful arts tends to prove, as he argues, that they are capable of civilisation. Sir Edward expresses the opinion, founded upon the extreme willingness of the Esquimaux to associate with and be taught by white men, that one or two of the crews of the Erebus and Terror may still be living among them.

A writer in the *Star* gives a useful hint to country readers much troubled by having their cisterns, pipes, and water-closets frozen during this inclement weather. He says, —"The following remedy I have adopted in my own habitation with the greatest success, viz. put a lump of salt (the common agricultural salt will do) in the cistern once a week, and a small quantity in the closet trap the last thing at night. This will have the desired effect, and prevent much trouble and expense. The philosophy of the expedient is obvious. Water freezes at 32 deg., but salt and water will not freeze till the air is 25 deg. colder; if the cistern should be frozen it is quite sufficient to put the salt therein, which will soon dissolve the frozen water."

People are speculating as to what will be the business of the next session of Parliament. Amongst other things, we may remark that an effort will be made during the ensuing session to secure the repeal, or a considerable reduction, of the obnoxious duty upon fire insurances. A society has been formed for this purpose, numbering among its supporters about one hundred members of Parliament. The amount of farm-stock insured in the various offices of this country last year exceeded £74,000,000 sterling. As our readers are aware, no duty is paid on the insurance of farm-stock, and it is urged that no sufficient reason exists for levying an annual duty of 200 per cent. on one portion of the community—composed of merchants, traders, and private persons—and exempting another portion altogether.

We shall not be quite at ease till we get the Syrian question settled. A German paper tells us:—"We learn from a good source that the *corps d'occupation* in Syria will be increased by a portion of the French troops returning from China. In spite of the efforts of England it is not at all probable that the French army will leave Syria in the month of March—a step, indeed, which cannot be expected."

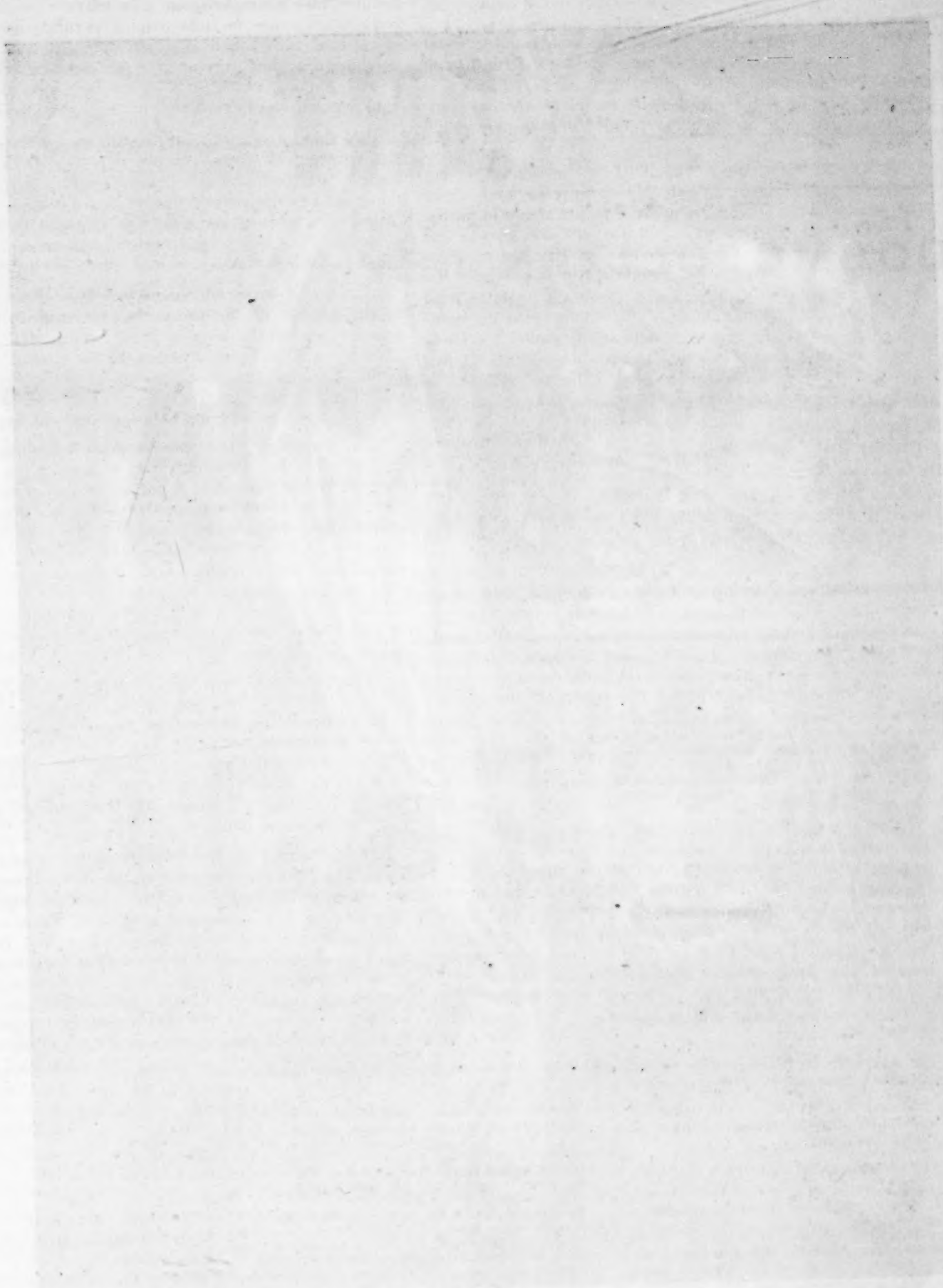
The Paris correspondent of the *Post* gives a most flattering account of the prospects of European peace. The passport system, he says, is breaking up, and France and Italy are now in treaty to abolish the system reciprocally. Again, he says, the Governments of Italy, Spain, Greece, and Turkey "are contemplating" reformed tariffs on the basis of those agreed upon between England and France.

The details of intelligence from New Zealand completely confirm the telegraphic summary received a few days since, and show that the defeat of the native forces has been complete. The attack was carried out with great gallantry under Major-General Pratt, and both the volunteers and the troops of the line distinguished themselves. The loss on the English side is 4 killed and 16 wounded. On the native side the loss is variously computed at from 45 to 100. Three chiefs were killed, men of the greatest importance in their tribes; and a heap of guns and other spoil was taken by the English forces.

King Victor Emmanuel has issued another address to the inhabitants of the Neapolitan provinces. He says:—"The affairs of the state compel me to separate myself from you. A domestic affliction has caused the retirement of Farini. Prince Carignan will govern the Neapolitan provinces in my name. Show that you always fervently desire the unity of Italy." Meanwhile Garibaldi wisely remains aloof in his island home.

Lord Palmerston has been presiding at a meeting at Romsey, for the improvement of the dwellings of the poor. He said:—"The badness of that condition has been long, especially in this town, the subject of remark. I don't know, however, that we are worse off in that respect than many other towns; but it is our duty to look to what exists here, and endeavour, if possible, to provide some alleviation and remedy for the evil." The premier had no suggestions to make; but it looks well that a man in his high position does not overlook the importance of such subjects.

The Savilian Professorship of Geometry at Oxford, which is now vacant by the death of the Rev. Baden Powell, M.A., will be filled up on the 7th of February next. The electors are the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, the Chancellor of the University, the Bishop of London, a Principal Secretary of State, the Chief Justices, the Chief Baron of the Exchequer, the Dean of the Arches, and the Warden of New College. The only candidate at present named is Mr. Henry John Stephen Smith, M.A., fellow, mathematical lecturer, and senior dean of Balliol College. Mr. Smith obtained in 1849 a first class in classics, and a first in mathematics; in 1848 he gained the Ireland scholarship, and in 1851 the senior mathematical scholarship, and in 1857 was appointed one of the examiners in the school of natural science.





THE WITCHES.—Fuseli.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

THE WITCHES.

As an illustrator of Shakspeare, Fuseli will live for some time to come. A finer picture of the kind than that we have engraved it is impossible to conceive of, and if—as the story goes—Fuseli, in order better to imagine the horrible, supped on pork chops, such a diet is strongly to be commended. Haydon tells us curious things about him, for Fuseli was quite a character in his way, and a very brave, determined, independent man. At the very outset of his career he exhibited these qualities, for he had to leave Zurich, where he was born in 1741, and where he had entered into holy orders, in consequence of having written a pamphlet in conjunction with Lavater, in which the conduct of an unjust magistrate was exposed. Having come to England with the view of promoting literary communications between Germany and England, he stayed here, supporting himself for a time by translating for the booksellers from the German, French, and Italian languages into English, and from the English into German. In 1766 he travelled for a short time as the tutor of the eldest son of Earl Waldegrave, but threw up the charge in displeasure. He now saw Reynolds, showed him his drawings, and at once, by Reynolds' advice, devoted himself to art. He was one of the artists engaged by Boydell for his Shakspeare Gallery. In 1790 he was elected a member of the Royal Academy, of which nine years later he became Professor of Painting, and, in 1803, Keeper. Canova, on his visit here, was so much struck with Fuseli's works, that he obtained his election at Rome as a member of the first class of the Academy of St. Luke. Boydell's Shakspeare Gallery suggested to Fuseli the idea of a similar one for Milton, which he accomplished and exhibited in 1799, but with no pecuniary advantage. Among his literary works he edited an edition of the works of his young and illustrious friend, Lavater, assisted Cowper in his translation of Homer, translated into German Lady Mary Montagu's Letters, and into English Winkelman's work on Ancient Painting and Sculpture. His lectures are said to contain some of the best fine-art criticism in the language. In painting he made Michael Angelo his chief study. In dreams, or horrible subjects, he is often grand. Generally his works are characterized by superfluous energy. He wanted only better self-discipline (says a writer in the *National Encyclopædia*) to have made a truly great painter. As it was, he was a true artist. Many curious stories are told of his satirical wit, upon his contemporaries, and in this respect he appears to have resembled the rugged, and cynical, and untractable Northcott. Fuseli died, April 15, 1825, and was buried in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral. He had altered his name from Fuessli in order to suit the Italian pronunciation. His talent was partly hereditary; his father was a portrait and landscape painter, and author of "Lives of the Helvetic Painters."

SIR RICHARD BETHELL.

A PARLIAMENTARY SKETCH.

BY J. EWING RITCHIE.

The English mind is essentially conservative, and nowhere is this tendency stronger than in legal matters. Sir Samuel Romilly tells us, when he joined the Midland Circuit the leader was Serjeant Hill. "For modern law he had great contempt, and I have heard him observe," says Romilly, "that the greatest service that could be rendered the country would be to repeal all the statutes, and burn all the reports which were of a later date than the Revolution." Other lawyers seem to share in this opinion. The attempts of Sir Samuel to introduce law reform were met with the most untiring opposition. When he commenced his career as a law reformer, our criminal code was the bloodiest in Europe, and had become so altogether from accidental circumstances. Juries were more merciful than the law, and often committed perjury rather than convict. In such cases, justice was altogether out of the question. The first act Sir Samuel attempted to repeal was that of

Queen Elizabeth, by which it was made a capital offence to steal privately from the person of another. The arguments against the bill are amusing. Burdett, the Welsh judge, stated that the crime of picking pockets had become extremely common, and was increasing. Another legal gentleman, named Plumer, dwelt much on the same fact, forgetting that if the crime went on increasing under the existing law, that was more an argument against it than for it. Lord Ellenborough was not sure that any alteration in the law was needed at all. But the good sense of the non-legal public prevailed, and, now-a-days, we don't hang little boys for picking pockets, but send them to a reformatory, and try and train them up to be useful men. Again, when Sir Samuel obtained leave to bring in three bills to repeal certain acts which punished with death the crime of stealing privately in a shop goods of the value of five shillings, and of stealing to the amount of forty shillings in dwelling-houses or on board vessels in navigable rivers, we find the Solicitor-General of the day, with the usual panegyrics on the wisdom of past ages, and declamation on the danger of interfering with what is already established, announcing his intention of opposing the bills. Only one of these bills reached the Lords—that abolishing the punishment of death for the crime of stealing privately, in a shop, to the amount of five shillings—and there it was rejected by a majority of 31 to 11. In his speech, in opposition, Lord Ellenborough said, "There was no knowing where this was to stop;—that he supposed the next thing would be to repeal the law which punishes with death the stealing to the amount of five shillings in a dwelling-house, no person being therein." Ultimately, the bills were carried; but, at the very last, the opinions of the Recorder of London and the Common Serjeant were quoted against the abolition of capital punishment in such cases. And when Romilly suddenly died, the legal spirit against which he had to contend was still felt by his successors, such as Sir James Mackintosh, Sir Robert Peel—and, even in these latter days of reform and progress, has often proved more than a match for Sir Richard Bethell himself.

Sir Richard was born in the year 1800, at Bradford, Wilts, his father being Dr. Bethell, a physician of some eminence, residing at Bristol. He was educated at Bristol Grammar School, and afterwards proceeded to Wadham College, Oxford, where he was first-class in classics, and second in mathematics. He entered the University at fourteen years of age, and took his degree of Bachelor of Arts at the unusually early age of eighteen. Afterwards, he became a private tutor at Oxford, where he met with great success. In November, 1823, he was called to the Bar, and in 1840 was made Queen's Counsel. In April, 1851, Mr. Bethell was returned to the House of Commons as member for Aylesbury; and, on the formation of the Aberdeen Ministry, at the close of the following year, he was made Solicitor-General, and knighted by the Queen. He held that office till November, 1856, when, on the elevation of Sir A. Cockburn to the Bench, he became Attorney-General. In the Administration of Lord Palmerston he still retained that office—it being felt that his presence in the House of Commons was almost indispensable to the cause of law reform; but, at the last election, he exchanged Aylesbury for Wolverhampton, which populous borough he still represents in Parliament. We may add here that Sir Richard is Vice-Chancellor of the County Palatine of Lancaster, and standing Counsel to the University of Oxford.

Sir Richard's personal appearance indicates great acuteness and sagacity. His face is full, and his features are sharp. He is of middle height, dresses plainly, and is very bald. His build is strong, and this makes him appear stouter than he really is. Legal dignitaries, at his time of life, often make fat, but Sir Richard is simply robust—nothing more. You see that he is a man who has worked, and can work. Indeed, of Lord Palmerston's first cabinet he was the Atlas, and, with his premier, did all the talking against—especially in the case of the Divorce Bill—a most powerful and active Opposition. Night after night he had to explain, and defend, and find favour for a measure which seemed very seriously to shock the tender consciences of a highly respectable minority; and yet that he cannot, with all his knowledge, carry all before him, is clear from the failure of the last session of Parliament as regards the Bankruptcy Bill—a measure which was most imperatively required, and which the Premier had pledged himself to pass, but which, because he was beaten on one unimportant detail, he withdrew apparently in a huff. This reminds us of what appears to be Sir Richard's main defect--an imperiousness of temper and a haughtiness of demeanour which may have imposed on his Oxford pupils, but which are quite out of place on the floor of St. Stephen's. All admit his subtlety of intellect, his legal knowledge, his wide experience. He has long been recognised as among the cleverest advocates and profoundest lawyers at the Bar. All admit his sincerity and zeal as a law reformer. As he told his constituents at Wolverhampton, to this he has devoted his life, and we believe him. His exertions to improve the system of education for the Bar, to abolish the nuisance of the ecclesiastical courts, to facilitate the transfer of land, all testify that Sir Richard does not merely talk of law reform; but, at the same time, it is evident to all conversant with the present Parliament that a good deal of dislike is felt to Sir Richard's manner, and that if he were a little more courteous, and evinced less of a disposition to ride the high horse, he would be more successful. I believe, on the occasion to which I have already referred, Sir Richard was left in a minority merely as a hint to him to be less arrogant. Indeed, I have heard members of Parliament say as much. He often needlessly irritates members, and makes enemies, when he might just as easily make friends. He ought to be more careful on this head, as his style of speaking is unusually sarcastic, and mincing, and affected. As a speaker he is singularly unpleasant, and if it were not for his acuteness and legal knowledge he would be absolutely unbearable. In this respect Nature has not been bountiful to him. She has not given him that commanding eloquence, that lofty appearance, that ready wit, which made such men as Canning at once favourites with the House. On the contrary, he has had to gain and maintain his position, both in Parliament and in the law courts, by sheer labour. It is true he has achieved a proud position; but that is no reason why he should be proud

about it. Pride puts any man at a disadvantage, and especially in the House of Commons, where the principle of social equality is so extensively carried out. Every one is a cipher when Sir Richard is on his legs, and he beards even the most august judges when on their seats, and professing to administer law and justice. More than one scene has been the result, especially when in Lord Justice Knight Bruce's court,—a lawyer in his way as profound and dogmatic as Sir Richard himself. I have said Sir Richard Bethell is an acute lawyer —how acute has been realised very recently by the holders of Red Sea Electric Telegraph Stock. It appears that the only way in which money could be raised for the important purpose of telegraphic communication with India *viâ* the Red Sea, was by means of a government guarantee of a certain rate of interest, free from all contingencies. Lord Derby granted this, and immediately the scheme, which had before failed, was taken up in the City, and 180,000 shares were applied for when only 40,000 were required. The contract was ratified in parliament—on the strength of it four dividends have been paid—when it was placed in the hands of Sir Richard, who declares it to be worthless, and that it carries not the smallest obligation to pay a farthing of dividend to the shareholders! A pleasant discovery this to shareholders calculating on receiving their fifth dividend immediately it became due!

ASSOCIATION.

"Where should she go? In what place would this demon that had re-entered her be scared back again?"—JANET'S REPENTANCE.

Scenes in Clerical Life, No. 3.

A HAUNTED house! for here I suffered long,
Here my old sorrows unremoving dwelt;
Here round my heart their ghostly shadows throng,
And speak of all the anguish I have felt.

"And see," they whisper, "all our old domain
Looks like the past, and suffers little change;
Come back to us, and doubt and grieve again,
Come back, and e'en despair shall not seem strange.

"Look out! yon tree against the cloudy sky
Still lifts bare arms to buffet with the wind—
See the same hopeless movement that thine eye
Gazed at till tears and nightfall made it blind.

"These silent walls within have seen thee weep,
They witnessed all the writhing hours of shame
Thou would'st forget—but memory can keep,
And Fear a trembling victim can reclaim."

Ah, fool! they are not living things, but dead:
Dead—but, as phantoms, oh! how terrible!
The present seems unreal, and with dread
I see that still I falter where I fell.

These shades, with secret melancholy frown,
Mock at my gladness with short-lived deceit;
They disbelieve my hopes, and drag me down,
To count the graves of those that once were sweet.

I will go out into the fresh bright air,
Unstained by time, the blue sky smiles serene;
But, oh! the garden knows me—everywhere
The old trees mutter, "*Think what thou hast been.*"

By the Author of "Morning Clouds."

THE SILENT WITNESS.

FROM A LAWYER'S DIARY.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JUNIOR.

I HAD spent some years in the West of England in the practice of my profession, and was on a visit to my friends in a large town in the manufacturing districts. Among those who came first in my list of friendship was Fred Elliott, and I arranged to visit him as soon as I could. Fred and I had grown up together as boys, we had entered college together, had graduated together, and when I entered upon the practice of the law, he entered his uncle's office in the capacity of clerk, with a good prospect a-head. And there was another tie between us—a near and dear one—near and dear to us who were both orphans, and who had few relatives living—Fred had married my own cousin, sweet Hattie Keene. He had married her since I went away, though the event had been upon the docket a long while before. And thus I was to meet two of my dearest friends beneath the same roof.

It was just dusk when the carriage left me at the door of the house which had been pointed out as that occupied by my friend, and which I at once recognised as the former home of old Timothy Elliott, the "uncle" of whom I have spoken. My summons was answered by a light, quick step upon the hall floor, and when the door was opened I recognised the fair, fond features of my dearly-remembered cousin. She was five years older than when I saw her last, and had grown to be a little more womanly, and a little more sedate. In fact, she had put on the holiest of all characters—that of Mother. The beauty, the life, the animation, the smiles of other years were not gone, but they were elevated with, softened by, and blended into that nobler character. At first she did not know me; but when I called her by name—when I called her "Hattie," as I used to do in the old times—she caught me by the hand, and, in a moment more, had both her white, soft arms about my neck. She was a sister to me in heart and soul, and with a sister's love she greeted me.

We went into the parlour, where an astral lamp was already burning upon the centre table, and where a fire was reflecting a genial warmth from the polished grate, for it was autumn, and the evenings were quite cool. Upon a chair, near the table, sat a little boy of some three years old, playing with the richly ornamented bridle of a rocking-horse, while upon the carpet was a gleesome child, not yet able to walk with safety, engaged in tumbling about a large marten muff. And these were Hattie's children—two as bright and beautiful things as ever made music in an earthly home. She told them that I was their Uncle Enoch. She had neither bro-

ther nor sister, so I was forced to be an uncle to her children.

Where had I been? What had I been doing? How had I been? Was I married? Did I ever mean to be? and a hundred more questions of a like character were showered upon me before I had time to ask any in return. By and by Fred came. There was a cloud upon his face when he entered the room—I saw it very plainly—but his wife hurried to his side, and kissed him, and whispered in his ear, and in a moment he brightened up, and when he greeted me, and held my hand, and patted me on the shoulder, he appeared the same warm, genial spirit as of old. At the tea-table he asked after my fortunes in the distant home I had sought, and when I told him that I had succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations, and that material wealth was rapidly accumulating for me, he was not only pleased, but intimated that such business and such prospects would suit him.

I laughed outright at what I considered the absurdity of this last idea. He smiled as I spoke, and turned the subject of conversation.

Within an hour after we adjourned to the parlour I was sure that something had gone wrong with my friend. He tried to be cheerful, to talk of our old pranks, and to laugh and joke as in the days of earlier youth, and, as a last resort, he endeavoured to arouse himself in caressing his sweet children. But it would not do—I had seen too much. Hattie succeeded better than he did, and yet, as the evening wore on, I could see that there was a heavy load upon her heart as well.

At length the children were a-bed, and the mother soon followed them. I plainly heard her sob as she left the room, and a smothered groan, which could not escape me, burst from her husband's bosom. Fred poked up the coals, and then took two or three turns across the floor, after which he returned and sat down near me.

"Enoch," he said, his face now all wrapped in gloom, "perhaps you think I act very strangely?"

"I think something is the matter with you," I returned; "something must have gone wrong."

"You are right. Something has gone wrong. In fact," he added, as a shudder crept over his frame, "a storm has burst upon me which is to ruin me!"

He spoke this so solemnly, and so steadily, that I knew there must be some deep meaning to it, and I asked him if he could tell me his trouble. Of course he would tell me—he was anxious to tell me, for I was not only one of his dearest friends, but I was a lawyer, and I might possibly assist him.

"You know," said he, "that I went into business with my Uncle Timothy. When I was married he made me come and live in his house, he put the whole establishment into our hands, and he then boarded with us. I had no money—not a rap, but when I had been with him one year he gave me a good share in the business. Three years ago he died, leaving an estate of about sixty thousand pounds."

"Ay," I replied, as my friend came to a pause, "I heard of all that. There were sixty thousand pounds of good, available funds, after everything was settled."

"Yes," said Fred.

"And," I added, "you came into possession of it."

"Yes," he answered. "There was no will left, or, at least, such was supposed to be the case, and it all came to me, as I was the only near blood-relative living. Uncle Timothy had one brother and one sister. He married when quite young, but his wife died without issue. His sister married a man named Isaac Staffer. This Staffer had one son living by a former wife, but he never had any children by my aunt. He died at the end of two years, leaving her with no means, and she found a home with her brother, taking her step-son with her. In time she died, and the boy was left in my uncle's charge, who kept him till he was one-and-twenty. So much for the sister. The brother married, and had one child, and that child was myself. You know of my parents. My father died when I was a mere child, and my mother died before I graduated. So, you see, I was the only heir to be found. In fact, I was the only representative of Uncle Timothy's blood."

"Certainly," I said; "and of course the whole property fell to you?"

"Yes," he replied, "and it was given to me, and I took possession, and have carried on a flourishing business. Upon the strength thereof I have entered society, and responsible offices have been put upon me."

"Well," said I, as my friend paused again, "what has happened to disturb all this?"

"I 'll tell you," he returned, starting from a moody reverie into which he had fallen. "Do n't you remember that my father and Uncle Timothy once had a serious falling out?"

"Yes," I told him; "I have some recollection of it; but that was a good many years ago. We were boys then."

"Ay, it was near twenty years ago," said Fred; "but I remember it very well, for I remember how badly it made my mother feel. The estrangement lasted for some years, and during that time the bitterness was very strong. My uncle declared he would have nothing more to do with his brother, and, under the influence of this feeling he made a will, conveying the great bulk of his property to John Staffer, the son of his sister's husband. You remember that?"

"Yes," I said, and I did remember it very well, for the thing made considerable talk at the time, and the more so because Staffer, who had married Timothy Elliott's sister, had not been considered much of a man, and it was not generally supposed that the boy, whom he had left under the care of his wife's relative, gave any promise of a valuable life.

"And," pursued Fred, "you probably recollect that, when my father was very sick, Uncle Timothy came to him, and the quarrel was thrown away, and from that time, while my father lived, their brotherly love was warm and generous?"

Yes, I knew all that.

"Well, at that time my uncle spoke of the will he had made, and said he should destroy it, and I believe he did; in fact, I know he did; I know it as well as I know anything which I did not see with my own eyes. Before my uncle died he told me that he should make no will, for there was no need of it. He said I was the only lawful heir, and that was enough.

"My uncle died, and I came into possession of the property, and I have enjoyed it, and have tried to do

good with it, and as the years have passed on I have added something to the original fortune, for I have been careful and prudent. In a dark hour, however, a storm has burst upon me. It seemed only a cloud at first, but it has proved a fearful one. John Staffer has returned. He went away ten years ago—went away because my uncle would not give him a home any longer, and has not been back since until within the last year. He has come, and he has laid claim to my property—to the whole of it!"

"But how?" I asked, as my friend stopped to take breath.

"You remember Stephen Akers, the old lawyer?" said Fred.

"Ay," I replied, "I know him very well. He came into our neighbourhood, West, and did some business there, but he can do no more where he is known, for he has proved himself a rogue."

"Ha—do you know this?" cried my friend.

"Yes, I do know it. But what has he to do with you?"

"I 'll tell you. In the first place he used to do business here, and my uncle employed him."

"I remember that."

"And it was he who made that old will for my uncle."

"Yes, I recollect it now."

"Well," continued Fred, "this old villain of a lawyer came back here about six months ago, and ere long he and John Staffer had their heads together. In a little while Staffer came out and laid claim to my uncle's property, and when he was asked what he meant, he produced a paper which purported to be the last Will and Testament of Timothy Elliott. And Stephen Akers swears that this is the same will which my uncle made many years ago, and that it has been in his charge ever since. He says that when he went away he overlooked it among his other papers, and took it along with him. He furthermore declares that he received several letters from Mr. Elliott, asking him to be careful of the will, and keep it, so that it could be brought to light in case of need."

"Of course," said I, "this will must be a fraudulent one."

"Most certainly it is," returned Fred; "and yet it has been admitted to probate. The judge has accepted it."

"And how stands the case now?"

"I have appealed, and it goes up to the superior court, and, moreover, the trial comes on to-morrow. For myself, Enoch, if I were alone in the world, I would care little, for I could put forth my energies anew; but—for my wife and children—oh!—oh! it is hard! hard!"

He buried his face in his hands, and wept aloud; but in a little while he became calm again, and I questioned him as I saw fit. Another witness to the will beside Stephen Akers was living, and he had testified that he believed the instrument now produced was the one to which he put his name. In short, the case looked dark enough, and I dared not give my friend much hope. Yet I promised to think of the matter, and be present with him at the trial.

On the following morning I got away as soon as I could, for I could not bear to witness Hattie's grief, but I promised to come back again, and, as I held her hand at the door, I told her to keep up a good heart.

An uncle of mine, named Ansel Forbes, a brother of my mother, was in the town on business, and I meant to see him. He was a paper manufacturer, and worth a handsome property. I found him at his hotel, and passed a happy hour with him, for I had been his pet in boyhood, and it was by his generous bounty that I went through college. I told him about the trial which was coming off, and he said he meant to be present if he could. He had been well acquainted with Timothy Elliott, and he was firmly convinced that the only will which Elliott had ever made had been destroyed.

When the hour of trial arrived it was announced that I would assist in the case, and I took my seat with the counsel already engaged. As the trial went on, it did certainly look dark enough for my friend. Stephen Akers, a dark-browed, foxy-looking man, with hair of a grizzled red, which stood out like hedgehog's quills upon his small head, swore that this was the will which he, as Timothy Elliott's attorney, had made eighteen years before, and that it had been in his possession ever since, until he had lodged it in the Probate Office. And he also swore to the receiving of letters from Elliott, bidding him keep the will safe. There was no getting round his testimony; it was plain and direct, and we could not break through it.

An old man named Jackson, who had been one of the witnesses to the will, testified that he believed the instrument now before him was the one to which he had put his hand. He should say that that was his own signature. He was an honest old fellow, and admitted that he had always supposed that the will had been destroyed.

For our client we as yet had nothing of clear, plain facts to help us. We had any amount of *impressions* and *opinions* in our favour. It had been the impression of all Timothy Elliott's intimate friends that the will which he made had been destroyed. He had talked to them in that way, and yet not one of them could swear that they ever heard him say, directly, that such was the fact. In short, though the belief in the destruction of that will was so general and so firm, yet we could not present to the jury a FACT to sustain us in the decision.

Had the counsel for the appellant any more testimony to introduce?

Fred placed his hand, trembling like an aspen, upon my arm, and whispered—

"Oh, my soul! I am lost!"

He was pale as death, and his suffering was intense. As the case now stood, I could have no hope. Whatever may have been the opinion of the judge and the jury upon the right and justice of the thing, there could have been but one opinion upon the law and the fact. My heart sank within me.

Were the counsel for the appellant ready to rest their case?

I held the will in my hand—I believed it to be a forgery. I believed the only will which Timothy Elliott ever made had been destroyed, and that Akers, in consideration of a share in the spoils, had, from the old draft in his hands, forged this instrument, counterfeiting

even Jackson's signature so nicely that the simple old man could not disown it. I was about to give the instrument up, and my last faint hope with it, when a dim mark in one corner of the sheet caught my eye. I examined it more closely. It was a stamp—an impression upon the paper, not so large as the mark of a finger's end; but I caught at it, and solved it. Then I bent my head for a moment, to call to mind something of the past.

"What is it?" asked Fred, who had noticed my emotion.

I told him to wait, and then I arose and looked around the court-room. Was my uncle there? Yes. I saw him close by me. I asked that Stephen Akers might be called to the stand again. The wretch saw that I was excited, and he trembled a little when he started in answer to the call, though he was firm enough when he had gained the stand.

"Mr. Akers," said I, controlling myself as well as I could, "you made this will?"

"Timothy Elliott made it," he replied; "I wrote it down for him as he dictated."

"This will is dated," said I, looking at its sign and seal, "'*October third, eighteen hundred and twenty-three.*' That is eighteen years ago this very month."

"Certainly," replied Akers; "that is just when it was made."

"And you swear that this is the identical instrument?"

"I do."

"And you swear that Timothy Elliott set his hand and seal upon this paper at the time herein mentioned?"

"I do," answered the witness.

I looked him in the eye, and he must have read in that look something of my thoughts, for his countenance changed, and his knees shook under him.

I told him that I had done with him.

Then I asked that Ansel Forbes might be called to the stand.

"Mr. Forbes," said I, "you are a manufacturer of paper?"

He said he was.

"How long have you been engaged in that business?"

He thought a moment, and then replied—

"I entered the business in eighteen hundred and thirty-one, so I have been in it just ten years."

"Now, sir," said I, handing him the instrument which I held, "Will you tell me—will you tell the jury, *when that paper was made?*"

He took it, and the moment his eye rested upon it he started. He gazed upon it more closely, he examined the stamp upon the corner, and then, in a bursting, amazed tone he cried—

"*I made it myself!*"

"*When—when?*" I demanded.

"It could not have been over nine years ago, *for here is my mark—my name*—upon it, as I alone have ever stamped paper in this country." And he showed to the court and to the jury the mark which he had detected. It was plain enough now—a little oval impression, with the name "*A. Forbes*" embossed within it. It was defaced and soiled, but not obliterated.

Stephen Akers was trying to make his way from the court room, but the deputy brought him back.

Two wholesale paper-dealers were summoned, and when they examined the paper they at once recognized it as of Ansel Forbes' manufacture. They knew it—there could be no question.

And thus, almost miraculously, was the whole current of the affair changed.

That evening Hattie hung about my neck, and blessed and thanked me until I fairly cried. And Fred, when he tried to speak of what had passed, at once broke down under the weight of joy and gratitude that was upon him. He was safe—his fortune was safe—and his wife and little ones were still blessed.

Some asked me how I happened to detect that little silent witness away up in the corner of that paper. I answered them, that my uncle gave to me half a dozen reams of that same kind of paper when he commenced making it, and I had been using it ever since, so the stamp was very familiar to me. The forger had selected for his wicked purpose a sheet of respectable age, but it had not proved quite old enough to answer the date he had put upon it.

SCENES IN THE COMMONS.

If scenes in the Upper House of Parliament be rare, they are not in the chamber in which we now are. We turn to the page of history, and we meet with them everywhere. Whilst yet in its infancy, before it had grown great and strong by struggling with the strong and great, the Commons was the theatre of many an exciting scene. We see Wolsey, when in the height of his pride, attempting to awe that house with the imperious presence which few could withstand. Passing a little lower down the stream of time, we shall find scenes constantly occurring—discussions with closed doors—the Speaker forcibly held down in the chair to prevent the adjournment of the house—the Speaker pathetic, and in tears. A little later, and we find the house assuming the appearance of an assembly of divines, quoting Scripture, proceeding in procession to church, listening to long and wearisome prayers, and sermons longer and more wearisome still. Such were the scenes in the olden time—scenes apparently ludicrous and uncouth—scenes, however, the result of feelings which we must all reverence—which have made England what she is. Out of that rough and stormy past has come the fair and sunny present. It is in consequence of that, that we are now what we are.

> "In our halls are hung
> Armoury of the invincible knight of old.
> We must be free, or die, who speak the tongue
> That Shakspeare spake—the faith and morals hold
> That Milton held. In everything we're sprung
> Of earth's best blood, have titles manifold."

In the days of the bluff Harry there occurred one of the first of the scenes which have taken place in the Lower House. £800,000 was required, and it was thought advisable that the cardinal should go to the house and explain the purport and necessity of so large a grant.

Accordingly, Wolsey went down to the house in great state, "with his maces, his pillars, his pole-axes, his cross, his hatte, and the great seal." The cardinal spake of state affairs—of breach of faith by Francis I.—of the king's treaty with Charles V.; how that there was to be war, and that its estimated charges would amount to £800,000, which should be raised out of the fifth part of every man's goods and lands, to be paid in four years—the house all the while sitting in solemn silence. The imperious Wolsey insisted upon an answer, whereupon the Speaker—no less a personage than the illustrious Sir Thomas More—falling upon his knees with much reverence, excused the silence of the house, "abashed at the sight of so noble a personage," who was able to amaze the wisest and most learned men in the realm. But with many probable arguments, he endeavoured to show the cardinal that his manner of coming thither was neither expedient nor agreeable to the ancient liberties of that house; and, in conclusion, told him, "that except all the members present could put their several thoughts into his head, he alone was unable in so weighty a matter to give his Grace a sufficient answer." Whereat the cardinal, we are told, got up and left the house, angry with its Speaker and every one else.

Now and then the Commons had little indignities to put up with. In Queen Elizabeth's time they were shut out of the Lords on one occasion, and great indignation was excited. In James I.'s first parliament, the House of Commons, in the person of Sir Herbert Crofts, one of its members, received a similar insult. It seemed, Sir Herbert, coming up with others to hear the king's speech in the House of Lords, had the door shut upon him, and one Ryan Tashe, a yeoman of the guard, with that cool insolence which always distinguishes your Jack-in-office, insolently repulsed Sir Herbert, saying—"Goodman Burgess, you come not here!" This was very properly resented as an affront to the whole house, and it might have proved vexatious had not one of the officers of state made up the matter, so the house was contented with making poor Tashe acknowledge his fault, and ask for pardon, and with compelling him on his knees at the bar to listen to a reprimand from the Speaker.

One morning, as usual, the house met, but the Speaker was not there—Mr. Speaker being no less a personage than Sir Edward Coke; the house was much alarmed, and very properly went to prayers. A message was then received from the Speaker, "that he was extremely pained in his stomach, insomuch that he could not without great peril go into the air, but that he trusted in God to attend them next day." All the members, being very sorry for Mr. Speaker's illness, rested well satisfied, and so the house did rise, and every man departed away.

A young member of the name of Shephard—we know nothing more of the man—in a speech on a bill for the better observance of the Sabbath, says—"Every one knoweth that *Dies Sabbati* is Saturday, so that you would forbid dancing on Saturday; but to forbid dancing on Sunday is in the face of the King's 'Book of Sports,' and King David said, 'Let us praise God in a dance.' This being a point of divinity, let us leave it to divines; and since King David and King James both bid us dance, let us not make a statute against dancing. He that preferred this bill is a disturber of the peace, and a puritan." Sir Edward Coke delivers a severe reply, the house becomes indignant, and poor Shephard on his knees hears, "that the house doth remove him from the service of the house, as being unworthy to be a member thereof."

Charles I. had not always his own way with the Commons. From the very first, troubles threatened him. When the great Sir John Eliot offered a remonstrance concerning tonnage and poundage, the craven-hearted Speaker, Sir John Finch, durst not do his duty—"he was commanded otherwise by the king." To this Mr. Selden replied, "Mr. Speaker, if you will not put the question which we command you, we must sit still, and we shall never be able to do anything. We sit here by command from the king under the great seal; and as for you, you are by his Majesty, sitting in his royal chair before both houses, appointed our Speaker, and do you now refuse to be our Speaker?" The Speaker replied—"He had an express command from the king, as soon as he had delivered his message, to rise." Thereupon he rose and left the chair. But the house was not to be baulked in that way. Mr. Hollis, son to the Earl of Clare, Mr. Valentine, and other members, held him in his seat. Sir Thomas Edwards and other privy councillors endeavour to free the Speaker. Mr. Hollis swears, with an old-fashioned oath, that the Speaker should sit there till it pleased them to rise. Then the Speaker with tears answered, "I will not say I will not, but I dare not." Business, however, still proceeds; that disposed of, the house rises. Meanwhile the royal ear hears of it. Great indignation is felt in the royal bosom thereat. A messenger is sent for the mace and the sergeant—which being away, at once a stop is put to the business of the house. Unfortunately the house detains the sergeant, and the key of the door is taken from him and given to a member to keep. Again the king sends the keeper of the black rod to dissolve the house, but hearing that would be useless, he sends for the captain of the pensioners and the guard to force the door. The house rises in time to prevent the king having resort to this extreme measure.

The troubles and agitations of that time extended to women as well as men. Under date of February 4th we find a very singular petition was that day presented to the Commons from several gentlewomen and tradesmen's wives in the city. On the last day of sitting these female zealots had been observed to crowd much about the door of the Commons. Sergeant-major Shippon, the commander of the guard, applied to the house to know what to do with them—they telling him that where there was one now there would be five hundred the next day, and that it was as good for them to die here as at home. They were pacified but for a time, and on the day referred to came down in considerable force with their petition against "the idolatrous service of the Mass." Mrs. Anne Stagg, accompanied by many others of like rank and quality, present the petition. After some time spent in debating it, we read, Mr. Pym came to the Commons' door, and called for the women, and spake to them in these words, "Good women, your petition, with the reasons, hath been read in the house, and hath been thankfully accepted of, and is come in a

seasonable time. You shall, God willing, receive from us all the satisfaction which we can possibly give to your just and lawful desires. We entreat you, therefore, to repair to your houses, and turn your petition which you have delivered here into prayers at home for us, for we have been, are, and shall be to our utmost power, ready to relieve your husbands and children, and to perform the trust committed unto us, towards God, our king, and country, as becometh faithful Christians and loyal subjects." Most probably, this is the scene Butler alludes to—

> "The oyster women locked their fish up,
> And trudg'd away to cry 'No Bishop.'"

Alas, for female politicians! the fickle sex next year were quite of another mind, when they presented a petition for peace. Rushworth tells us, "that this petition was brought up by two or three thousand women, generally of the meanest sort, with white silk ribbons in their hats, and was by some of their number presented to the House of Commons, who received and read the same, and sent out Sir John Hippesley, and two or three members more to return them an answer, 'that the house were in no ways enemies to peace, and that they did not doubt but in a short time to answer the ends of their petition, and desired them to return to their habitations." But the women, not satisfied, remained thereabouts, and by noon were increased to five thousand at the least, and some of the rabble in women's clothes mixed themselves amongst them, and instigated them to go to the Commons' door and cry 'Peace! peace!' which they did accordingly, thrusting to the door of the house at the upper stair-head. The trained-band advised them to come down, and first pulled them, and afterwards to fright them shot powder, but they cried out, 'Nothing but powder!' and some of them in the yard, having brickbats, threw them a-pace at the trained-band, who then shot bullets. Yet the women, not daunted, cried out the louder at the door of the House of Commons, "Give us those traitors that are against peace, that we may tear them to pieces—give us that dog, Pym!'" The ladies having thus set a bad example to the 'prentice boys, Whitelocke says, that "the apprentices, and many other rude boys and mean fellows amongst them, came into the House of Commons with their hats on, kept the door open, and called out as they stood, 'Vote, vote!' in this arrogant manner till the vote had passed."

These, however, were but little infringements of parliamentary privilege compared with that jocularly known as "Pride's Purge," when Colonel Pride, having surrounded the house with soldiers, "seized upon divers members of the Commons, some at the doors, others in the lobby, and on the stairs near the house, without any warrant or reason alleged but their sword and power, as they were going to discharge their duties."

The dull light of a January day was changing into dark, when a loud knock was heard at the door of the house, and a rush, as of many armed men. Accompanied by his nephew, and the prince palatine, Charles the First entered the house, darting (as Rushworth tells us) a look on the right hand, near to the bar of the house, where Mr. Pym used to sit; but not seeing him there (*wishing him well*) went up to the chair. "In vain the royal eye sought Pym, Hampden, Hollis, Hazelrigge, and Stroude—they had received a hint of the coming danger, and were hiding in safety in Coleman-street. Charles then angrily addressed the members. The time soon came when he had to speak to them in very different manner. The birds were flown, but they were to be caught, and sent to him with all due celerity; such was the royal will. After this, his Majesty asked Lenthall, the Speaker, whether any of the five were in the house? To which," says Rushworth, the only unmoved person in that eventful scene, "to which the Speaker, falling on his knee, thus answered—'May it please your Majesty, I have neither eyes to see nor tongue to speak in this place, but as the house is pleased to direct me, whose servant I am here; and humbly beg your Majesty's pardon that I cannot give any other answer than this to what your Majesty is pleased to demand of me.' The king, having concluded his speech, went out of the house again, which was in great disorder, and many members cried out aloud, as he might hear them, '*Privilege, privilege!*'"

It is April, 1653, and again the house suffers a rude, and this time a victorious, surprise. A veritable king among men now appears upon the stage. In plain black clothes, with gray worsted stockings, Cromwell made his appearance.

> "Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel old,"

was on his legs. After a few minutes Cromwell beckoned Harrison, "Now is the time," he said; "I must do it." Harrison, doubtful, advised him to consider, adding, "the work is great and dangerous." "You say well," retorted Cromwell hastily, and sat still for another quarter of an hour. The question was now about to be put, when Cromwell suddenly rose, took off his hat, and spoke. At first and for a good while he spoke to the commendation of parliament, for their pains and care of the public good; but afterwards he changed his style, told them of their injustice, and at last indulged in a torrent of invective. Vane rose to remonstrate; Cromwell stopped and said, "You think that this is not parliamentary language—I know it." Then he put on his hat, went out of his place, and walked up and down the stage or floor in the midst of the house with his hat on his head, and chid them soundly, looking sometimes and pointing particularly upon some persons, as Sir R. Whitelake, one of the commissioners for the great seal, and Sir H. Vane, to whom he gave very sharp language. Though he named them not, yet by his gestures it was well known he meant them. All this he spoke (says Ludlow) with so much passion as if he had been distracted. When Vance, and Marten, and Sir Peter Wentworth tried to speak, Cromwell cried out, "Come, come, I 'll put an end to your prating. You are no parliament—I 'll put an end to your sitting. Begone—give way to honester men!" Cromwell then made a signal, which was understood by the soldiers outside, who, with arms ready, immediately rushed into the house. Pointing to the Speaker in the chair, Cromwell said, "Fetch him down." The Speaker refused to move. We take the remainder from the graphic account of Mr. Foster. "Take him down," said the general. Then Harrison went and pulled the Speaker by the gown, and he came down. It happened that that day Algernon Sidney sat

next to the Speaker on the right hand. The general said to Harrison, "Put him out." Harrison spoke to Sidney to go out, but he said he would not go out, and sat still. The general said again, "Put him out." Then Harrison and Worsley, who commanded the general's own regiment of foot, put their hands upon Sidney's shoulders, as if they would force him to go out; then he rose and went towards the door. Then the general went to the table where the mace lay which used to be carried before the Speaker, and said, "Take away these baubles." So the soldiers took away the mace. One by one the members left the house. As they passed Cromwell he addressed the leading men with passionate bitterness. He accused Alderman Allen of embezzlement, and Whitelake of gross injustice; he pointed to Challoner, and told his soldiers he was a drunkard; he called after Sir Peter Wentworth that he was an adulterer; and as his old friend Henry Marten passed, asked him if a whoremonger was fit to sit and govern? Vane passed him among the last, and as he did so he said aloud, "This is not honest; yea, it is against morality and common honesty." Cromwell then addressed him thus—"Sir Harry Vane! Sir Harry Vane! The Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!" Cromwell's end was now gained—he was the master. He locked the doors, and went away to Whitehall.

Then we come to the short parliament which met in the council-chamber in Whitehall, on the 4th of July, 1653. The manner of their proceeding is thus recorded —"After Cromwell had harangued the new members at Whitehall, and invested them with the supreme authority of the nation, they resolved to meet at the old Parliament House the next day. Accordingly, about eight in the morning many of them assembled there, when they began by seeking God with prayer, and the Lord did so draw forth the hearts of them that they did not find any necessity to call for the help of a minister." The account goes on to state, "that much of the presence of Christ and his Spirit appeared at that time, to the great gladdening of the hearts of many, some affirming they never enjoyed so much of the Spirit and presence of Christ in any of their meetings and exercises of religion in all their lives as they did that day." This was when they met for the choice of a Speaker.

What would the world think were such a summary to appear in the *Times* or the *Daily News?* Happily, however, the nation has not become less religious, it has only become more enlightened—more convinced of the fact that the forms of religion do not necessarily imply the existence of the spirit, and that, not unfrequently, the man most destitute of real religion has most of its form. When Mr. Rous went up with the majority of this parliament to resign their authority back into Cromwell's hands, he informed the Protector that some of the members were refractory and refused their consent. Upon this, Colonel White was sent to clear the house. They had placed one Moyer in the chair by the time the colonel arrived, who being asked by White what they did there, replied very gravely that they were seeking the Lord. Then said the colonel, "You may go elsewhere, for to my certain knowledge the Lord has not been here these many years."

A passage from Echard throws some light upon the way in which the struggle was carried on between the court of Charles II. on one side, and the House of Commons on the other. "The address was agreed to the day before," says Echard, Nov. 4, 1673, "but the king disappointed all by coming unexpectedly to the House of Lords, and ordering the Commons to attend him. It happened that the Speaker and the Usher both met at the door of the House of Commons, and the Speaker being got within the house some of the members suddenly shut the door, and cried out, "To the chair! to the chair!' while others cried, 'The Black Rod is at the door!' The Speaker was immediately hurried to the chair, and then it was moved—'1. That our alliance with France was a grievance. 2. That the evil counsellors about the king were a grievance. 3. That the Duke of Lauderdale was a grievance, and not fit to be trusted or employed in any office or place of trust.' To which there was a general cry 'To the question! to the question!' But the Black Rod knocking earnestly at the door, the Speaker leaped out of the chair, and the house rose in great confusion." This was rapid legislation with a vengeance. Happily, the house has become bolder and more powerful now.

The scenes we have already given have been of an exciting and painful character. They were enacted by men whose passions were roused when great principles were at stake—when men had to contend for life, and liberty, and all they held dear. That battle over, the tone of parliamentary life has of course been lower. Party warfare has since raged high; the lame, and the blind, and the old were brought up to vote against Walpole; and during the debates on the Reform Bill, morning had long dawned before members had ceased to harangue on the bill they deemed so great a blessing or curse. On one occasion, we are told, Sheridan divided the house nineteen times. During the Reform Bill, Sir C. Wetherell kept dividing the house all night. But these contests were tame indeed, compared with those which we have already witnessed. When on one side was a king fighting for his prerogative, and on the other a democracy fighting for its very existence, a grandeur attached to the parliamentary arena such as it never had before, nor ever can be expected to have again. Our concluding scenes will be of a lighter character. Conversant as we are with the house as it exists at present, we have witnessed nothing deserving the name of a scene. Mr. Gavan Duffy managed to create a short-lived hubbub by making some rather strong remarks; but that was soon over, and the Duffiad at no time rose to the dignity of the scene. Wilberforce tells us—"In my younger days we often went to the house in full dress; on nights, for example, when we are any of us going to the Opera. Bankes on an occasion of this kind was seated next Elwes, who was leaning his head forward just at the moment when Bankes rose hastily to leave his seat, and the hilt of his sword happening to come in contact with the miser's wig, which he had probably picked off some scarecrow, it was unconsciously borne away by Bankes, who walked in his stately way down the house, followed by Elwes full of anxiety to regain his treasure. The house was in a war of merriment, and for a moment Bankes looked about him wondering exceedingiy what had happened. The explanation was truly amusing when he became conscious of the sword-hilt which he had acquired."

Wilberforce gives us many an insight into the inner life of the House of Commons. Thus in 1807, we fancy we hear it cheering Sir Samuel Romilly when he contrasted his feelings, who had done so much in the cause of human freedom, with those of the great Napoleon, who had endeavoured to crush all Europe with his arms. Again in 1809 we read: "House, examining Mrs. Clarke for two hours, cross-examining her in the Old Bailey way, she, elegantly dressed, consummately impudent, and very clever—clearly got the better in the tussle." No wonder, if her answers were all as pert as when the Speaker asked her under whose protection she then was—her answer, with a respectful curtsy, was, "Under yours." Such scenes must have had a bad effect on the morals of the community. In 1814 we find Wilberforce making an entry of a more favourable character. He tells us how, when "Lord Castlereagh, on his return from Paris, entered the house, he was received with loud and enthusiastic cheers."

When there is a row, you generally find an Irishman in it. O'Connell was famous for this sort of thing. On one occasion, when a vote for Maynooth was being discussed, Mr. Shaw, the member for the University of Dublin, having charged the member for all Ireland with attempting to subvert the Irish Church Establishment, Mr. O'Connell rose, and, with the greatest warmth and violence of gesture, said "I call the honourable recorder to order; he has made use of a false assertion."

Here Mr. O'Connell's voice, says the author of "Random Recollections of the House of Commons," was drowned amidst the deafening cries of "Order," which proceeded from all parts of the Opposition side of the house. A number of honourable members rose at once and accompanied the words with a corresponding violence of gesture. Mr. O'Connell resumed: "The honourable member has accused me of having sworn one thing and done another. It is quite out of order for a member to utter falsehoods." Here the excitement became more furious still. In vain did Mr. Bernal endeavour, as chairman, to restore order. His voice was lost amidst the deafening noise which prevailed. Some degree of quiet being at length restored, Mr. Shaw rose, and with great warmth said, "The honourable member for Dublin knows that when he used the word falsehood—" Here Mr. Shaw's voice was again drowned amid renewed uproar and confusion. Seven or eight Irish members were speaking at the top of their voices. At length, Mr. Bernal having threatened to dissolve the committee, Mr. Shaw was allowed to resume, which he did by saying: "The honourable member, Mr. O'Connell, has charged me with being actuated by a spiritual ferocity; but my ferocity is not of that description which takes for its symbol death's head and cross-bones." (Tremendous cheers from the Opposition, with uproar from Irish members on the ministerial side.) Mr. O'Connell, addressing himself personally to Mr. Shaw, and not to the chairman, "Yours is a calf's head and jaw-bones." (Deafening cheers from the ministerial side of the house, mingled with cries of "Order! order! chair! chair!" from the Opposition.) This was the climax. Mr. Bernal at length interposed, and order was again restored.

We take from the *Morning Post* of 28th of July, 1835, a very graphic account of a scene which ensued when Mr. Hughes, a new member for the city of Oxford, rose to address the house. The moment he pronounced the word "Sir," addressing himself to the Speaker, he was assailed with the most tremendous uproar and confusion. The most confused sounds, mysteriously blended, issued from all corners of the house. One honourable member near the bar repeatedly called out, "Read," to the member endeavouring to address the house, in an exceedingly base and hoarse sound of voice. At repeated intervals, a sort of drone-like humming, having almost the sound of a distant hand-organ or bagpipes, issued from the back benches,—coughing, sneezing, and ingeniously extended yawning, blended with other sounds, and produced a *tout ensemble* which we have never heard excelled in the house. A single voice from the ministerial benches imitated very accurately the yelp of a kennelled hound.

In 1834, when the question before the house was the admission of Dissenters to the Universities, the following scene occurred, taken from the *Morning Chronicle* the day after. Mr. G. W. Wood rose to reply (the laughing, jeering, shouting, and coughing were such as we never before witnessed). The hon. gentleman said it had been declared that the bill in its present stage was essentially different from what it was when he had the honour to introduce it. (At this moment two hon. members, o'er all the ills of life victorious, suddenly entered from the smoking-room into the Opposition gallery, and stretching themselves at full length, secure from the observation of the Speaker, commenced a row of the most discreditable character.) This he denied ("I say, can't you crow?") (laughter and uproar); the provisions had not been altered ("Hear him, how he reads!")—the enactments were in every way unaltered (loud cheering followed by bursts of laughter). The question was ("Read it—read it," and great uproar), the question was ("Just so—read it"), the question was (great cheering and laughter), whether the Universities should be open to all, or be for ever under the control of mere monopoly ("Where's the man what crows?" Laughter, and cries of "Order" from the Speaker). Public opinion ("Order," and great uproar, during which the Speaker, evidently excited, was loudly calling for "order!" The scene here was indescribable).

Mr. Grant gives another scene, occurring during the same session: "An honourable member, whose name I suppress, rose amidst the most tremendous uproar to address the house. He spoke and was received, as nearly as the confusion enabled me to judge, as follows:—'I rise, sir (ironical cheers mingled with all sorts of zoological sounds); I rise, sir, for the purpose of stating that I have ('Oh! oh! Bah,' and sounds resembling the bleating of a sheep, mingled with loud laughter)—Honourable gentlemen may endeavour to put me down by their unmannerly interruptions; but I have a duty to perform to my con——(ironical cheers, loud coughing, sneezing, and yawning extended to an incredible extent, followed by bursts of laughter). I say, sir, I have constituents that, on this occasion, expect that I (cries of 'should sit down,' and shouts of laughter)—they expect, sir, that on a question of such importance (O-a-a, and loud laughter, followed by cries of 'Order' from the Speaker)—I tell honourable gentlemen, who choose to conduct themselves in such a way, that I am

not to be put down by—(Groans, coughs, sneezing, hems, and various animal sounds, some of which closely imitated the yelping of a dog and the squeaking of a pig, interspersed with peals of laughter). I appeal ('Cockeleerio'—the imitation in this case of the crowing of a cock was so remarkably good, that not even the most staid and orderly members in the house could preserve their gravity. The laughter which followed drowned the Speaker's cries of 'Order, order')—I say, sir, this is most unbecoming conduct on the part of an assembly calling itself de—— ('Bow-wow-wow,' and bursts of laughter). Sir, may I ask honourable gentlemen who can—('Mew, mew,' and renewed laughter). Sir, I claim the protection of the chair. (The Speaker here again rose and called out 'Order, order,' in a loud and angry tone, on which the uproar in some measure subsided.) If honourable gentlemen will only allow me to make one observation, I will not trespass further on their attention, but sit down at once. (This was followed by the most tremendous cheering in earnest.) I only beg to say, sir, that I think this is a most dangerous and unconstitutional measure, and will, therefore, vote against it.' The honourable gentleman then resumed his seat amidst deafening applause." Happily these scenes now have altogether ceased. This may make a night in the house less amusing than formerly; but you have the satisfaction of feeling that the business of the house is better done; and if we want low buffoonery, we can go for it now to the Cider Cellars.

Parliament has met, and its first business seems to be an endeavour to reform its ways. We are not sure that it is right in this attempt. We are not sure, even, that that of which it complains is a fault. It is true parliament meets for the despatch of business, that is, to pass new laws and taxes, and to amend or repeal old ones; but it has very much more than this to do. We are not alone to judge of it by the number of acts repealed. Why, in raising its seventy-two millions of taxes, what an immense number of cases of complaint may arise, what classes of the community may be aggrieved, what injury may be done to trade or commerce, what important interests may be overlooked, what doors may be opened for demoralisation and fraud! If members may not have an opportunity of pointing out these dangers, of protecting these interests, of declaiming against these wrongs, what an immense amount of injustice may be unwittingly done! The official class are ignorant of these matters; their interest is directly opposite to that of the public. All that they require is to be let alone, and to get through their work with as little trouble to themselves as possible. Then, again, parliament is the grand inquest of the nation, and our policy on all matters at home and abroad must be there ventilated and discussed. Members have surrendered many of their privileges. They have not the opportunities they had of raising debate, and of interfering with the passing of particular measures. The changes made in the last twenty-three years have been very great. At one time the house was in the habit of debating on the presentation of petitions; and once, on the presentation of a petition by Mr. Spring Rice, a debate took place for days, the only motion being that the petition do lie on the table. Formerly, too, upon every order of the day being read, any member might rise and get up a debate. Then, on going into committee of supply there were two distinct motions put from the chair: first, that the house resolve itself into a committee of supply, and upon that every one of the six hundred members in the house might raise a discussion and take a division; and next, that the Speaker might leave the chair, upon which, again, every member might raise a discussion and take a division. Now, members have only the power of making one motion on the house going into committee of supply; and, considering the important interests involved, surely that is not too much. Time is not the most important element in legislation. It is of more consequence that business should be well done than quickly done. Moreover, the house have agreed to appoint a committee to consider whether any changes can be made in the forms and proceedings of the house which may tend to accelerate the progress of public business. We are not sanguine as to the result of the deliberations of the committee. We have no wish to see government aggrandised at the expense of the privileges of independent members, which are very valuable, and great safeguards, however inconveniently or disagreeably at times they may be used. It is not in this direction we look for improvements. The evil is, as Mr. Bright suggested, that there are on one side of the house almost as many men as on the other, and that it is the acknowledged duty of the leader of the Opposition to prevent the government doing almost anything. Another evil to be remedied is the manner in which the government business is introduced. Last session, as Mr. Horseman remarked, a great many important measures had been laid on the table very late, while some of the utmost importance, such as those relative to Indian finance, were not introduced till August. It is in this direction that reform should be effected, and not in the surrendering on the part of the members of any of their privileges, the loss of which would rob the House of Commons of its dignity, and would make its chief function to consist in merely registering the acts of the executive. As it is, the house does get through a very fair share of work. For instance, only this very last session 154 public Acts had been passed—the greatest number which had received the assent of parliament in any one session since 1832. As it is, then, the parliament is not so much to blame; and if the executive were a little more diligent, and if the house were less tolerant of talking for mere talking sake, a great deal more might be done, and done in a better manner.

NEAR FLINT.

A VAST expanse of golden bright sand,
And beyond lay the silver sea,
Above stretched far the wild cloudland,
Which e'er did seem to change and flee.

O'er the sand a mighty shadow crept,
And stole gently o'er the changing sea;
Wrapping the shore where the seagulls swept
In a soft, dim veil of mystery.

And though it soon was far on its way,
And the sun shone bright, o'er sea and land,
All things seemed darkened by its stay,
The silver was water—the gold was sand.

So in a life overshadowed by sorrow,
Though earth seemed so fair before it came,
Where that shadow hath been, it needs will follow
This earth can ne'er seem so bright again.

So humbly of sin make a full confession,
That, when sorrow arises to fly away,
We may take to our hearts the bitter lesson,
And, learning to suffer, learn also to pray.

E 1859.

GLORIANA.

A TWILIGHT FANCY.

KING POWER was lord of the widest domains upon earth, when his wife Ignorance, who had aided and abetted every scheme of his for conquest and dominion, died, plunging him at once into the depths of despair and grief. He deserted his throne, indulging the luxury of his grief alone in his Castle of Heathenesse, in the midst of that broad, bright kingdom—Goldenland. The country, thus left, became a scene of riot and confusion, through the incessant struggles of his sons for the right of government.

These sons, four in number, Injustice, Tyranny, Idolatry, and Superstition, were fine grown young men, and so nearly, in appearance, of the same age, that had there not been incontestable proof of their birth preserved, it would have been impossible to award the honour of priority.

The country was divided equally in support of the brothers, for while the nobles used all their means to maintain the rights of Injustice and Tyranny, the priests adhered firmly to Idolatry and the people were devoted to Superstition.

The civil wars would have been long and bloody had not King Power with a mighty effort roused himself from the stupor of grief, and appointed deputy governors of the kingdom, delegating to them supreme authority during the time he intended to spend abroad.

The deputy governors soon restored peace, and the king departed, still bowed down and prematurely aged with grief; the sages prophesied he would never be himself again, and certainly, when Ignorance died, it was the greatest blow King Power could ever receive.

Ten years elapsed ere he returned, then shouts of joy were echoed and re-echoed all over Goldenland, for from the sunny south he had brought a partner to share his throne,—a lady so lovely that at once the hearts of all were gained, and she became an object of worship in the land. She was called Refinement, and was a worthy consort for King Power.

Under her influence he lost much of his ferocity, and his eyes shone with a milder, calmer light than of yore. The four princes were lulled into perfect submission under her beneficent influence, and many of their worst qualities seemed forgotten.

During the reign of Refinement a very great change became apparent in the domestic manners of the people, and many luxuries were imported from the sunny land where Refinement was born.

The court, too, became as magically transformed—three sons were born to King Power and his Queen, successively named Chivalry, Poetry, and Music,—three lovely lads who created one perpetual season of gaiety and enjoyment in the Castle of Heathenesse.

It might have been supposed that the king had everything he could require for happiness, and yet far down in his heart was a great wish unfulfilled. He had sons, bold strong lads, worthy to possess his crown and his name, but he longed for a daughter, a miniature embodiment of his lovely queen, who should climb his knee, and in the sunlight of whose artless smiles he might grow young again.

At last this desire was answered—a girl-babe was born, and King Power, with the little long-robed infant lying in his arms, stood in his dark stone-arched hall in the Castle of Heathenesse and thanked the gods for their gift.

The Druidical priests drew near to perform the mystic rites of baptism, and with incantations and supplications to the gods pronounced the name chosen for the tiny maiden *Civilization*.

But the king said, "It is too long, we will call her *Gloriana*, for she will be a 'glory to the land.'" And from that time the infant Civilization was called Gloriana.

When the seven brothers were brought in to swear to protect and love their sister with one accord, the four eldest withstood both threats and adjurations: in the little stranger they recognised only an enemy, and refused to pledge themselves to cherish and support her. But Chivalry, when called, advanced boldly, laid his hand upon the babe's, and pronounced the vow; then, grasping his father's sword, swore by that to cherish and protect her even though it should be to his death. Poetry and Music, though as yet too young to understand the nature of the vow, both repeated it.

Years passed, and in her father's court Gloriana grew to be the loveliest little maiden it is possible to imagine; all succumbed to her will, yet no one knew by what power she obtained the mastery; whether it were the magic of her silver-toned voice, or the enchantment of her wondrous beauty, none could tell; this power increased as she approached womanhood.

Of all her brothers, Gloriana preferred Chivalry, who now, at eighteen, appeared as the embodiment of some dream of brightness and beauty. His limbs were modelled after the similtude of a god's; he was so tall, that by his side Gloriana appeared as a little bit of brightness slipped off him; he was so strong that the fame of his feats of arms had penetrated to the uttermost parts of the earth; he was the founder of all lands, and so manly and courageous that scarcely anything was talked of but the deeds of Chivalry.

Poetry wrote long accounts of his actions in glowing musical words that have been handed down to posterity and will never be forgotten.

Poetry and Music were still delicate lads, and while their brother was performing astonishing feats of strength in the battle-field, they provided amusement

in the banqueting-hall for the guests in the Castle of Heathenesse.

They were visited by foreign potentates who were desirous of beholding the display of their talents, and in their turn visited distant courts, when their fame almost rivalled that of Chivalry's deeds.

Gloriana was proud of these three brothers, but she loved Chivalry best, and whenever he was at home they spent long days together, rambling through the forests round the Castle of Heathenesse, talking of glorious days yet to come.

Gloriana was a strange child, and when Chivalry was away she rambled forth into the forest alone, there holding converse with spirits who seemed to obey her slightest word.

And this was how she talked with the spirits, sitting upon a green mound in the woods, her white satin robe flowing around her, her golden hair streaming over her jewelled boddice, her large eyes sometimes penetrating the dense foliage overhead, then turned below as though there were power in them to discover all the hidden treasures of the earth, ever with that strange light gleaming in them that seemed to tell of a soul not bounded by time, that could pierce and fathom the mist that veils future ages from all mortal eyes.

First came a phantom with large pale brow and spiritual eyes, called Knowledge.

"Gloriana, I have done thy bidding; already one great and mighty monarch has erected a temple to me; it is attended by the wisest and greatest in the learning of ages. Youths are there instructed, and I have won many from their blind adherence to Prince Superstition."

"And Idolatry?" said Gloriana, looking up eagerly. Knowledge drew her thin hand across her eyes.

"I have failed there as yet. Idolatry has so many wiles and ways of beguiling, that I no sooner prove one false than the very power I give them plunges them deeper and deeper into the thraldom of fascination he knows so well how to throw around them."

"There is something wanting," said Gloriana, musingly. "Cannot Truth aid you? there must be some counter-passion, some cool, calm, deep, and firmly-seated belief to destroy that allegiance to my brother—Ah! there it comes, what is it—what is it, moves me thus?"

Gloriana arose, her slight form expanding, her fair face gleaming with a radiance dazzling as a burst of brilliant sunshine; it passed slowly away, and she resumed her seat.

"I have felt this often lately, a conviction that there is something needful to advance our plans, a great, a glorious addition, for the want of which whole states have dwindled and died away, a something which we *shall* possess, and which will crown our land with glory and honour. Knowledge, what is it?"

There was a halo of light gleaming round the head of the spirit addressed, and her eyes, like stars, shot forth sparks of heavenly light.

"Yes, I know, but the time has not yet come, it will arrive in due season, then only shall we really prosper."

The pale spirit was gone, and next a quick bright voice addressed Gloriana.

"My work is begun. The woodman's axe echoes in the forest; rude huts are already assuming the form of comfortable habitations; I have taught maidens to spin, to sew, and to knit; garments are no longer made of skins of beasts; iron has been procured from the ground; fields are tilled and grain is springing up; manufactures, though rude, are progressing, the first ship has been launched,—all are busy, bustling, and active, but they ask, 'What is this labour for?' and I, Gloriana, what shall I tell them? that it is for you is not enough."

"Tell them to work on for—for—themselves and for their children. I have no higher motive to send—but, oh! Industry, tell them from me, in serving you their labour is not thrown away, and the time will come—is coming—when each will know the glorious end for which all must strive."

Genius came next, drooping, dispirited, that one complaint the burden of her song as of the rest. Others followed, a troop of virtues, and lastly came Love, so pale, so shadow-like, a mere reflection of a spirit, her eyes dropping bright crystalline tears.

And this was her tale.

"I find daily exercise for my powers, but there is nothing to counter-balance the working of those darker spirits, Envy, Hatred, Malice, Jealousy, and, rather than endure the misery they bring, many will close their hearts to me. The sweets I offer, having nothing to rest upon, are not equivalent to the evils. I dare scarcely venture forth even in attendance upon your brother Chivalry, Injustice and Tyranny are always waiting to oppose me, and they cause such bitter unhappiness that often I weep and depart. I have no strength to withstand them, and love based upon love makes minions for Idolatry, who rejoices in the votaries I am continually creating for him."

Gloriana was alone, but the moaning wind amidst the lofty forest trees seemed the echo of the spirit-voices whispering in her ear, still that same burden of sad and wearisome complaint. The little princess arose and walked forth.

Near the Castle of Heathenesse stood a high and solitary tower, severely simple in its architecture, based upon solid rock that ages in their revolution could not change. The tower was called Faith. Gloriana ascended this, and from the top she had a view of the dominions of King Power. She saw the clearings in the forest and heard the stroke of the woodman's axe as it fell; she saw the waving golden-grain drop before the reaper's knife as his song broke merrily on the air; she could trace the rapid growth of towns which once had been mere circles of wretched huts, and far away on the blue-sheeted ocean white sails scudded hither and thither. These changes had taken place since her birth; oh! yes, she must indeed be a "glory to the land."

Gloriana closed her eyes, and as we look forward into womanhood and old age, half divining its ends and aims, so, in one inward glance, ages rolled away, and the land still lay stretched before her. What had once been interminable forest-land was now paved streets and busy thoroughfares; merchant jostled merchant in the thronged mart and exchange; busy, bustling life was everywhere. Gloriana was in the zenith of her pride and beauty. The magic hand of science had unlocked the earth, and displayed embosomed in its caverns treasures, which the mighty mind of man had bent and

moulded to his service; narrow streams, crowded with barges, threaded the land, covering it as with a silver net-work; snorting engines whirled travellers along at flying speed, and the rolling deep was ploughed by ships propelled by a force that seemed too wonderful for human agency ever to have discovered; and far down in Gloriana's heart there lay a peace so calm—so spirit-like, that the awakening to the realities of the present came with a sigh of weariness and regret.

The child Civilization longed for the time when, in the fulness of her power, she should thus shine forth. As Gloriana grew the enmity of her four elder brothers became more apparent; it had slumbered long, breaking forth only when she crossed their path; but now, when, as the young and lovely maiden, her power over the king and his subjects was openly recognised, they hesitated not to express it upon every occasion, and their hatred became fierce and violent. But Chivalry was making a long stay in Heathenesse, and stood boldly by his sister's side in every altercation; so Gloriana pursued her occupations as usual, teaching and encouraging her brothers Poetry and Music, affectionately tending the queen, sporting with the old king her father, coaxing him into playing such strange pranks that the whole nation was astonished, and talking with the spirits in the woods. But there were wars in distant lands, and it was necessary that Chivalry should depart; all were clamorous for his presence and guidance.

Gloriana hung sadly and tearfully upon his neck. This parting seemed as death, and long after he went she was drooping and sad, and walked from room to room in the castle, pale and dispirited. Then arose Injustice, Tyranny, Idolatry, and Superstition, their coward souls triumphing in her despair. They met in the woods—they schemed for her destruction, for they hated to see King Power the slave of her simplest wish.

Injustice sat silent; he had not so many causes of complaint, though he clung to his brothers in their determination; but Tyranny was very violent in his declamations.

"The whole land is peopled with her minions,—I am foiled at every step. Already the vassals are rebelling against their feudal lords, the nobles call upon me in vain for aid—the spirit of insubordination is too strong for me to quell. Idolatry and Superstition are becoming weak, for though formerly to be depended upon in every emergency, they now afford me no assistance. If we four brothers would preserve our power, our influence in the land, Gloriana must die!"

And the three others sprang to their feet, echoing,

"Die, die! or she will be the death of us!"

The decree had gone forth, the tall forest trees bowed their heads, and the wind murmured mournfully through their branches that Civilization must die.

That night in the palace, Gloriana forgot her sport with the king, and instead wreathed her white arms round his neck, and her long golden curls drooped until they mingled with the grey beard on his breast. Ah! very lovely looked the youthful Civilization then, in all the budding loveliness of her maidenhood. The old king put up his withered hands, and twined the golden threads around his knotted fingers.

"Why so sad, Glory? Thou hast grown pale of late; thou hast forgotten thy play; thou art too young. child, for the cares of life to press heavily on thy spirits, What new toy is it thou long'st for? Speak; it is thine, if, to purchase it, one half my kingdom must be bartered."

"Oh, father, it is not that," and Gloriana came round to his knee; she knelt and folded her hands there, as she looked up wistfully into his face. "We have been happy together; you have loved your little Gloriana, and the land has been brighter for the few years she has lived; but there is some great and inscrutable agency at work—a crisis in my destiny has arrived, and Fate ordains that we should part. Oh! my father, you will think of me sometimes; you will not forget all Gloriana has done for you and for your kingdom?"

The old man trembled and shook as a giant tree quivering under a powerful blast of wind, and then he cried, amidst a wild burst of broken sobs,

"Oh, Gloriana! oh, my child! do not leave me. Fate! Destiny! What are they that they should separate us? Am I not King Power, whom all obey?"

Alas! his Christian name was earthly, so that he was but earthly power after all, and there were great spirits who required *his* obedience.

Night flung her dark mantle as usual over the Castle of Heathenesse, and the bright stars gleamed forth like jewels in its folds, but when the sun arose, dispersing the grey mists that hung over the forest, Gloriana was gone!

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They sought her everywhere, but in vain. Not a trace could be discovered of her whereabouts. Like a bright flash of sunshine she had illumined the whole land, but to leave it the darker when she departed.

King Power drooped and died, and was quickly followed to the grave by his lovely Southern Queen. A long dark night fell over all the country—a darkness under which Injustice, Tyranny, Idolatry, and Superstition strove for mastery, and all their vassals were at war.

Chivalry returned from his foreign wars wounded and faint, but his very presence cast a halo over the land for a time. His sister's disappearance, his parents' death, the heathen darkness and misery of the country, roused his sinking heart; he boldly attacked the foul destroyers of his peace and happiness, and fell fighting against his brothers.

In one solitary tower in the Castle of Heathenesse two brothers lay sleeping, locked tightly in each other's arms. It was a little, lonely room, far out of reach of the strife and confusion below.

It would be almost impossible to recognise in them the two handsome youths who had charmed all the guests of the good King Power, so thin, so pale, so emaciated had they become; their bodies appeared to have dwindled to mere children's in size and shape; there was a deathliness in the depth of their repose, yet Poetry and Music were not dead, but sleeping. And thus Goldenland lay enveloped in the gloom of the dark ages.

PART II.

When Gloriana left her father she retired to rest, but not to sleep. A vague sense of unhappiness oppressed her—of present pain and suffering. She sat lost in

thought until long past midnight, and as the first watch of the morning dawned her reverie was disturbed, the casement was thrown open, and a man sprang into the room—a man with a countenance so ferocious that a thrill of horror made Gloriana tremble with fear. His name was Stubborn Ill-will, and he was the principal attendant upon Prince Tyranny. He threw a mantle called Unpopularity around Gloriana, that made her invisible to all eyes, and then, despite her struggles, bore her off.

When morning dawned she was far out into the forest with her ill-favoured attendant, and where the trees grew thickest, and the shadows densest, he paused and drew a long glittering knife from his belt. Gloriana, with wondrous dexterity, avoided the downward stroke, her hair wildly dishevelled, and her eyes gleaming, as she confronted the surly ruffian, strong in her consciousness of a great and lofty purpose, yet her slim maiden figure no match for his unwieldy strength.

From the depths of the forest there came towards them an old man leaning upon a staff. Behind him were three maidens, following his footsteps with a fantastic dance. It was Destiny and the Fates, and when Gloriana saw them she knew she was saved.

The old man advanced to Stubborn Ill-will, and laying his iron hand upon his arm, one glance conquered him, for the ruffian slunk muttering away.

Then the maidens embraced Gloriana, and when she thought they would all have returned to Heathenesse, Destiny pointed in a different direction, and she, leaning upon his unfailing arm, accompanied them, though at first sadly. Destiny guided her upon a long and toilsome journey, and at length left her alone in a foreign land.

It was a land where mountains reared their lofty white-crested peaks to the blue skies, and cold winds whistled over them, sweeping down the valleys where the snow lay in sheets of glittering crystal, or shaking the ice-drops from the trees, covered the ground with myriads of diamonds. Ere he left her, Destiny led Gloriana to the gates of the castle where dwelt King Wisdom.

The young princess was at once received with the greatest honour and cordiality, for the fame of herself and her brothers had long since reached the court of King Wisdom, and all longed to do homage to her beauty and her virtues.

King Wisdom had one son, the pride and delight of his old age, his comfort, his sustenance, and the surest staff upon which he could lean. He had delegated much of his authority to him, and the people rejoiced under the rule of so good and pure a prince. His name was True Religion.

Gloriana stayed long at the court of King Wisdom, and learnt much while there. She saw every vice kept in check and every virtue aided by True Religion; not only was the working of the household inside the castle perfection, but the same scheme of noble usefulness enlarged, was as successful abroad. True Religion had many subordinate ministers, of whom the chief was called Order. These all did his bidding with promptitude and skill, and to them, as to the people, all they did for True Religion was a labour of love, and so there was no strife, no quarrellings amongst them.

Gloriana was never weary of inspecting the working of such a state, and often rode out with the prince in his visits to different parts, ever questioning eagerly, earnestly, and he replying in plain gentle words.

They were returning one day from one of these expeditions when Gloriana, reining in her white steed, asked,

"What do you teach the people?—What is the secret of your power?"

The lofty brow of the prince was irradiated for an instant and his dark eyes shone—but his voice was softly musical as ever when he spoke,

"You see a rude people, Gloriana, improved indeed to what they were when you came to the land, but still barbarous compared with the subjects of King Power, but I have taught them that in comparison with which all else is valueless. And yet I have enemies, I am miscalled, misunderstood, and misrepresented; few know me really as I am. I try to avoid dispute, and simply and earnestly to enforce, both by precept and example, the great truth that there is *one* God, whom it is our duty to love and obey."

Gloriana uttered a little startled cry, and the prince sprang forward alarmed, but her glance reassured him.

"Ah! that I too had known that belief sooner, then would there have been no exile, no tumult at home. I have felt the longing for some such hope, and knew not where to find it."

It is needless to relate more of that ride. Gloriana's descriptions of her beloved country had made it appear as lovely in the eyes of the prince, as did the young princess herself, and, it was arranged that when Destiny came to the castle gates, as he had promised to do when Gloriana must depart, she should not return alone, she was to have a youthful companion and protector on her journey.

When at length Destiny arrived he found King Wisdom exceeding loth to part with his son and daughter, but finally he bestowed his blessing upon the youthful couple, and saw them depart.

Goldenland lay crouching amidst the darkness and gloom of its enfeebled government, when Gloriana and her young husband made their triumphal entry into the land. An old man met them at the gates of the principal city with keys in his hand. He was called Popular Feeling, and the keys would unlock the hearts of the people. They proceeded straight to the Castle of Heathenesse, but the four brothers had retreated there and prepared to resist their entrance to the utmost of their power.

At the gates stood Stubborn Ill-will more ferocious than ever, and a colleague more ill-favoured, uglier than himself—Unbelief. There were lines upon lines of enemies to interrupt the progress of True Religion and Civilization, but they pushed surely and steadily forwards, never wearied, strong in the support each gave the other, and in the array of friends they had on either hand. Some climbed the tower of Faith, and saw that victory would eventually be theirs; then they shouted to those below, inspiring them with fresh courage.

They prevail at last, and Gloriana, with True Religion by her side, stands within the Castle of Heathenesse—of Heathenesse no longer, but of Enlightenment, the moment the youthful pair enter over the dead bodies

of Tyranny, Idolatry, and Superstition. Gloriana's foot springs and her voice calls "Father—Father." No answer,—on she flies, "Father, mother, Chivalry, where are ye?"

Gloriana stands in the great hall where they were all wont to assemble, and presently comes in slowly a little decrepit form supported on crutches.

Gloriana draws back, she does not recognise it, until a weak but still melodious voice pronounces "Gloriana—my sister!"

"My brother! is it indeed you? O Music, how is this?" He tells her the sad tale, and Gloriana weeping sinks upon the ground, but there is one at hand to comfort her, and she is raised to repose upon the bosom of True Religion, who alone can whisper balm for such griefs as hers.

Music is weeping too, but his tears are of joy. He has thrown away his crutches and borne Poetry, more ill and emaciated than himself, in his arms to his sister, ere Gloriana looks up, and recognising Poetry, embraces them both. The health and activity of the two young men returned as by magic, and their heartfelt joy was gushing forth in songs of thankfulness, when a poor wretch crawled to the feet of Gloriana imploring mercy and forgiveness. It was Injustice. Gloriana's tears fell fast upon him, but True Religion spoke.

"Rise, Justice shalt thou be from henceforth. Born in darkness and in Heathenesse, the eldest son of King Power was rightly named, but now that True Religion and Civilization are firmly established, Power has no son but Justice."

And so Gloriana became Queen of Goldenland, and now, when in the zenith of her strength and her beauty she looks back to her earlier days, it is with a feeling of thankfulness that in her early youth she found that which is the true support of nations and states. Her light alone might have blazed for awhile, then dwindled out, but now, firmly united to True Religion, Civilization will cast its refulgent beams of wisdom and strength over ages and ages yet to come.

MARGUERITE.

Market Harborough.

THE SCHOOLBOY.

SHAKSPEARE'S Schoolboy we all know. The lad goes, as the artist has drawn him on the other side, with his satchel and shining morning face, unwillingly to school. In Shakspeare's time the instruction of the school was repulsive and unpleasant because mechanical and formal. The imagination was neglected, and the memory overburdened. A great change has been introduced; schoolmasters have studied the science of education, and in quantity and quality vast progress has been made. It is too true that education now realises but little of the good which an examination of the principles on which it ought to proceed leads us to hope for. Writing but twenty years ago the late Mr. Lawlor justly gave this opinion: "Except the mechanical processes of reading and writing, the mass of society derives little from its *designed* education. The ignorance of the poorer classes is scarcely touched by the feeble educational machinery brought to bear against it; the children of the middle ranks acquire some small knowledge which is useful in their worldly callings, and the educated classes obtain a smattering of the dead languages, though most of them lose it within a few years by neglect. In every class there are individuals who, by their own energy, make considerable acquirements; but the effect of education is to be estimated by the condition of the majority subject to its influence. Tried by this test existing education is all but universally inefficient." But within the last twenty years this language has almost ceased to be applicable. Education has risen wonderfully in the public estimation. Reform has been the order of the day at Oxford and Cambridge, and an impulse has been given which has been felt in the remotest villages and the lowliest homes in the empire. The middle-class examinations instituted by the University of Oxford have been of a most beneficial character, and the government, by instituting an educational test into the public service, have not merely laid the axe at the root of much parliamentary corruption, but at the same time have offered a premium to education of the most extensive character. We English are a practical people, and we now see, as we never saw before, the practical value of education. The whining schoolboy now no longer goes unwillingly to school; learning has not only been made attractive to him, but he feels that, as he makes progress in school, so he will make progress in after-life; that at length, in our age and place, learning has come to be better than house or lands.

ASSOCIATED HOMES.

IT has come to be generally admitted that we Englishmen are in the habit of doing a great deal of work for a very little money; that whilst we toil and labour from morning till night, we do not have that amount of happiness to which such unwearied labour might be supposed to qualify us to lay claim; that owing to the arrangements of society, much more time is given to mere mechanical toil than is actually required; and that thus our countrymen and countrywomen are deprived of an immense amount of social and mental enjoyment—the progress of civilization impeded, and the aspect of society rendered very different to what it might become. The truth of this statement cannot for a moment be questioned. What is the situation of the majority of families in the middle classes, but one of anxiety and toil; one in which the claims of the passing day are too often met with difficulty; one in which much of real comfort is sacrificed in the vain struggle to present a respectable appearance to the world. The father of a family can see but little of them but on the Sabbath; the mother is too often harassed with cares as to how best to manage with the money the husband with difficulty gains. Merchants go to their counting-houses early, and remain till late. Professional men have to go through a similar, if not a greater amount of work. Tradesmen are equally confined in their shops. Now this state of society is attended with great and



THE SCHOOLBOY.

tremendous ills. Home might be made a more happy and blessed thing than it now is. More time might be given to the full development of the mental and bodily powers. Science and morality would have a better chance of reaching the ear and influencing the heart. There would be less of ignorance and immorality—and their natural results, crime and misery—in the land. Is not this a consummation devoutly to be wished? By means of Associated Homes the thing might be done.

What do we mean by Associated Homes? We mean homes in which the co-operative principle is brought to bear—homes in which families, while they live in separate apartments, can be fed and waited on much cheaper and much more comfortably than they are now; the rooms of which shall be better, larger, healthier, and better furnished than at present; in which families will live much more secluded than they can possibly do now, overlooked as every London house is, before and behind, with its thin partition walls, through which every sound manages to find its way.

"The advantages of such a plan," writes Mary Gillies, in a periodical that has now been dead some years, "would be best understood by observing the various deficiencies of our present arrangements. Let us picture to ourselves a street, containing fifty houses, rented at about £50 a year. Here is a rental of £2500 a year, for which those families have each a house which, with all its comforts, has many faults. The drainage is very commonly defective, and there is a bad smell at times; the water is not conveyed above the ground-floor; the sunk story is damp and unhealthy for the servants; the rooms are small; they generally admit draughts when doors are opened, and are close when shut up; and the walls being thin they are cold in winter and hot in summer. Less than such a rental as this would command the erection of fifty houses of much superior description and convenience if built in combination.

"These houses have each their kitchen range. Fifty kitchen ranges, each of which with the necessary utensils for cooking must have cost, on moderate computation, fifty pounds. Here is an outlay of a thousand pounds. The most complete and excellent apparatus, capable of cooking in a far superior manner, for the same number of individuals, might be had for a fraction of such a sum. In these ranges are fifty kitchen fires burning away fuel in a way so wasteful that it would be very difficult to calculate to how great a degree the heat thus produced might be economised. There, then, are fifty cooks, each performing her office very imperfectly, with imperfect knowledge and defective utensils, so that the waste in cooking is very great; while their wages and cost in living cannot be computed at a lower sum than seventeen hundred and fifty pounds—they are probably nearly two thousand. An accomplished 'artist,' with a full staff of under cooks, might be maintained for much less; but no such expensive service is required. A well-instructed upper cook, with the proper number of assistants, would perform all the duties of the kitchen in a way which no private family, of the middle class, can now command, at a wonderfully reduced rate. Lastly, there are fifty housekeepers, many of them inexperienced, some careless, a few expert, but nearly all 'careful and troubled about many things.' The expenditure of these homes is in general supplied by much bodily and mental exertion; it is hard, therefore, that it should not be economised and managed to the best advantage. But with the best intentions, and even the best skill, this is impossible. The single item of fuel is a type of all the rest. Few who have not tried it are aware of the extraordinary difference in the price of all provisions bought wholesale and in small quantities. It is a fact within the experience of the writer, that the cost of the bread for a family is diminished one-third by buying flour by the sack, and baking at home; and this difference would be increased if the ovens and the other conveniences were well constructed. As to the loss by waste, ignorance, and imperfect apparatus in cooking, let any one only see a dinner prepared in a common kitchen, and then in the kitchen of the Reform Club, or the future kitchen of the Whittington Club, and no more need be said."

It is obvious, then, that a great saving might be made by means of Associated Homes. The advantages of such a combination are very great. Every family living in them would find their expenditure diminished by one-third, and their comfort increased by two-thirds. The moral advantages, however, would be yet greater than the pecuniary ones. Much of care and anxiety would be at once removed; much of exhausting toil would be rendered unnecessary. Men who are now growing into selfish bachelors, and women who are repining into cross old maids, would be enabled to form suitable matrimonial connexions, and thus add to the happiness of the world, and thus man would be placed in a position more in accordance with the laws of God. These ends, surely, are worth endeavouring to obtain. If the arrangements of society can be modified so as to render them practicable, it is high time that the effort were made.

This scheme of Associated Homes has been long before the public. It was proposed and advocated nearly thirteen years ago, in the *Monthly Repository*, in a paper entitled "House-building and House-keeping." The writer in the *Monthly Repository* developed the details of a plan for accommodating sixty familes, averaging five persons each, and belonging to that class whose incomes are from three to four hundred a year; but it might be modified so as to suit those who have less. This scheme "was contrived on the plan of separate dwelling-houses, all entering from the two sides of a covered gallery, resembling the Burlington or Lowther Arcades. Each of these dwellings, he proposed, should contain from four to six rooms—a number quite sufficient when it is recollected that neither kitchens nor servants' rooms would be required in them. To each he allotted a small garden and greenhouse. All the dwellings to be warmed, ventilated, lighted with gas, supplied with baths, warm and cold, and having water conveyed into every bed-room. All to be ready furnished also." There were to be, besides, public rooms, for dining, for the library, for music and dancing, and other purposes, as occasion might require.

"The expense of these arrangements would not be very great. The rents of the dwellings would of course vary with their size and embellishments, but we can take an average of the sixty-two separate buildings connected by the gallery, including the two public erec-

tions. The expensive fittings of chimney-pieces and kitchens being avoided, as well as cellars and all such appurtenances, would make up nearly for the furniture and the needful warming and lighting apparatus. I should think that one with another, these dwellings might be completed ready for occupancy for about three hundred pounds each; and allowing amply for the erection of the engine and the working gear belonging to it, the whole might be completed for about twenty-four thousand pounds. Allowing ten per cent. for the capital employed in order to cover wear and tear—and this would be a most handsome allowance—the proprietor could afford to let these dwellings at forty pounds per annum each. But we will allow fifty. If the families were all living separate, each would be supposed to maintain a servant, whose annual expense would be from thirty-five to forty pounds. With the machinery twenty servants would do all the work in a far more efficient manner, and the average annual expense of servants to each family would be reduced to about fifteen pounds. Lighting and warming, with an abundant supply of hot and cold water, would be performed much under twenty pounds, without any labour to the inmates. The price of washing would be reduced at least one-half. The price of provisions would be reduced probably to something like two-thirds, and variety would be obtained without trouble; and moreover, cold meat and unwholesome food will not need to be eaten to prevent waste. Thus, from eighty to one hundred pounds a year would amply pay for lodging, domestic service, lighting, warming, and washing for a family of five persons, and such perfect accommodation as no private dwelling ever yet attained at double the expense. One hundred per annum would suffice to secure an ample supply of wholesome food in great variety, and a man with an income of three hundred pounds would have a third left for clothing and other expenses; and all this would be absolutely without the time of any member of the family being taken up with any duty of drudgery." Of course for persons of less incomes this plan must be modified, but we give it, as by it the reader will be enabled to judge of the desirableness and feasibility of Associated Homes.

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For these reasons, then, we advocate Associated Homes. That society might be better organized—that a healthier influence might be infused into it—that the circumstances in which many of its worst vices originate might be improved, if not destroyed—no man can deny. As regards many men, life is a failure. In the hard struggle with the world's woes and ways, they falter and fall. It is easy to speak of them in the language of censure, but society has much to answer for in that it has not organized itself so as most effectually to uphold the stumbling and confirm the weak. Associated Homes will help to do this. They will help to free man from the drudgery of life—they will surround him with blessed inspirations—they will help him to perform aright all manly deeds.

ADEN POWER; OR, THE COST OF A SCHEME.

BY FAIRLEIGH OWEN.

[*Continued from p.* 191.]

CHAPTER IV.

MOLTO VIVACE.

It is noticeable, that when we seek to excuse or account for anything, not perfectly in harmony with our ideas of what should be, we most frequently do so with the observation that "It is only natural."

Sometimes, no doubt, such an excuse stands good; but more frequently, I fear, we pervert terms, and set down to the account of nature much of the wilful perversion and base coinage of habit, custom, or evil passions.

It might have been more pleasant for me to record how Mary mourned, refusing to be consoled, for the loss of her babe, and that even the added comforts of her home, which, as soon as she could be removed, had been exchanged for one in a more reputable and less unwholesome locality, failed to turn her thoughts from the melancholy contemplation of her last buried.

But I am bound to confess that, whether natural or not, Mary's regrets were, ere long, transferred to the memory of a loss which, though more remote, had taken even greater hold upon her heart—of him she had tended and wept over on the bloody field where he breathed his last. She spoke seldom now of the infant, to which the tender duties of a mother had never been permitted her to fulfil, and her hardened old parent could easier endure her tearful reminiscences of poor dear Jack than those of the child she believed to sleep in the little deal coffin she had seen carried from the attic.

To do the old crone justice, she tended her daughter kindly, in her fashion, and in the plans she laid for the future gave Mary her share.

But, unfortunately, these were not such as the daughter could pretend to sympathize in, or partake of, and as she grew stronger, and gradually permitted herself to believe in the possibility of again returning to the world, and making her humble venture therein once more, her disinclination made itself more apparent, and again discord seemed but too likely to arise between the amiable parent and her child.

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she had her own reasons for doing as expeditiously and completely as possible—she had betaken herself, accompanied by her daughter, to the vicinity of a small watering-place on the coast, where she had dwelt in better days, and now, by the skilful working of such interest and old connections as she possessed, by dint of a respectable appearance and no stint of falsehood, she was making her way very satisfactorily to the attainment of the delectable situation she coveted.

She had counted much upon the assistance of her child, and doubtless regarded as an especial intervention on her behalf the removal of poor Jack and his offspring, and the return of her pretty daughter, free of encumbrance, to serve her turn.

For Mary was very pretty—not less so for the fainter roses which slowly returned as she rose from her sick bed—hardly less so for the widow's cap, which did not quite conceal her dark brown hair, and which she contrived to make positively not unbecoming—shall we say "only natural?"

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But not to the full.

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highly serviceable as a reference in matters of calculation, and such abstruse points of learning, which were beyond Mrs. Lucas's capacity, of which aid she never availed herself without a due panegyric on her own motherly self-denial and goodness, in having endowed her child with the valuable attainments denied to herself. *En parenthèse* we may observe, Mary had been educated at a free school, of which the philanthropic patrons had had to do almost daily battle with this virtuous parent, who inveighed sorely against the interference which deprived her for a few hours of the services of her little girl in fetching water from the pump, gin from the public-house, or nursing a neighbour's child for the privilege of using her wash-tub or flat-iron.

Poor Mary! her first experience in widowed independence was not a very pleasant nor a promising one. Her taste for the craft was exceedingly correct, and her facility in execution remarkable. Surely nature must have foreseen, even in that normal state of things when

"Wild in the woods the naked ravage ran,"

the turn humanity would one day take; else how account for the indisputable mission of some women to produce caps and bonnets faultless, and to be envied by many who have spent money and time vainly endeavouring to be initiated into the mysteries of the craft?

But long did Mary Selden's coquettish little headdresses, and summer bonnets, and well-trimmed hats decorate the window of the small parlour—the pretty widow's face peeping anxiously from behind the muslin drapery background. People stopped, admired, looked round at the name, for the door, found it was the beer-shop, and—passed on.

The inexperienced novice had forgotten, or, rather, overlooked this fact, but she soon became aware of it, and gradually, but surely, came the conviction that it utterly spoiled her chance.

Now and again a servant maid brought a straw bonnet, and had it trimmed, or a child's hat was wanted in a hurry; by a rare chance a lady, overcome by the seductions of the rare flowers and well-selected ribbons did send her an order by her man-servant or maid, but doubtless even these turned up their noses at the sawdust and spittoons which marshalled the way to widow Selden's territory, and diverted the source of patronage elsewhere.

In vain she spread her varied stores, and each morning re-arranged her pretty show with fresh cunning; her connection did not grow—rather, she had failed to make one, and her cheek grew pale, her eyes heavy, though she had almost ceased to weep for Jack, and the little deal coffin had faded into a dull grey distance among old memories.

There were other causes, too, for discomfort. Contrary to her expectation, old dame Lucas had found in the new barmaid a kindred spirit, a genial companion; and ere she had been an inmate of the house a month an alliance was formed,—certainly not defensive, nor scarcely offensive, but very decidedly irrespective of any consideration for the quiet inmate of the small front parlour.

If work and materials could have counted in lieu of coin, poor little Mary had paid her rent over and over again, and it was not for want of specimens of her skill that her work did not flourish, seeing that every other Sunday, at least, produced a fresh sample in the shape of bonnet or cap, or other adornment, on the persons of the mistress or barmaid of the beershop.

Yet a formidable and weekly-increasing account perpetually haunted her, in which daughter figured as debtor to mother the creditor! and not a too lenient or accommodating creditor, as the child well knew.

The free and easy, perpetually blooming barmaid was a favourite with customers and patron; the concern flourished, the young widow was no longer a necessity, and in proportion as decreased her importance so did consideration for her. Even her daily meals were charged to her, and if she failed to appear at the usual hour to partake, she was most frequently left unsummoned till the next; the mother excusing all to her maid—by whom little excuse was needed—by the history of all she had done for her daughter, and of the latter's ingratitude and obstinacy.

I suppose it is a common experience to most persons: the cases where one member of a family seems totally deficient in the quality most prominent in another, as if by some mistake of nature the allowance had been doubled to one, and wholly neglected in the next. Mrs. Lucas was as singularly and entirely destitute of conscientiousness in every form, as her daughter possessed it even to scrupulosity.

Sensible that she did owe her mother much, willing, if possible, to recompense her for the desertion (flight from drunkenness and misery as it was) of her earlier days, she had tried to reconcile herself to the business she disliked. But her mind was to no extent easy on the subject of her mother's sudden accession of means. She knew to what absolute destitution they had sunk when the little she had was gone, and at the birth of her child. None of the many ways in which Mrs. Lucas accounted for it (often, by the way, most contradictory) satisfied Mary, and she was ill at ease, though she said but little on the matter.

Again, without any positive reasoning on her part, she felt intuitively she could not, with self-respect and duty to her best instincts, remain. Had she been so placed before her unfortunate thoughtless marriage it might have been different; but to most womanly natures marriage and maternity are wondrous refiners, and exert a softening influence so beautifully typified in the fable of Undine, where the union of the sprite with man endows her soul, and awakens gentler attibutes of humanity.

Recollections of poor Jack, who was a sober and honest man, and brave soldier—nothing more—prevented the society of the beer-shop loungers being tasteful, and fanciful people might talk of a baby-soul which hovered about her, and made impurity unwelcome. *I* only say, as she would, she did not feel at home in the beer-shop, and she quitted it; still in the hope that she might serve her mother and be just to herself in her own chosen way.

"And a pretty mess she's been and made of it," was the remark of the motherly parent to her confidante, as they sat, one behind the bar, the other in the hole dignified by the title of "parlour" close by.

"Why, believe me she might have made a good thing of it, if she'd minded her p's and q's—young

Stun was quite took with her." The confidante uttered a deprecatory grunt, and turned back another fold of the jacket she wore open, in compliment to her exuberant and by no means grudgingly concealed bust.

"Puling and moping and stiving herself up," added the mother, with an expletive which I would rather omit—"I shall have her ill next, and then who's to nuss her, I'd like to know? What's that stopped at the door?—why, who on earth, Jane, is that coming in?"

Mary Selden had been sitting at work—very slowly progressing, for it was not in request. She had taken some dinner in her own room, as she mostly preferred doing now. The morning had been so bright and cheerful that she could fain have strolled out for a walk; it would have done her more good than moping there, and business would be none the worse.

But there was a chance, and it would not do to neglect even that. So she contented herself with letting the warm sun stream in across her room—at risk of fading the pretty pink silk bonnet, or damaging the plumed velvet hat which graced her show window. She had ceased now to start and lean forward and listen when the shadows of a group fell upon her lap, or voices discussed her work. Disappointment was her daily fare.

She had been looking through the columns of a London paper, borrowed from the shop, in hopes of seeing some more than usually attractive situation which might offer, and induce her at once to conclude the tantalizing suspense she now endured.

Her eyes had wandered from her work to the paper which lay on the floor at her feet, when the sound of light wheels stopping in front of the house drew her attention. The next moment a shade fell upon the newspaper where it lay, as the light was intercepted from the window, and a voice, raised as if speaking to some one at a little distance,

"Why, it's the *very* thing!—the nobbiest little idea I've seen since we left Paris; and here's a bonnet too—just suit you, do come down, Linda."

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"The milliner—hats and things? is it here?" said the same voice Mary had heard without.

She listened eagerly now. "Can it be for me?" she said anxiously.

She heard her mother speaking as she approached the door of her room, ushering the stranger.

"Thank you," said the voice,—then there was a sharp whistle.

"La! it's a gentleman!" said the widow to herself, and involuntarily her hand went to her hair and cap.

She opened the door, as a hand touched the lock without, and a young lady entered. Mary curtsied, and still held the door open; the young lady turned towards the passage,—"Come here, Luck, Sir," she said, and, to Mary's amazement, repeated the whistle she had heard.

It was answered by as ugly a specimen of the canine species as ever she had beheld,—a cross between bull-dog and terrier if such there be. He had an ear torn, apparently in some recent conflict, from the effects of which he had probably derived the limp that by no means added to his attractions, as he stood just within the door, and casting one eye up at the milliner, uttered a deprecatory and uncivil growl.

"Lie down, Sir," said the fair stranger authoritatively, administering at the same time a slight twitch with a small riding-whip she carried.

"You needn't mind him," she continued, "he never bites, at least not when I am with him."

Mary's heart was throbbing meanwhile at the prospect of such a customer; the little parlour had never surely received such a visitor before.

Her appearance is worthy of note.

She was young, fresh, attractive, had an agreeable face, though not a beautiful or indeed girlish one. But the peculiarity of her dress in no small degree detracted from the feminine expression of features which, if not regular, were very pleasing.

Her dress, of the material and colour of the rough pea jackets worn by sea-faring men, was almost destitute of plait, fold, or gather; the straight heavy skirt, not long enough for a habit, too long for comfortable walking, was looped at one side to the needless elevation of some inches, disclosing a beautifully-formed, though full-sized foot and ancle, cased in a thick leather boot glittering with massive buttons, with above more than was strictly required of a bright-coloured stocking.

A jacket of the same material as the dress was furnished (I cannot say adorned) with rows of huge saucer-like buttons and wide pockets, from one of which protruded the corner of a silk handkerchief. She wore a small grey hat with a bunch of shining green feathers

highly serviceable as a reference in matters of calculation, and such abstruse points of learning, which were beyond Mrs. Lucas's capacity, of which aid she never availed herself without a due panegyric on her own motherly self-denial and goodness, in having endowed her child with the valuable attainments denied to herself. *En parenthèse* we may observe, Mary had been educated at a free school, of which the philanthropic patrons had had to do almost daily battle with this virtuous parent, who inveighed sorely against the interference which deprived her for a few hours of the services of her little girl in fetching water from the pump, gin from the public-house, or nursing a neighbour's child for the privilege of using her wash-tub or flat-iron.

Poor Mary! her first experience in widowed independence was not a very pleasant nor a promising one. Her taste for the craft was exceedingly correct, and her facility in execution remarkable. Surely nature must have foreseen, even in that normal state of things when

"Wild in the woods the naked ravage ran,"

the turn humanity would one day take; else how account for the indisputable mission of some women to produce caps and bonnets faultless, and to be envied by many who have spent money and time vainly endeavouring to be initiated into the mysteries of the craft?

But long did Mary Selden's coquettish little headdresses, and summer bonnets, and well-trimmed hats decorate the window of the small parlour—the pretty widow's face peeping anxiously from behind the muslin drapery background. People stopped, admired, looked round at the name, for the door, found it was the beer-shop, and—passed on.

The inexperienced novice had forgotten, or, rather, overlooked this fact, but she soon became aware of it, and gradually, but surely, came the conviction that it utterly spoiled her chance.

Now and again a servant maid brought a straw bonnet, and had it trimmed, or a child's hat was wanted in a hurry; by a rare chance a lady, overcome by the seductions of the rare flowers and well-selected ribbons did send her an order by her man-servant or maid, but doubtless even these turned up their noses at the sawdust and spittoons which marshalled the way to widow Selden's territory, and diverted the source of patronage elsewhere.

In vain she spread her varied stores, and each morning re-arranged her pretty show with fresh cunning; her connection did not grow—rather, she had failed to make one, and her cheek grew pale, her eyes heavy, though she had almost ceased to weep for Jack, and the little deal coffin had faded into a dull grey distance among old memories.

There were other causes, too, for discomfort. Contrary to her expectation, old dame Lucas had found in the new barmaid a kindred spirit, a genial companion; and ere she had been an inmate of the house a month an alliance was formed,—certainly not defensive, nor scarcely offensive, but very decidedly irrespective of any consideration for the quiet inmate of the small front parlour.

If work and materials could have counted in lieu of coin, poor little Mary had paid her rent over and over again, and it was not for want of specimens of her skill that her work did not flourish, seeing that every other Sunday, at least, produced a fresh sample in the shape of bonnet or cap, or other adornment, on the persons of the mistress or barmaid of the beershop.

Yet a formidable and weekly-increasing account perpetually haunted her, in which daughter figured as debtor to mother the creditor! and not a too lenient or accommodating creditor, as the child well knew.

The free and easy, perpetually blooming barmaid was a favourite with customers and patron; the concern flourished, the young widow was no longer a necessity, and in proportion as decreased her importance so did consideration for her. Even her daily meals were charged to her, and if she failed to appear at the usual hour to partake, she was most frequently left unsummoned till the next; the mother excusing all to her maid—by whom little excuse was needed—by the history of all she had done for her daughter, and of the latter's ingratitude and obstinacy.

I suppose it is a common experience to most persons: the cases where one member of a family seems totally deficient in the quality most prominent in another, as if by some mistake of nature the allowance had been doubled to one, and wholly neglected in the next. Mrs. Lucas was as singularly and entirely destitute of conscientiousness in every form, as her daughter possessed it even to scrupulosity.

Sensible that she did owe her mother much, willing, if possible, to recompense her for the desertion (flight from drunkenness and misery as it was) of her earlier days, she had tried to reconcile herself to the business she disliked. But her mind was to no extent easy on the subject of her mother's sudden accession of means. She knew to what absolute destitution they had sunk when the little she had was gone, and at the birth of her child. None of the many ways in which Mrs. Lucas accounted for it (often, by the way, most contradictory) satisfied Mary, and she was ill at ease, though she said but little on the matter.

Again, without any positive reasoning on her part, she felt intuitively she could not, with self-respect and duty to her best instincts, remain. Had she been so placed before her unfortunate thoughtless marriage it might have been different; but to most womanly natures marriage and maternity are wondrous refiners, and exert a softening influence so beautifully typified in the fable of Undine, where the union of the sprite with man endows her soul, and awakens gentler attibutes of humanity.

Recollections of poor Jack, who was a sober and honest man, and brave soldier—nothing more—prevented the society of the beer-shop loungers being tasteful, and fanciful people might talk of a baby-soul which hovered about her, and made impurity unwelcome. *I* only say, as she would, she did not feel at home in the beer-shop, and she quitted it; still in the hope that she might serve her mother and be just to herself in her own chosen way.

"And a pretty mess she's been and made of it," was the remark of the motherly parent to her confidante, as they sat, one behind the bar, the other in the hole dignified by the title of "parlour" close by.

"Why, believe me she might have made a good thing of it, if she'd minded her p's and q's—young

Stun was quite took with her." The confidante uttered a deprecatory grunt, and turned back another fold of the jacket she wore open, in compliment to her exuberant and by no means grudgingly concealed bust.

"Puling and moping and stiving herself up," added the mother, with an expletive which I would rather omit—"I shall have her ill next, and then who's to nuss her, I'd like to know? What's that stopped at the door?—why, who on earth, Jane, is that coming in?"

Mary Selden had been sitting at work—very slowly progressing, for it was not in request. She had taken some dinner in her own room, as she mostly preferred doing now. The morning had been so bright and cheerful that she could fain have strolled out for a walk; it would have done her more good than moping there, and business would be none the worse.

But there was a chance, and it would not do to neglect even that. So she contented herself with letting the warm sun stream in across her room—at risk of fading the pretty pink silk bonnet, or damaging the plumed velvet hat which graced her show window. She had ceased now to start and lean forward and listen when the shadows of a group fell upon her lap, or voices discussed her work. Disappointment was her daily fare.

She had been looking through the columns of a London paper, borrowed from the shop, in hopes of seeing some more than usually attractive situation which might offer, and induce her at once to conclude the tantalizing suspense she now endured.

Her eyes had wandered from her work to the paper which lay on the floor at her feet, when the sound of light wheels stopping in front of the house drew her attention. The next moment a shade fell upon the newspaper where it lay, as the light was intercepted from the window, and a voice, raised as if speaking to some one at a little distance,

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Her hands were covered by black leather gauntlets, and from one wrist hung a small silver whistle, but which the young lady had shown herself perfectly able to dispense with.

Her light brown hair was parted unequally to one side, and would have hung in slight natural ringlets, but only one or two strayed out rebelliously from the broad scarlet ribbon which confined the mass in a thick bunch or queue at back, the wide ends fluttering out from under the hat, in not too apt contrast with the fair Saxon hair and complexion of the wearer.

Her eyebrows and lashes were dark, the last very long, and so taking off somewhat of the sharpness of a glance which had else been bold. Her mouth was rather wide, but one forgot it in studying the wealth of pearly teeth it so often displayed to view; the nose and chin were good, but not beautiful, the whole pleasant to look upon, yet scarcely leading you to wish to inquire further, rather telling that the best was set forth to view, and better not beyond, and perhaps raising a something of regret for that which you felt was wanting, though you might not at once give it a name.

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She nodded laughing to the lady in the carriage, who languidly returned it; and then directed the lad to lead the ponies gently forward.

"Now then," said the brisk young stranger, sticking her whip in one of the pockets aforesaid,—"you've a hat here," and she lifted it herself from the stand. "I believe it will just suit me. My sister and I want something for the Regatta next week, and we were driving over to Buzboro'—stale old hole!—to see what we could see, when I spied your things. Just try it on, will you?"

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The hat was tried, suited to admiration, but some trifling alteration or addition was needed, and the impatient girl requested this should be at once attended to, and the hat brought to Merytvale, about two miles off.

"And you may as well send that bonnet there, it is just the thing I know for Linda,—Mrs. Merryt, that is my sister—only she's too lazy, or too ill, or too something, to come and look for herself. Oh! yes, you may send those too, if you like, there's no knowing, she may buy them all, or perhaps I may, but I don't often wear the things,—can't keep 'em on,—before six, mind. Come along, Luck." This time the metal did do duty, and the whistle roused the pug from its slumber. With a parting snarl at the widow, and a turn of the eye strongly expressive of a desire to make nearer acquaintance with her skirts, the brute followed his mistress, as she went trailing her dress in a feminine march through the beer-shop, marshalled by Mary, and rather enjoying as it seemed the free gaze of the rough customers who lounged here and there about the bar and door of the beer-shop, Luck licking his lips, and evidently deterred only by the vicinity of his mistress from making a lunch upon some of their muscular developments within reach of his nose as he passed.

The pony chaise drew up to receive the young lady, who sprang in, and taking the reins from the hands of the boy, touched with a forefinger the brim of her hat to the widow, who stood curtsying at the door, and then she drove rapidly away, but not before Mary had had a glimpse of the face of the other occupant—the loveliest she had ever seen; and in all her joy at her unexpected good fortune, she felt a positive pleasure in the thought that she should perhaps see that face again, and, in the spirit of her profession, she set herself to think what would best become that brilliant yet fair complexion, and that profusion of jet and silken ringlets.

"I shall be as glad as possible if I can but suit her," she said to herself, as, with two or three of her choicest specimens, and the jaunty little hat and feathers that had done her such good service, she set out on her walk to Merytvale.

CHAPTER V.

PRIZE—A BLANK.

THE little "Honourable" flourished apace amid the lavish cares and tender solicitudes of Deansholme, its lacqueys and nurses, its privileges, possessions, and—its blindness. For, see you, there is one thing for which, in rendering due thanksgiving for all blessings vouchsafed us, we fail to recognise as we ought, and with heart doubly grateful, head lower bowed, and with more utter sense of great and merciful prevision to give thanks—our imposed blindness—the ignorance that is graciously and wisely bestowed upon us, of what is passing around us. Were it but made clear to us at the day's close, as by our day-books and ledgers the profit, loss, gain, expense, receipts of the day—were but so made clear, I say, that which the lips we have kissed, the hearts we rest upon, the bosoms that are our stay—what these have done, and said, pondered, devised, enacted! Ah! my friends, let us render thanks for this peace-keeping blindness!

The child grew and throve apace; was a beauty, was a pet, was a genius too. Can you doubt it? Was he not the son of a Viscountes? the Earl's first-born, after years of disappointed hopes and hungering ambition? So like his noble father, too, he grew, you might trace the very blood of the Powers in every trait of that delicately chiselled countenance.

So, at least, the doctor said to the artist who took the young honourable in his mamma's lap asleep, with a Skye terrier holding the infant's shoe in his mouth,

which had just fallen off (the shoe I mean) so as to display the elegantly-made toes, and that arched instep, which "even at that early age bore testimony to the pure descent and unsullied lineage of the noble family whose representative he was."

Not a bad period that, you 'll allow, for the artist; he flattered himself he had outstripped the doctor, but, bless them! their forte is not generally in that line, to do them justice. But this, you see, was a courtly man, and I am afraid as great an adept in humbug as umber, could lay one on as well as the other.

The wine was so good, too, the sittings short; the Earl would have them together, and my lady could not sit long at a time; so the job was first-class. And a very pleasing picture they made: the beautiful lady—she was haughtily beautiful, as they make Juno, and the pale little boy asleep in her lap, a mass of lace and satin, and surrounded with flowers, with the terrier (that was put in by Gumption, who came down on purpose. It pleased my lord that the man who painted his son and heir could n't do the dog.)

Poor Gumption was a dab at umber, but not at the other *hum*, and actually had the audacity to say he "could n't see" the likeness in the boy to the Earl. That did his business at Deansholme for evermore. My lady looked at him once, and no more; the Earl thought the dog too fat, and not dark enough; the atmosphere of the Abbey grew so chill, Gumption was fain to go smoke his cigar at the basket-maker's in the village, where he took that marvellous sketch of the basket-maker's daughter, which afterwards won for him fame and name: the daughter he won for himself, and I do n't think *she* takes any interest in the divorce cases in the papers.

Well, well, as I said before, let us be thankful for our blindness; and even a little obliquity of vision may be well at times, to see things as they *should* be, not as they are.

To you, who know as much as I have told you, I may say that the little honourable was, in fact, a very quiet, very delicate, and not over bright child—at least up to the age of seven years, with which period we are just now busy.

The Earl was a sensible man, minus his inordinate pride of rank and regard for the world's dictum—*mais que voulez vous*. He took the little fellow more under his own eye than ever perhaps did noble parent before or since. For even his errors were on a grand scale, and if he looked to what people said it was on subjects of more import than the cut of a coat, the colour of a cravat, or the ordering of his domestic economy.

Young Power had a tutor before nurses left him, of course, but he read to his papa, he sat with his parents, even at unlawful hours: he slept in a little room opening from his father's dressing-room, and the sensible hints of the noble lord, I believe, did more to achieve that wonderful acquirement of horsemanship, or ponyship, for which the little lad was remarkable, than all the servile instruction which was purchased for him.

Doubtless the good gentleman often bored the small person in his great anxiety to make a man of him—one mighty in council, and in the world—before he was out of embroidery and sashes; but he also saved his son from much that is only short of poison to such young and tender blossoms on life's tree.

And the lady—the beautiful and happy mamma of her lord's desire. Why, she loved her boy! She had nursed him, his birth was to her an era of fresh attention, of proud and joyful considerations, and recognitions, and approval, which, in some stations, and with some folk, do duty for love. How could she but love him? You and I have nothing to do with her inner thoughts. Was it not something to have fulfilled the constant prayer and desire of the lord she had loved—to have frustrated the greedy hopes and ambition of that far off, hated, unknown branch who lay in wait for title and estates; to know that, with all her grand beauty, and wealth, and vast connections, there was no longer one boast that less gifted dames could have over her—was this all nothing?

Now and again my lord spoke laughingly of small shades and hints of character, as it were, which made themselves visible in young Aden; how, after some erudite lesson or parable, given with a view of instilling a just and proud consciousness of rank, and value of station, into the young mind, the child would deftly pervert the moral, overturn the subtle theory by some simple remark, and actually seem to see the man behind the emperor, and detect wrong by the light of right rather than by the glitter of the crown or coronet.

They brought her tales of how young master would interest himself in the games and disputes of the village boys, and how, on one occasion, he actually emptied his pocket of all it contained into the hand of a little rustic whom the squire's son, as big again, had kicked and bruised; how he insisted on the boy riding his pony to the door of his mother's tumble-down cot, and told the squire's son that he should never come to play with him again, and that he would ask "my mamma to send your mamma no more flowers and shrubs from our green-house."

"Aden is quite a young Radical," the Earl said laughingly, yet proud of his boy's spirit, when he had got up a baby encounter with some bigger boy who had ill-used the dog of a labourer.

"It is the Power temper, my love, but it needs directing; we must change his course of reading."

Perhaps, poor lady, she felt it was less the reading than Nature which was stirring in the boy. Yet she had nursed him, and she believed she loved him.

God pity her! when she learned how little—when she felt the first fear, that time confirmed to the worst.

When young Aden Power was seven years old, there was feasting, and drinking, and bell-ringing again at Deansholme, though in lesser degree.

It was well that the succession should be secured; yet this was not the heir, and with subdued joy they welcomed the new little stranger.

For a second time the papers announced the birth of a son to the Viscountess Honiton, and the Earl, with a decorous coolness, kissed his infant, and blessed the mother of his younger son.

[*To be continued.*]

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The hat was tried, suited to admiration, but some trifling alteration or addition was needed, and the impatient girl requested this should be at once attended to, and the hat brought to Merytvale, about two miles off.

"And you may as well send that bonnet there, it is just the thing I know for Linda,—Mrs. Merryt, that is my sister—only she's too lazy, or too ill, or too something, to come and look for herself. Oh! yes, you may send those too, if you like, there's no knowing, she may buy them all, or perhaps I may, but I don't often wear the things,—can't keep 'em on,—before six, mind. Come along, Luck." This time the metal did do duty, and the whistle roused the pug from its slumber. With a parting snarl at the widow, and a turn of the eye strongly expressive of a desire to make nearer acquaintance with her skirts, the brute followed his mistress, as she went trailing her dress in a feminine march through the beer-shop, marshalled by Mary, and rather enjoying as it seemed the free gaze of the rough customers who lounged here and there about the bar and door of the beer-shop, Luck licking his lips, and evidently deterred only by the vicinity of his mistress from making a lunch upon some of their muscular developments within reach of his nose as he passed.

The pony chaise drew up to receive the young lady, who sprang in, and taking the reins from the hands of the boy, touched with a forefinger the brim of her hat to the widow, who stood curtsying at the door, and then she drove rapidly away, but not before Mary had had a glimpse of the face of the other occupant—the loveliest she had ever seen; and in all her joy at her unexpected good fortune, she felt a positive pleasure in the thought that she should perhaps see that face again, and, in the spirit of her profession, she set herself to think what would best become that brilliant yet fair complexion, and that profusion of jet and silken ringlets.

"I shall be as glad as possible if I can but suit her," she said to herself, as, with two or three of her choicest specimens, and the jaunty little hat and feathers that had done her such good service, she set out on her walk to Merytvale.

CHAPTER V.

PRIZE—A BLANK.

THE little "Honourable" flourished apace amid the lavish cares and tender solicitudes of Deansholme, its lacqueys and nurses, its privileges, possessions, and—its blindness. For, see you, there is one thing for which, in rendering due thanksgiving for all blessings vouchsafed us, we fail to recognise as we ought, and with heart doubly grateful, head lower bowed, and with more utter sense of great and merciful prevision to give thanks—our imposed blindness—the ignorance that is graciously and wisely bestowed upon us, of what is passing around us. Were it but made clear to us at the day's close, as by our day-books and ledgers the profit, loss, gain, expense, receipts of the day—were but so made clear, I say, that which the lips we have kissed, the hearts we rest upon, the bosoms that are our stay—what these have done, and said, pondered, devised, enacted! Ah! my friends, let us render thanks for this peace-keeping blindness!

The child grew and throve apace; was a beauty, was a pet, was a genius too. Can you doubt it? Was he not the son of a Viscountes? the Earl's first-born, after years of disappointed hopes and hungering ambition? So like his noble father, too, he grew, you might trace the very blood of the Powers in every trait of that delicately chiselled countenance.

So, at least, the doctor said to the artist who took the young honourable in his mamma's lap asleep, with a Skye terrier holding the infant's shoe in his mouth,

which had just fallen off (the shoe I mean) so as to display the elegantly-made toes, and that arched instep, which "even at that early age bore testimony to the pure descent and unsullied lineage of the noble family whose representative he was."

Not a bad period that, you'll allow, for the artist; he flattered himself he had outstripped the doctor, but, bless them! their forte is not generally in that line, to do them justice. But this, you see, was a courtly man, and I am afraid as great an adept in humbug as umber, could lay one on as well as the other.

The wine was so good, too, the sittings short; the Earl would have them together, and my lady could not sit long at a time; so the job was first-class. And a very pleasing picture they made: the beautiful lady—she was haughtily beautiful, as they make Juno, and the pale little boy asleep in her lap, a mass of lace and satin, and surrounded with flowers, with the terrier (that was put in by Gumption, who came down on purpose. It pleased my lord that the man who painted his son and heir could n't do the dog.)

Poor Gumption was a dab at umber, but not at the other *hum*, and actually had the audacity to say he "could n't see" the likeness in the boy to the Earl. That did his business at Deansholme for evermore. My lady looked at him once, and no more; the Earl thought the dog too fat, and not dark enough; the atmosphere of the Abbey grew so chill, Gumption was fain to go smoke his cigar at the basket-maker's in the village, where he took that marvellous sketch of the basket-maker's daughter, which afterwards won for him fame and name: the daughter he won for himself, and I do n't think *she* takes any interest in the divorce cases in the papers.

Well, well, as I said before, let us be thankful for our blindness; and even a little obliquity of vision may be well at times, to see things as they *should* be, not as they are.

To you, who know as much as I have told you, I may say that the little honourable was, in fact, a very quiet, very delicate, and not over bright child—at least up to the age of seven years, with which period we are just now busy.

The Earl was a sensible man, minus his inordinate pride of rank and regard for the world's dictum—*mais que voulez vous.* He took the little fellow more under his own eye than ever perhaps did noble parent before or since. For even his errors were on a grand scale, and if he looked to what people said it was on subjects of more import than the cut of a coat, the colour of a cravat, or the ordering of his domestic economy.

Young Power had a tutor before nurses left him, of course, but he read to his papa, he sat with his parents, even at unlawful hours: he slept in a little room opening from his father's dressing-room, and the sensible hints of the noble lord, I believe, did more to achieve that wonderful acquirement of horsemanship, or ponyship, for which the little lad was remarkable, than all the servile instruction which was purchased for him.

Doubtless the good gentleman often bored the small person in his great anxiety to make a man of him—one mighty in council, and in the world—before he was out of embroidery and sashes; but he also saved his son from much that is only short of poison to such young and tender blossoms on life's tree.

And the lady—the beautiful and happy mamma of her lord's desire. Why, she loved her boy! She had nursed him, his birth was to her an era of fresh attention, of proud and joyful considerations, and recognitions, and approval, which, in some stations, and with some folk, do duty for love. How could she but love him? You and I have nothing to do with her inner thoughts. Was it not something to have fulfilled the constant prayer and desire of the lord she had loved—to have frustrated the greedy hopes and ambition of that far off, hated, unknown branch who lay in wait for title and estates; to know that, with all her grand beauty, and wealth, and vast connections, there was no longer one boast that less gifted dames could have over her—was this all nothing?

Now and again my lord spoke laughingly of small shades and hints of character, as it were, which made themselves visible in young Aden; how, after some erudite lesson or parable, given with a view of instilling a just and proud consciousness of rank, and value of station, into the young mind, the child would deftly pervert the moral, overturn the subtle theory by some simple remark, and actually seem to see the man behind the emperor, and detect wrong by the light of right rather than by the glitter of the crown or coronet.

They brought her tales of how young master would interest himself in the games and disputes of the village boys, and how, on one occasion, he actually emptied his pocket of all it contained into the hand of a little rustic whom the squire's son, as big again, had kicked and bruised; how he insisted on the boy riding his pony to the door of his mother's tumble-down cot, and told the squire's son that he should never come to play with him again, and that he would ask "my mamma to send your mamma no more flowers and shrubs from our green-house."

"Aden is quite a young Radical," the Earl said laughingly, yet proud of his boy's spirit, when he had got up a baby encounter with some bigger boy who had ill-used the dog of a labourer.

"It is the Power temper, my love, but it needs directing; we must change his course of reading."

Perhaps, poor lady, she felt it was less the reading than Nature which was stirring in the boy. Yet she had nursed him, and she believed she loved him.

God pity her! when she learned how little—when she felt the first fear, that time confirmed to the worst.

When young Aden Power was seven years old, there was feasting, and drinking, and bell-ringing again at Deansholme, though in lesser degree.

It was well that the succession should be secured; yet this was not the heir, and with subdued joy they welcomed the new little stranger.

For a second time the papers announced the birth of a son to the Viscountess Honiton, and the Earl, with a decorous coolness, kissed his infant, and blessed the mother of his younger son.

[*To be continued.*]

He who thinks he can do without others is mistaken; he who thinks others cannot do without him is still more mistaken.



ST. JOHN.

In her "History of Sacred and Legendary Art," Mrs. Jameson tells us, that while of St. Matthew, St. Mark, and St. Luke so little is certainly known that we have no data on which to found an individual portrait, "it is quite otherwise with St. John, the most distinguished of the evangelists, and the most beloved of the disciples of our Lord. Of him sufficient is known to convey a distinct impression of his personal character, and an idea of what his personal appearance may have been, supposing this outward semblance to have harmonised with the inward being." The personal character of St. John has always made him a popular subject of art. He is, in ancient paintings, represented—1, as evangelist; 2, as apostle; 3, as prophet; or the three are combined in one figure. Mrs. Jameson says, "In Greek art, whether as apostle or evangelist, St. John is always an aged man with white hair, and a venerable beard descending to the breast, and by the earlier Latin painters, where he figures as evangelist only, not as apostle, this type has been adhered to; but the later painters set it aside, and St. John the Evangelist, nearly a century old, has all the attributes of the youthful apostle. He is beardless, with light curling hair, and eyes gazing upwards in a rapture of inspiration; he is sometimes seated with a pen and book, sometimes standing, the attendant eagle always near him, and frequently holding the pen or inkhorn in his beak. In some of the old prints and pictures, which represent St. John as writing the Gospel, his eyes are turned on the Virgin with the infant Christ in her arms, who appears as a vision in the skies above; underneath, or on his book, is inscribed, 'The Word was made flesh,' or some other text of the same import. The eagle at his side has sometimes the 'nimbus,' or a crown of stars, and is then, perhaps, intended to figure the Holy Ghost. I remember an instance in which the Devil, intent on intercepting the message of reconcilement and goodwill towards men, which was destined to destroy his empire on earth, appears behind St. John, and is oversetting the ink upon the pages; another, in which he is stealing away the inkhorn." Mostly, where the apostle is painted in scriptural scenes belonging to the life of Christ, he is to be distinguished from the other apostles by his youth and beauty, and flowing hair, and by his being placed nearest to Christ. As one of the series of apostles, St. John is always, in Western art, young, or in the prime of life, with little or no beard, flowing or curling hair, generally of a pale brown or golden hue, to express the delicacy of his nature, and in his countenance an expression of benignity and candour. His drapery is, or ought to be, red, with a blue or green tunic. He bears in his hand a sacramental cup, from which a serpent is

seen to issue. St. Isidore relates, that at Rome an attempt was made to poison St. John in the cup of the sacrament. He drank of the same and administered it to the communicants without injury, the poison having, by a miracle, issued from the cup in the form of a serpent, while the hired assassin fell down dead at his feet. According to another version of this story the poisoned cup was administered by order of the Emperor Domitian. According to a third version Aristotemus, the high priest of Diana at Ephesus, defied him to drink of the poisoned chalice as a test of the truth of his mission. St. John drank unharmed, the priest fell dead. Others say, and this (writes Mrs. Jameson) is the more probable interpretation, that the cup in the hand of St. John alludes to the reply of our Saviour when the mother of James and John requested for her sons the place of honour in heaven, "Ye shall drink indeed of my cup." As in other instances, the legend was invented to explain the symbol. When the cup has the consecrated wafer instead of the serpent it signifies the institution of the Eucharist. Some of the old German representations of St. John are of singular beauty; for example, one by *Hans Hemling*,—one by *Isaac von Meleur*—standing figures, simple, graphic, majestic, in the prime of youth, with a charming expression of devotion in the heads; both hold the sacramental cup with the serpent—no eagle; therefore St. John is here to be considered as the apostle only; when with the cup the eagle is placed by his side, he is represented in the double character of apostle and evangelist. Some of the most admired representations of St. John are those by Perugino, Raphael, Corregio, and Domenichino. St. John is frequently represented with St. Peter, because, after the Ascension, they taught and acted in concert. In devotional pictures we often see St. John the Evangelist and St. John the Baptist standing together, or on each side of Christ, or of the Madonna and Child, because they were kinsmen and bore the same name, and St. John the Evangelist was a disciple of John the Baptist before he was called by Christ. As one who bore the most direct testimony to the Incarnation, St. John is often introduced into Madonna pictures, and pictures of the Nativity, but only in the later schools. In these instances he points significantly to the child, and the sacramental cup and wafer is either in his hand, or at his feet, or borne by an angel. We can only add here that the picture we have had engraved is from a French artist, and certainly deserves to be reckoned as not one of the least worthy of its class.

CLOUDLAND.

WENDING slowly o'er the heath,
Gemm'd with many a flower beneath,
I, gazing on the dark blue sky,
Saw the light clouds floating by
Form themselves into a cross,
Emblem of our sin and loss;
Speaking of our God's great love,
Who sent His dear Son from above,
To redeem us from our sin
If we still will follow Him.
Slowly gliding o'er the land,
Guided by a master's hand,
Resting equally on all—
On the cottage—on the hall;
And ever-seeming stern to say
As it passed to distance grey,—
Watch, for the Lord's day comes to all,
Watch, for ye either stand or fall.

E

OUR FRIENDS IN JAPAN.

I BELIEVE there is hardly any part of the known globe excepting perhaps the interior of Africa and some of the Cannibal islands, (where the reception is rather too warm and unpleasant even for the boldest and most venturesome travellers,) but that in some one profession or another we are pretty sure of encountering our countryman, be he priest, doctor, merchant, or tradesman, or simply an inquisitive traveller. I have before me the "North of China Herald," printed and published at Shanghai on Saturday, August 25th, 1860. On looking down the advertisement page—which in itself is a perfect curiosity—I find the following notices from Japan. "Dr. Geo. M. Bates, Youkuhama, Japan, terms for attending upon ships,—

1 Month	25.00	dollars.
More than half a Month	25.00	"
Less — —	12.00	"
If not employed by the Month, per visit	5.00	"

N.B. Medicines when furnished will be charged extra."

Next to the learned Medico comes,—

"Thomas Keppell,
Ship-builder,
Nagasaki,
Repairs promptly executed.
Constantly on hand masts, boats, and blocks;
Iron-work fitted to order."

Here, then, we have two of the most prominent requirements of a new settlement, which will be essentially linked with the maritime and mercantile professions, promptly supplied by two British Bedouins who, with a keen eye to business, have established themselves even before the British Minister Plenipotentiary had had his first interview with the great Tycoon! We are as yet ignorant as to the progress the Japanese have made in the science of medicine; but as a general rule, in almost all Eastern countries European, and especially English, doctors are held in high estimation, and hence the better success of those missionaries who have been enabled to combine both professions. Still the Japanese, who seem to think so little of disemboweling themselves on the most trivial occasions, would perhaps undergo any amount of pain before submitting to being drugged and dosed, or the scientific cuttings of Scalpel's knife. But the first British physician at Japan will doubtless find good calls for his professional skill from the daily increasing traffic which must rise up between Great Britain, her colonies, and Japan, find-

ing occupation for hundreds of vessels whose crews more or less will surely require the doctor's aid; be it from the result of local diseases or of Jack's spree ashore at Nagasaki or Youkuhama, where the Samchoo he imbibed will make him rue the day for many a long week to come if he does not actually succumb under its deadly effects. Therefore Dr. Geo. M. Bates is welcome, most welcome at Japan, and his enterprising spirit deserves to be crowned with success. If he dreams however of such a possible wind-fall as the Tycoon being afflicted with mulligrubs, and despatching swift couriers to summons him to the rescue, I opine the doctor will be grievously mistaken.

Since the days when Christianity was exterminated in Japan, the natives have entertained a secret dread of mingling freely with Europeans, or of having conversation with them on any topic at all approaching the subject of religion. This can hardly be the result of fanaticism with a people whose doctrines and worship are so confused and absurd, as to render it impossible for the most erudite scholar in their mythology to form any clear conception of the why and wherefore of the precepts laid down for them as a guide through the mazy paths of their theology. Of the religion of this people perhaps the most remarkable circumstance is their deifying a boar, a wild hog! that which Jew and Mahometan and the greater mass of Buddhists regard with horror and detestation! Still, though the great majority of Japanese are Buddhists, they represent their war-god Maris, which sounds not unlike Mars, as descending on the holy boar, an emblem of his force. We are told that the original national religion, of which there are still many followers, is called Sin-Syn, from "Sin," the gods, and "Syn," faith,—and the worshippers are hence termed Sintoos (which sounds not unlike the Gentoos). Teu-sio-dai-zin is the goddess of the sun, the patroness of Japan, and the object of supreme worship; but there are thousands of inferior deities termed "Kami," of whom the greater number are deified or canonized men. Through these mediators prayers are addressed to the sun-goddess, who is too great and holy to allow of direct approach to her in prayer. When we hear of this we can the more readily understand the great success that attended the early Roman Catholic monks, whose prayers for the mediation of the Virgin and the Saints must have so singularly tallied with their own notions of worship as at once to open a wide gate for converts. On the other hand, when we reflect upon the unhappy end of these converts, entailing as it did such misery and sorrow to hundreds and thousands of native families, there is no cause to be surprised at their extreme unwillingness to mingle freely with European strangers; and as many an early Jesuit mingled physic with his teachings, our friend the doctor needs must be for a time an object of suspicion, and content himself with bolusing the European visitors at Youkuhama.

It cannot but be interesting at the present moment to learn as much as we can regarding this hitherto oyster-like people, this nation of recluses, as far as Europe and other parts of the world were concerned. From various sources we glean that the only decorations in their ancient temples were mirrors, used as emblems of purity of soul, and strips of white paper formed into what is called a *gohei*, as emblems of purity. They have some faint notion of the immortality of the soul, and of a future state of bliss or suffering. To preserve pure fires as an emblem of purity and for purifying purposes; to preserve the soul, heart, and body pure by obeying the laws and the dictates of reason, and by abstaining from such things as defile; to strictly observe the numerous festivals; to undertake pilgrimages, sometimes imposing and costly, and to worship the Kami both in temple and private,—these are the five great duties imposed on the Sintoos. Associating with the impure, giving ear to foul or obscene language, eating certain meats or contact with dead bodies, these are all impurities for which there are prescribed modes of purification. Should physic fail from the land and the lancet rust in its tortoise-shell, O venturesome disciple of Æsculapius, Cosmopolite of Youkuhama! seize the steel pen or flourish the goose-quill, and throw fresh light upon a land and people that are a sealed book to your countrymen and the civilized world at large. The Japanese have five characteristic points which their religion inculcates,—Dsin warns them to live virtuously; Gi, to do, act justly and right by every one; Re, civility and politeness; Tsi, rules for prudent and good government; and Sin, a free conscience and an upright heart. Much of their faith is said to have been derived from the moral precepts of Confucius. Such is a brief summary of the people with whom, at least, two of our countrymen have established themselves, and doubtless by this time some score others have followed in their track.

But Thomas Keppell, ship-builder of Nagasaki, will, if we mistake not, find himself out of his reckoning, if he hopes to build ships for the Tycoon, or the merchants, his subjects. Perhaps in the course of another century, the Japanese and the Chinese may be brought to acknowledge that our ships are superior to their unwieldy, uncouth junks. One might as well hope to persuade an astronomer of the alarming fable about the moon and green cheese, as to impress these people with an idea that anything in the world could surpass their slipper-shaped navy. But in the mean while the natives are an observant set, and in those stormy latitudes many a poor battered hulk will require the good services of Thomas Keppell, shipwright, and his booms, and masts, and ropes, and iron-work will all be in great demand. And perhaps at some not very distant day speculative merchants may build ships of their own, using Japanese labour under the superintendence of the British ship-builder; and then as nail by nail, and plank by plank, the work of their hands assumes leviathan-like proportions blent with elegance and strength, they will acknowledge that after all a British clipper is better than a Chinese junk. The schoolmaster must go first to Japan, and not the missionary. The former by good example and precept will be listened to eagerly and with pleasure; the latter would rouse up a suspicion and such angry feeling as would undo the labour of years on the part of America and England, to cajole this isolated people into a spirit of sociability and trade. It was a great day in the annals of civilization when England and France, vis et armes, burst open the heretofore sealed gates of Pekin. It was a greater when without war or bloodshed Rutherford Alcock, C. B. stood proudly erect in the presence of the dreadful Tycoon

(whose highest ministers of state were bowed down to the earth before him), the acknowledged ambassador of the Queen of Great Britain,—the representative of a country the most liberal, and enlightened, and the most Christian in the world. Let us hope this friendly footing of equality now firmly established may enable us from month to month to learn more about OUR FRIENDS IN JAPAN.

MY GUARDIAN.

BY M. A. AVERY.

THOUGH a few years younger, he was my father's partner in business, most intimate friend, and a member of our family in my earlier years; and I sobbed myself to sleep upon his bosom when, as my guardian and only friend, he carried me home with him after that father's sudden death.

A little later, and for a long time afterwards, I remember sitting upon his knee, pulling his beard, and returning his kisses; but when I returned home to him at eighteen, after years spent in a distant and celebrated seminary, studying science, etiquette, and the cold proprieties of life, I was somewhat shocked by the warmth and familiarity of his greeting, and drew back into my shell of proud repellant reserve. He seemed hurt by the stately coldness of my reception, surprised by my growth and general appearance, repelled by my unwarrantable assumption of dignity, and never afterwards attempted to display the fond and fatherly affection for me that he had done in my earlier years.

He had forgotten that the confiding child could be transformed into a reserved, self-respecting, punctilious woman, but he never forgot it again. He grew as cold and reserved as myself, and the consequence was, that as time passed away, and my school-girl affections, wrong influences, and false ideas of life vanished, I grew to long for the affection I had repelled more than anything else in the world.

I had never known my mother—I had no brother, sister, or other near relatives, that I knew, and this dark wall of pride and stateliness I myself had raised in an evil hour between myself and my only friend cast a deep shadow over my heart. I entered society under the chaperonage of Mrs. Winslow, my guardian's aunt and housekeeper, and as I was an heiress, and pronounced beautiful, I attracted a great deal of attention. I can say without egotism that I had rare conversational gifts when I chose to display them, and fine musical talents, which, with the *prestige* of riches, and a stainless name, was enough to set me afloat upon the tide of popular favour.

Mrs. Winslow, who was an independent widow of fifty, and a very fashionable woman, seemed proud of me, my guardian treated me with the most profound respect and attention at home and abroad, the world flattered my perfections, lovers sighed for my favour, and wrote sonnets upon my grace and beauty, and, but for that germ of trouble and discontent in my heart, I might have been spoiled by adulation and vanity. I had everything that heart could wish. I loved my liberty—I was in no hurry to lose it by marriage, and thus with few cares I passed on to my twenty-fourth year.

Abundantly able to choose our own pleasures, we had visited the fashionable watering-places, falls, lakes, mountains, and objects of greatest interest in our own country, and at last we went on the continent. I found lovers everywhere, but why, I could scarcely tell myself, none of them had ever found the key to the best and richest treasures of my heart.

Though rather weak and vain Mrs. Winslow was an amiable woman, and I had learned to regard her with a certain degree of affection; but Alfred Winslow, her nephew and my guardian, was not weak, vain, or superficial. He was a well-educated and accomplished gentleman, with a mind well stored with useful knowledge, a judgment matured by experience and observation, a heart uncorrupted by the world's contaminating influences, and talents much above the common order, and though more than forty, with his dark hair slightly silvered, his fair complexion, dark, speaking eyes, noble features and fine athletic form, still made him a comparatively handsome man. He was well known and esteemed by many distinguished people, and his associations were such as to enable him to introduce us into the grandest society and courts of Europe, and to procure for us the most distinguished attention.

Together we visited some of the places of greatest interest in the civilised world—the old abbeys, cathedrals, and castles of Belgium and the Rhine, and after a surfeit of the gaieties of Paris we crossed the Alps, and made our descent upon glorious, world-renowned Italy. We went to Florence, that paradise of the painter and the sculptor, gazed with delight and a reverent awe upon the most wonderful works of art—those relics of past ages, and supplied ourselves with gems to adorn our future home. We looked with wonder upon the buried cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, toiled up the steeps of groaning Vesuvius, to gaze upon its streams of liquid fire, and its columns of cloud, and smoke, and flame, rested awhile in Naples, at its base, to bathe our souls in the beauty of its earth, and sea, and sky, and golden sunsets, and then went to Rome—the eternal seven-hilled city, where first the great deeps of my soul were stirred.

We met old friends and acquaintances there, and had spent several days with them in wandering around among its stately ruins, recalling our old classical associations, when one evening upon our return, after a slight exposure, Mr. Winslow complained of head-ache and unusual depression and fatigue. Before morning we were aroused from our slumbers by the news that he was delirious and alarmingly ill, of what the physician who was called pronounced a malignant and contagious fever.

I was terribly shocked and startled by this intelligence, Mrs. Winslow was frightened into a fit of hysterics, and all our servants (except an old Italian cook), when they knew the truth, sought their own safety in flight, and so did the fair-weather friends who had so lately clustered around us, taking with them Mrs. Winslow, whom fright had made ill and more helpless than a child. We had taken a furnished house, intending to remain several months, and in this state of things I

alone, of all who remained, was able to take or properly carry out the physician's orders. And for four days, with a heart alternately swelling with hope, or fainting with fear, I watched over my guardian, breathing contagion at every breath, and worn out with anxiety, though dividing the night watches with the old cook, who at last, by the promise of a large bribe, was pressed into the service, and attended all the time by the best and most eminent physicians that gold could procure.

But why was I, so young, so beautiful, and full of hope, willing thus to sacrifice time, health, and even life itself, for his sake, as I surely was? Ah! must I confess it? Never, till the first hour of terror and peril, did I know that I loved that man, so much older, graver, and wiser than myself, better than the whole world besides. It came to me then as by a shock of electricity, and in that instant I knew why it was I had been so indifferent to all others—why talent, youth, and beauty had wooed me in vain.

It was, that communion with his superior mind had led me to depreciate the minor talents and attractions of all others who had sought my favour. I had thought I gave him but a parental affection, and I had mourned in secret, and blamed myself for years, that it was unreturned, and he seemed so indifferent to me; but now I knew that it was not the child's love for the father that I felt for him.

"But why had I blinded myself so long?"

I think because I had his society so long and so constantly that I had never known the want of it. I had been the constant recipient of his care and kindness, which had been so omniscient as almost to prevent the expression of a wish for anything. He was always at my side, and ready to contribute to my pleasure when I wanted him, away when I was so occupied with others as to forget his presence, and never by word or look had he reproached me for other fancies or preferences. I had unthinkingly relied upon his wisdom and strength in every hour of trial or danger, and never known it to fail me before. I had sometimes, it is true, been capricious and self-willed, but generally I had relied upon his judgment, and respected his counsel, without dreaming of the latent cause for my spontaneous respect and compliance, and not till this sudden withdrawal of his protecting arm had I felt my own weakness and dependence.

But I realized it now, and I knew that if it were taken from me for ever, no other in this world could ever supply its place to me. For some days my guardian lay in a stupor, or was raving in delirium, in which latter state all the pent-up mysteries of his heart were revealed to me.

But could I credit my senses? Could I believe that this cold, proud man, who had never during the last six years betrayed the least warmth of affection for me—who had always treated me with such distant respect and stately politeness, had all this time fondly loved, nay, worshipped me? That he had done so hopelessly, believing that I, so young, so beautiful, could never turn away from the young, gay, and fascinating lovers who surrounded me, to love one so much plainer, older, and graver, as himself? and feeling as if he must surely resign me to another in the future, and that the whole happiness of his life was to be concentrated in the few brief months or years that I remained with him, he had resigned all business to travel with us—to do all in his power to add to my happiness, and enjoy my society as long as possible—resolutely guarding his heart all the time from all outward manifestations of affection.

Wonderingly and tremblingly I listened to this, and much more that surprised me; but at first I could not believe this revelation of his inner life. But when he talked of times, and places, and circumstances, and conversations that I remembered, and people with whom I had lived and acted, whom it seemed he had watched jealously lest I favoured the unworthy, I could not but wonder and believe. And memory, too, now that I was awakened to the truth, brought a thousand little proofs of his regard and watchful love for me, before unthought of, or thought to be meaningless, and I wondered now that I had not before penetrated his frigid disguise.

I was deeply affected by all these remembrances. I felt that I had for years been loved with such an intensity of affection as I had seldom dreamed of, and for which the love of a life-time could be the only adequate return; and this, if he lived, I resolved should be yielded up to him. But the days passed wearily away, the crisis of the disease approached, and with hushed breath, a sinking heart, and an agonised prayer upon my lips, I watched over him, momentarily expecting the death-summons. We had done all that we could for him, but the tide of life seemed fast ebbing away, and I was standing upon one side of the bed, the doctor upon the other, with his fingers upon his wrist, and the old cook at the foot, with folded arms, when the doctor suddenly exclaimed—

"His pulse beats strongly again—he is in a sweet sleep—he will live!"

How my heart leaped with joy at those welcome words! How the room swam round with me and then grew dark, till I found myself sitting down, supported by old Bianca's arm. But those joyful words were true ones, for when he awoke from that saving slumber it was to life and reason.

I was alone beside him, hardly daring to breathe through fear of waking him too soon, when he opened his eyes, and began to look dreamily around. I instantly saw the change in their expression, my heart swelled with gratitude to the great Giver of life and reason, and when they rested wonderingly upon me, and in a faint voice he pronounced my name, I could command myself no longer, and bowing my face upon the pillow, I gave way to a passionate burst of tears, the first I had shed since this great grief came to me.

"Mildred! Mildred! Dear child, what is it?" I heard him faintly exclaim, and then a slender, quivering hand was laid upon my head, and my face was drawn gently down beside his own. I raised it instantly, crimson with blushes, and remembering then the physician's orders regarding the danger of excitement to him, I hushed my sobs by a strong effort, and said—

"Oh, forgive and forget my weakness, Mr. Winslow; they were tears of joy for your recovery. They have relieved my burdened heart, and do not let them disturb you."

"Then I have been ill?" he said, after a thoughtful

pause, during which he tried to rise, and narrowly watched my rapidly-changing countenance.

"Yes, you have been dangerously ill, but compose yourself, and think of it no more," I said, as I busied myself preparing some medicine.

"I *must* think of it. It all seems very strange to me. Why, I am as weak as an infant."

"Yes, you have been perfectly helpless most of the time—for many days."

"And yet knew nothing about it! But I have had strange dreams."

Then all at once, as some dim recollection of the past came over him, he asked—

"Where is Aunt Winslow?"

"She has gone out to see Mrs. Trelawney, sir."

"And left you here alone with me? But where is Bings, my valet?"

"I do not know, sir; but do not disturb yourself about them. Take this composing draught, and try to sleep."

"No, Mildred; I will take what you offer, but I shall not rest till I understand everything. So do not think to put me off."

Seeing that it was in vain to try to do so, I sat down beside the bed, and told him the truth, or at least a part of it.

He seemed deeply affected, and after reflecting some time upon what I had told him, said—

"Then it is to you, Mildred, under God, to whom I owe my life?"

"I have done what I could for you," I replied.

"Angel of goodness! I see it all in your pale cheek and sunken eye—the night watches—the constant care—the risk of health and life itself for my sake. But why, Mildred, when all others forsook, did not you leave me, too?"

"Could I, who for long years had been so deeply indebted to your kindness and fatherly care, leave you to suffer and die alone? Heaven forbid!"

"Mildred," he said, after a pause, and in a low tone, "I have been wild, I know it now, and those dreams were but the vagaries of insanity. Did I talk and rave much in my delirium?" And he looked eagerly into my conscious face while his own white cheek slightly flushed with agitation.

"Do not trouble yourself about those things," I said, mastering my own emotion, though I could not prevent the tell-tale blood from crimsoning my cheek, or meet the searching gaze of his questioning eyes.

"I see it all," he said, in a deeply mortified tone; "I have no secrets from you now, Mildred. You know that my care for you has been as selfish as that of the miser over his treasures—that my love for you has been stronger and deeper than that of the father for his child, and that for this cause the last six years to me has been but an alternation of bliss and agony. And what other revelations of a sinful heart I have made to you Heaven only knows."

"Think of it no more," said I, tremblingly. "A man is not responsible for the wild vagaries of a distracted brain."

"Not unless he reveals carefully guarded secrets, as I almost know that I have done, when all his future life becomes responsible for the act. Hereafter we cannot look upon each other in the same light as we have hitherto done, Mildred."

"Do you wish to? Perhaps truth will pay us better than deception, after all," I said, deeply affected by pity for his seeming distress, and sympathy for those strong and absorbing feelings I so fully shared, and yet blushing at my own seeming forwardness and presumption.

"What is it I hear?" he exclaimed, agitatedly. "Is it possible that you are not offended by my presumptuous love for you?"

"No, no; I am deeply grateful for it."

"But I am old enough to be your father, Mildred! You do not, you cannot, young and beautiful as you are, return an old man's passionate love?" And he caught my hand eagerly, and partly raised himself up with it.

"I do," I replied; "you do not seem old to me, and almost unknown to myself I have loved you better than all others for years."

"God be thanked for the priceless gift!" he murmured, as he fell back fainting from the excess of his emotions.

I was alarmed, and about to call for help, when his revival made it unnecessary, and when he became strong enough every mystery of the past was mutually explained. With the light of hope and joy dawning so brightly on the horizon of his future life my guardian's recovery was sufficiently rapid; and with returning health Mrs. Winslow, and our fair-weather friends, came back to us, with plausible excuses for their negligence, and—considering how much cause they had for fear, and how much happier our own lives were to be probably through their omission of duty—we readily forgave them. The old cook, too, was generously rewarded, and when our Italian researches were over, I returned as my Guardian's Bride.

WORKMEN AND THEIR DIFFICULTIES.*

THIS work makes it appearance at a seasonable time. Workmen have many difficulties, but we fear they are mostly of their own making, and they want such a friend as Mrs. Bayly to tell them how those difficulties are to be overcome and removed. This winter especially have their need in this respect been made manifest. For weeks the police-offices of the metropolis have been thronged with hungry crowds—for weeks strong able-bodied men were to be seen begging in the streets—for weeks the poor-law institutions seemed unable to grapple with the want in our midst—and the charities of the rich were freely invoked and freely given. It is to be feared that though the occasion has passed away, a spirit has been created which will long yield disastrous fruits. Nothing grows so fast as pauperism. Begging is such an easy trade, it will always be sure to have many followers. Many of the recipients of this year's charity will only be too ready to appeal to the public

* "Workmen and their Difficulties," by Mrs. Bayly, authoress of "Ragged Schools, and How to Mend them." London: J. Nisbet & Co.

when Christmas comes again. They have, for the most part, done as well, if not better, than if they had been hard at work; and, as must be the case when promiscuous charities are freely lavished, the most worthless and least deserving generally come off best. We have reason to believe that most of the persons relieved were in distress owing to their own improvidence; they knew winter was coming, yet would not prepare for it; they knew that provisions would be dear and employment scarce, but nevertheless they went on wasting their money and taking no thought of the morrow. No other classes are thus improvident; curates, lawyers, clerks, physicians, and schoolmasters have less, yet they manage to keep up a respectable appearance. Yet no sooner does a frost set in than gardeners, navvies, dock labourers, and bricklayers perambulate the streets, all singing in dismal chorus, "We 've got no work to do-oo." Well, they knew they would not have work to do when the frost set in; there is no novelty about a frost—it generally comes once a-year; it would be a miracle if it did not. A stern logic would leave these men to their fate, but the public is soon moved, and what has taken place in consequence reminds us of the frightful state of things before the New Poor Law came into operation. We hear of big fellows making their 8s. or 9s. of a morning by begging, often taking money from people poorer than themselves, and then carousing gaily in gin-palaces, and beer-shops, and public-houses. Of course such workmen have their difficulties; the law of human life is inexorable; the same fellows we have relieved this year will be sure to turn up again next winter, unless in the mean time they have become victims to delirium tremens. How are we to prevent this? You cannot put it down by force. We cannot let a man or woman starve to death. If a reform is to be made it must then be commenced by the working classes themselves. They must take the initiative; instead of declaiming against capitalists and masters, they must abandon the habits which have made them, in many cases, lead lives little better than those of slaves. Very often the workmen who earn most money are the worst off. They marry women utterly ignorant of housekeeping, or of the art of making home attractive and comfortable, and, in consequence, as soon as work is over they rush off to the public-house. Mrs. Bayly advises young unmarried men to obtain wives who can cook their dinner and sew on their buttons, and she tells them never to give in till they get them. We reiterate the advice. At home is the true secret of failure or success. There the battle of life is to be lost or won. Political reforms are of little avail compared with reform at home. No amount of charity can compensate for improvident and careless habits. No help is so sweet, and genuine, and elevating as self-help. We do not exactly agree with our authoress as to her dislike of political economy. She intimates that hitherto it has failed; but that has been because people have not understood it, or have acted in violation of it. But she has written a popular book, which cannot be too widely circulated amongst the higher classes of operatives, for whom it is intended. To point out the present defects in the relationship between the employer and the employed—to show how ineffectual are the means commonly adopted by the latter to remedy these defects, are the objects of the book. From experience of the working classes she is aware that their true difficulties are not such as they commonly complain of, and can be remedied by the men themselves without personal loss, and without infliction of loss upon the masters.

There was a time when law placed many difficulties in the way of the workman. The history of service in this country is the history of its gradual emancipation. Legislation was invariably on the side of the employers. As early as 1350 the practice commenced by fixing the amount of wages by statute. From its preamble we learn that it was enacted with the direct view of compelling the labourer to accept lower wages. A great plague having diminished the numbers of the labouring class, the survivors claimed to benefit—as they had every right to do—by the absence of competition, and to enjoy some advance of wages. It was enacted—1. That labourers in husbandry should not take more than a certain sum, and that they should be hired for certain times, and that twice in every year they should be sworn to obey the statute; any labourer disobeying the statute to be put in the stocks for three days. 2. That carpenters, masons, and other workmen in the building trades should work for certain wages during the summer, and for less during the winter, and that all workmen and artificers should obey the statute on peril of fine and imprisonment. This power of imprisonment was afterwards restricted to fifteen days—employers most probably feeling that their workmen were more useful at work than wasting their time in jail. The next statute, the 34th Edward III., cap. 9, was directed especially against workmen belonging to the building trade. Their employment being necessarily precarious, it seems that they had objected to be hired by the day at wages only equal to those of other day labourers, and had been combining to obtain better terms than those which the legislature thought proper to allow them. This is the first statute expressly prohibiting combinations of workmen. It appears that the rate of wages appointed by this statute for the master workmen in these trades was less than that appointed by the former statute for the higher class of agricultural labourers. By that statute a mower was to take fivepence by the day, a reaper twopence or threepence. These, with a statute of Richard II., forbidding labourers in husbandry to use their bows and arrows except on Sundays, were called the "good statutes," and were ordained to be kept in all points, and put in due execution. The 3rd Henry VI., cap. 18, shows an attempt to prevent combinations amongst workmen in the building trades by making it a capital offence to organise such combinations, and subjecting workmen who should take part in them to an indefinite term of imprisonment. This statute prohibits the combinations of masons, on the ground that they interfered with the operation of the Statute of Labourers. In 1544 the general rate of wages for all ordinary workmen was again fixed by the 23rd Henry VI., cap. 12. In 1549 was passed the first statute prohibiting workmen generally from entering into agreements among themselves as to the mode in which their work should be conducted. "We come," says Mrs. Bayly, "as near to the present time as the reign of Elizabeth before we meet with anything on the statute book to show that the legislature, in their enactments,

considered the interests of workmen as well as those of other classes." A statute was then passed, forbidding employers to have their journeymen for any period less than a quarter of a year; and ten years afterwards was passed the important statute 5th Elizabeth, cap. 4. The preamble states, "As the many laws which were then in existence for the rating of wages, and regulating the hiring of workmen, although for the most part good, yet could not be fully carried out without the great grief and burden of the poor labourer and hired man, its object was to reduce the substance of these laws into one, and to prescribe a uniform order concerning the wages and orders of apprentices, servants, and labourers, that thereby idleness might be banished, husbandry advanced, and a convenient proportion of wages yielded to the hired servant, both in time of scarcity and in time of plenty." By the 15th section of the statute a most elaborate scheme was established, which, by the 1st James I., cap. 6, was declared to apply to all artificers and workmen whatever, and by which the wages of labour were to be fixed every year by the Justices of the Peace at the Easter Quarter Sessions; the rate so fixed was to be afterwards published by royal proclamation in every market town. By the 18th section any master giving more than the legal rate was subjected to ten days' imprisonment, and a fine of £5, and by the 19th, any workmen taking higher wages than those appointed was subjected to imprisonment for twenty-one days. This system continued part of the Statute Book until 1813. From 1310, then, up to that year, the legislature professed to secure to the workman a fair price for his labour. So long as it undertook to do this it could fairly punish workmen for taking the law into their own hands; but when it was again left to the parties themselves to fix the price of labour, on what grounds were combinations to raise wages illegal at common law? or on what principle did the statute law continue to prohibit them? It was not, however, until 1824, that the combination laws were repealed. In that year a committee of the House of Commons was appointed to consider the laws relating to workmen and artizans; they returned a report with reference to this part of the subject. The last and most important clause is as follows—"That it is absolutely necessary when repealing the combination laws, to enact such a law as may efficiently, and by summary process, punish either workmen or masters, who, by threat, intimidation, or acts of violence, should interfere with the perfect freedom which ought to be allowed to each party, of employing his labour or capital in the manner he may deem most advantageous." Subsequent legislation has been still more in the workmen's behalf. Lord Shaftesbury was the first to lead the way, and only last session Mr. Crookes of Bolton got the House of Commons to take pity on and relieve the children employed in bleacher's works.

We have thus indicated the character and scope of Mrs. Bayly's work. It is a contribution to the cause of social science. She begins with a history of service, and shows how much better men are off than they were. She next proceeds to the discussion of strikes and trades' unions, all of which she condemns; at the same time she confesses that employers are very often much to blame. She objects to trades' unions for one reason amongst others, that they are very expensive benefit societies, and intimates how much better are savings' banks. Now, this question of investment is a very difficult one, and has as much as anything else to do with the improvidence of the working classes. We should have been glad of her views at more length on the subject, including building societies and co-operative societies, so successful in Rochdale, and of partnerships *en commandite*. Then there is the land question, which makes the operative so economical and saving in Belgium and France; but after all her work is chiefly on the social aspect of the question. She wants the workman to rouse himself and to remove his own difficulties. She writes with tenderness, and affection, and power. She illustrates her argument by examples of the most interesting character, and seriously do we trust that her book may be deeply pondered over by the British workman wherever he may be.

WOMAN'S LOVE(?)

I HAVE seen in summer weather,
Children idly chase a feather
  Poised in empty air;
Now o'er one puffed cheek it hovers,
Rising thence, it straight discovers
  One that seems more fair—
Soaring, sinking, pausing, changing,
Stirred by slightest breezes, ranging
  Idly here and there.

Slight and idle seemed their play,
  But when man succeeds the boy,
They will strive and they will pray
  For an idler, vainer toy—
Strive, and pant, and puff, and strain,
  For a lighter, weaker feather—
For a thing more slight and vain
  Fiercely fight and push together;—
While above them, fleeting, hovering,
Still some newer lure discovering,
Now just grasped, and now departed
From the loser, bitter-hearted;
Stirred by every lightest air,
Fickle—but how deadly fair!
Soaring, sinking, changing, fleeting,
Now approaching, now retreating—
Even to change scarce constant proving,
Still for newer changes roving—
Floats that less than shadows seem
  All the eager heads above,—
Vaguer, slighter, than a dream,—
  Frail and fickle, "Woman's Love!"

I. R. V.

THERE is a class of observers who never profit by their observation; whose wisdom is of the abstract kind, that is never exhibited in action. Always in error, they are yet shrewd in detecting it; keenly alive to the ridiculous, they are yet always themselves ridiculous.

LOLA MONTEZ.

THE *New York Herald* of the 22nd ult. says:—This remarkable woman closed her earthly career in this city on Thursday last, after a long and severe illness, and was quietly buried on Saturday. Lola Montez was of Irish and Moorish-Spanish descent, and was born in the city of Limerick, Ireland, in 1824. Her father was a captain in the 44th regiment of the English army, and a son of Sir Edward Gilbert. Her mother was an Oliver, and a descendant from Count de Montalvo, who at one time possessed immense estates in Spain. The Montalvos were of Moorish origin, and emigrated to Spain during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Catholic. Her father was only about twenty and her mother fifteen when they were married, and Lola was born during the second year of their marriage. At her baptism she was christened Marie Dolores Eliza Rosanna Gilbert; she was afterwards called Dolores, from which she derived her name Lola. At an early age she was taken to India, where her father died, and at six years of age she was sent to Europe, and was educated in France and England. When Lola was quite a young girl her mother came over from India, and she was informed by Captain James that her mother had promised her in marriage to Sir Abraham Lumly, one of the judges of the Supreme Court of India, and about sixty years old. This piece of intelligence aroused her anger, and in a defiant tone she informed her mother that she would never consent. A family quarrel followed, and in her despair she appealed to Captain James for assistance. On the next day the latter eloped with her to Ireland, where Captain James's family resided. After a great deal of trouble they were finally married.

They had been married but about eight months when Captain James left for India to join the army. Spending a season at Calcutta the army was ordered to Kurwal, in the interior, where, but a few months after their arrival, her husband eloped with a Mrs. Lomer, leaving her, as she termed herself, "a little grass widow," at the mercy of her friends. Lola was immediately sent back to Calcutta, where her mother resided. Her reception and treatment there was somewhat cruel. She was locked up in her chamber by her mother until a certificate was procured from a physician that she was in ill health and must be sent to Europe. Her stepfather showed his disapproval of this treatment by handing her a cheque for a thousand pounds as she stepped on board of the vessel to sail for Europe. Those who had charge of her on this voyage were directed to place her in the charge of Mr. David Cragie, residing at Perth, Scotland. But upon her arrival at London she refused to go there, and went to reside with a gifted lady by the name of Fanny Kelly. She decided upon becoming an actress, but being deficient in English it prevented her from making an immediate appearance. It was therefore settled that she should become a danseuse. Studying that art for four months, under the instruction of a teacher, she paid a brief visit to the Montalvos in Spain, when she returned to London and made her *début* at Her Majesty's theatre.

As soon as her mother received the news of that event she put on mourning and sent out funeral cards to all of her friends, and has to this day refused to see or communicate with her. The *début* was considered a successful one, but owing to some financial difficulty, the engagement was broken off, and she soon after appeared at the Royal Theatre in Dresden. Her appearance there created a great furor, and she at once became a favourite of the royal families. Leaving Dresden, she made a successful tour at both Berlin and Warsaw, attracting marked attention from the royal families whenever she appeared. At the latter place, on being hissed, she rushed to the footlights, and declared that they came from the director, because she had refused gifts from his master. For this expression she was obliged to leave Warsaw, and it was only through the interference of the French consul that her arrest was prevented.

Her next appearance was at St. Petersburg. On leaving the latter place she visited Paris, and, forming the acquaintance of Dujarrier, editor of *La Press*, and one of the leaders of the republican party, in his society formed a taste for politics, and learned from him to hate tyranny and oppression in every form that it showed itself, and became an enthusiastic republican. She pledged herself in marriage to Dujarrier, but before the day fixed upon for the nuptials her betrothed was killed in a duel by Beauvellon.

After this melancholy affair she left Paris for Bavaria, and again appeared on the theatrical stage at Munich. Her manners and originality attracted the notice of King Louis, who, ascertaining that she was versed in political matters, received her counsels and promoted her to the nobility as a reward for her political services. She soon after became Countess of Lansfeld, with an income of seventy thousand florins per annum. In this influential position she used every effort to put in practice those principles that she had learned of Dujarrier. Her first effort was to induce the King to abolish the ministry which had stood for a quarter of a century, and prevailed upon him to form a new cabinet, without any regard to the nobility, taking them from the ranks of the people. This act aroused a furious rage against her, not only in Bavaria, but throughout Germany. Her next effort was an attempt to introduce the Code Napoleon as laws of the land. This was more than the enraged nobility would bear. All manner of devices were resorted to by the Jesuits, as well as the nobility, to get rid of her. They tried coaxing, bribing, and then threatening, but to no avail. At length a revolution broke out, and she, finding herself unable to resist it, left the country disguised as a peasant girl, and sought refuge in the land of William Tell.

Her career in Bavaria brought down upon her head the most bitter calumnies from the Jesuits, which have followed her, poisoning the atmosphere wherever she went, following her even to this country. Remaining in Switzerland a short time, she visited the King of Bavaria disguised in boy's clothing. Returning to Switzerland, she hastened off to London, and afterwards to Paris, where she resided a number of years. Shattered in fortune and broken in health she turned her attention to this country, and found her way to our shores in the same ship that brought Kossuth.

About two months ago, she, then being ill, came to this city, and, by invitation, took up her abode with





TAKING A BITE.

Mrs. Buchanan, the wife of the celebrated florist, who knew Lola in Scotland, they being, in their younger days, school companions. Lola gradually grew worse, although the best of medical skill was employed, and everything supplied her, calculated to alleviate her sufferings. About two weeks ago she began to sink, and, being aware of the fact, her whole time was occupied in devotional exercises. But in this respect, anterior to the period we allude to, she exhibited a marked change on her previous life. Her whole desire seemed bent toward engaging in religious conversation with everybody with whom she came in contact, and to them she exhibited a deep knowledge on theological subjects. During the last week of her life she sent for and was attended by the Rev. Dr. Hawks, of Calvary church, and was also attended by members of the congregation of the church, and to them, while engaged in religious conversation, she exhibited a thorough repentance for her past erratic life. Such a life is to be studied, for it bears a deep moral. Conduct failed her, or, with her energy and talent, Lola Montez might have won a fair place in history. She failed, and became one of the notorious women of our time, when she might have been one of its most remarkable women. In this failure there is a warning and a lesson to the women of her type.

TAKING A BITE.

In the Crystal Palace collection of paintings—a collection well worth a visit, and to which the visitor should devote an entire day at the least—the visitor will see the picture we have engraved. It is numbered 400, and is included in Oil Paintings of the Foreign School; the artist's name is Boettcher. Of course he is a German, and, we imagine, a German artist of some note. The engraving here given is by Mr. G. Thomas. Unfortunately, till it was worked off, we did not perceive that we had made a mistake in the title, and that in the Catalogue the picture is called, not "Taking a Bite," but "Offering a Bite." Our readers, we think, will admire the picture much. It is one of those domestic subjects which interest us all, and touch all hearts. We have to express our obligation to C. W. Waas, Esq., the superintendent of the gallery, for leave to engrave it. We are glad to find that the Crystal Palace Picture Gallery is increasingly a success, and that, what is better still, as far as regards the artists themselves, the sales increase progressively. Thus a favourable opportunity is presented for artists or private gentlemen to dispose of their pictures, and purchasers have a large and fine collection from which they can select, and the public a gallery of art of high character, and, as new works are constantly added to replace those sold, one which continually offers variety to the visitors.

Of all monarchs, Nature is the most just in the enactment of laws, and the most rigorous in punishing the violation of them.

THE HOMES OF THE POOR.

The Premier of England has lately presided at a meeting at Romsey, for the purpose of providing decent accommodation for the poor. Lately the subject has been revived by Mr. Tucker, a Berkshire magistrate. He tells us—"Two years ago I read to the friends of the Faringdon Agricultural Library a paper on the Condition of the Agricultural Labourer, in which I drew attention to the vast efforts that had been made for the advancement of agriculture in all its departments, and endeavoured to show that everything which science or art could devise, or money command, had been made tributary to this object, and that not merely in improved methods of cultivating the soil, and the introduction of new and improved implements and machinery, but also in the breeding, feeding, and housing of cattle in dry, clean, well-ventilated buildings; at the same time I pointed to the fact, that while all these gigantic efforts were called forth in that direction, comparatively little had been done to improve the well-being of the labourer, and specially as regards cottage accommodation. These observations, I believe, are just as true now as they were two years since, and, feeling a deep interest in the question, I have employed competent persons to visit every town and village in the Faringdon Union, to obtain exact information as to the accommodation and number of inmates in every cottage in the Union; that information I hold in my hand, but, as it is too minute, circumstantial, and voluminous to lay before this meeting, I have made a digest of the leading features, which, with permission, I will read to you." This digest was published in the *Times*, and was a most sickening report. Other gentlemen followed. Mr. James Harvey, Chairman of the West London Union, writes—"Some time since the relieving officer and one of the guardians of this Union visited Plumtree-court, Holborn, which contains 27 houses, without back-yards, and, with few exceptions, without back lights. These houses were occupied by 676 men, women, and children. In one room, 10 feet by 13, and 8 feet 6 high, there were 13 persons living and sleeping, viz. 2 men, 5 women, and 6 children. In another house, 17 feet long and 16 feet wide, including the passage, with ground-floor, first-floor, and attic, there were 69 persons living and sleeping, with only one convenience in the basement. On another occasion when our relieving officer visited a house in this court, between 12 and 1 o'clock in the morning, for the apprehension of a man who had deserted his wife, in attempting to go into one room he was compelled to wait until the inmates had risen from the floor behind the door, so that the door could be opened. The people lay so thick on the floor that he had to be cautious in stepping between them. In this room there was one child suffering from the measles and another from the small-pox. On opening the door the stench was so great that the police-officer who accompanied him was obliged to withdraw. From this court alone the parish has had to pay extra fees to the medical officer for the confinement of an incredible number of young women and 'widows' of illegitimate children. The cases continually being brought before our board of once respectable women who have fallen under such

conditions are truly heart-rending, and form one of the greatest difficulties with which boards of guardians have to deal.

"A house in Holborn-buildings, 18 feet deep and 18 feet wide, including the passage, was visited last week, and was then occupied as follows—Attic, seven women, first-floor front, five women, ditto back room, two married couples, ground-floor front, five men, ditto back room, four men, in all 25 persons, paying 1s. 6d. each per week—equal to £97 10s per annum. The house is rated to the poor at £15 per annum! A short time since a respectable married woman, with an infant nine months old, who had been deserted by her husband, lodged in this house for five weeks, paying 1s. 6d. per week for half a bed with a perfect stranger. She was then obliged to come into the workhouse. The respectable poor, in their distress, are thrust into these dens of demoralization, because there are not dwellings within the reach of their means.

"In Plough-court, Fetter-lane (a blind court), containing 38 houses, at the taking of the census of 1851, nearly 2000 people were living and sleeping, giving an average of 40 persons to each house."

The cases cited here are not exceptional. They are such as exist in all our towns and villages, and indicate not so much the poverty as the improvidence of the poor. The truth must be told. More than anything else it is requisite that the working classes be decently lodged, and not compelled to live in pestiferous dens, to escape which men and women are compelled in self-defence to rush to the beer-shop, the gin-palace, or the public-house. The dwellings of the poor in the back streets and alleys of our towns, and often even on the estates of rich and benevolent landholders, are as wretched as they are degrading. In 1849, during the spread of cholera, inquiries were made, especially by the city mission, and by the correspondents of the *Morning Chronicle*, which disclosed a state of things that would disgrace a country of barbarians, and with few exceptions we have every reason, from personal inspection and the reports of others, to believe that an equally degrading and disgusting state of things still prevails. The amount of dwelling rooms occupied by many families is miserably small. Even in the manufacturing towns of the north, where the houses of the operatives are generally much superior to the wretched dwellings of the poor in the larger towns of the south of England, even there the accommodation afforded in a great part of the house is most miserable. In London, and in our larger provincial towns, it is not uncommon for families of all ages and sexes to sleep in one room without any screen between the beds. The evils resulting from this wretched means of accommodation are still further enhanced by the state of the back streets and alleys of our towns. The condition of these streets and alleys is as bad as it can be. They are built after no plan, they are narrow and often closed at one end, they are very badly drained, the openings of what drains there are are generally close to the windows or doors of the houses; there is often only one privy for three, four, and sometimes as many as ten houses; the streets and yards are used for the filthiest purposes, and the stench is often insupportable. Recently we had occasion to visit a town of this description a few miles out of London. We could scarcely believe till we saw it that human creatures could live in such degradation. The sight was appalling. The houses, with their cold brick floors, windows stuffed with rags, with dust and filth all round, were not fit for pigs. No gentleman would lodge in such places his horses or his hounds, yet these hovels were crowded; and as we saw the wretchedness within and without, we thought how deep and dire must be the poverty all round. Women were there all slovenly and filthy, and in these wretched sties, for they were no better, were young children born and brought up. For what? we asked, and the reply was too obvious. Men do not gather grapes of thorns and figs of thistles. Such a childhood can but lead to a manhood vicious and degraded, and stained with crime. We asked, Were the people poor? By no means. Most of the men were earning a guinea, and many as much as thirty shillings a week. A great deal of money was paid away in wages, yet the labourers who received it all thus lived at home in a state of beastliness and filth. The inspector of police was with us. We asked him how the money was spent? How, with such wages, there could be such an appearance of poverty? The answer was, It was all spent at the public-house. The clergyman of the parish told us the same; the leading magistrate gave us the same reply. Could we wonder at it? What man or woman would stop in such stinking, filthy hovels as those we looked at, who, with a few pence in his pocket, could march off to the public-house, have a warm fire, and a cheerful room, the company of his mates, and the exhilarating stimulus of a pot or two of beer? In the place to which we refer the workmen could get no better homes; cottage proprietors—decent gentlepeople—got their fifteen per cent. out of this wretched property, and did not care to build better, and thus they demoralised the whole district, and made men and women drunkards for an extra gain. But let us not forget that dirt and drink act and react upon each other. Many a man, with the facilities of building societies, might, but for the drink, be his own landlord. In truth, we have a great deal yet to do. It is vain to ask the labourer to stop at home and enjoy himself, unless he has a decent home to go to.

Those of our readers who oppose the government interference on behalf of the working classes, are bound to do what in them lies in so good a cause, and to see that no evils exist that they have in their power to remove. Now, if there be one thing more than another that calls for reformation, it is the lodging-house system, which in great towns is so fruitful in demoralisation of every kind. The dirt and degradation of these places are well known to our readers. We destroy narrow streets and crowded rookeries, and build mansions on their sites, and call such things city improvements. This is a great mistake; we remove an evil from one spot, that it may break out in another with more malignant virulence. We not only do not kill, but we do not scotch the snake. The inmates of the houses we pull down crowd into other and even more miserable houses. All that we do by our boasted improvements is to intensify the extremes; and with increased pomp and splendour in our shops and warehouses, we have increased meanness and discomfort in the homes of the forsaken poor. And here we breed crime! These places

engender it with mathematical certainty. Here the young are led astray, and the old become hardened, till they laugh at the terrors of the law. In the opulent district pertaining to St. George's, Hanover-square, 1465 families of the labouring class were recently found to possess for residence, 2174 rooms and 2510 beds; 929 entire families existed in single rooms, whilst seven dwellings were destitute of the rudest apology for a couch. On learning facts like these we cease to wonder at the eagerness so frequently manifested to exchange the horrors of such a home for the less hideous seclusion of a prison. It is said three-fourths of the crime committed in England originates in London alone. Nor does this surprise us. In the low haunts where poverty is compelled to hide, man grows up without the sense of decency or shame—without faith or hope in man or God. The Society for Improving the Condition of the Labouring Classes has done much to remedy this state of things. In the crowded neighbourhood of Bagnigge-wells, in Charles-street, Drury-lane, in George-street, St. Giles's, in Hatton-garden, as well as in other localities, model lodging-houses have been established, and their internal economy can readily be studied by all who take sufficient interest in the important subject. The one in George-street can accommodate 104 inmates, who each enjoy the advantage of separate dormitories, a commodious kitchen, common to all, a washhouse, bath, and a copious supply of water for all purposes. It should be recorded that the gas and water companies charge little more than the actual cost of the commodity they severally supply. In a sanitary point of view there can be no question of the superiority of this establishment over the loathsome lodging-houses around. During the prevalence of a recent epidemic the latter abodes contributed largely, as might have been anticipated, to the long list of victims, while in the "model" house scarcely one case of illness was to be found. If the old overcrowded lodging-houses, with their dirt and living crime, are to be put down, it must be by the efforts of enlightened philanthropists, who will find that they can profitably invest their money, and confer on the working classes, and, through them, on society at large, benefits, the real value of which no amount of money could represent.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

The International Exhibition of 1862 is to be on a vast scale of extent and grandeur. The picture galleries, to be built of brick, are to be 2300 feet in length, 60 to 70 feet high, and from 35 to 55 feet wide. But the great feature of the new edifice will be a stupendous and magnificent hall, 550 feet long, 250 feet wide, and 220 feet high! The nave and transepts are to be 2200 feet long, 80 feet wide, and 100 feet high. The buildings, sheds, &c., are to be on a similar scale of vastness. The whole of the buildings must be completed before the 12th of February, 1862. The Exhibition is to be held at South Kensington, on the site granted by the Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851. The Prince Consort headed the guarantee fund with £10,000 (conditional upon £240,000 being previously subscribed). The total amount of the guarantee fund, as advertised, was £278,250; there was promised, in addition, £80,000 from the Metropolitan lines of railway, making a full total of more than £350,000.

In a letter to the *Times*, after sending the conditions and forms of tender for the Exhibition Building, Sir Joseph Paxton adds,—"I am one of the guarantors of the fund to provide for the expenses of the proposed Exhibition, and I therefore hope you will allow me space to offer to my fellow-guarantors, and to any one who may contemplate entering into competition for this work, a few remarks on the manner in which it is proposed to deal with a question of such magnitude and importance.

"First, as to the conditions of the tender. They are to be delivered on or before the 9th of February, at 12 o'clock, noon.

"The works, which are to be carried out in brick, iron, wood, and glass, in the *best manner*, and the *best materials*, and completed rigorously by a given period, are directed in clause 3. At a rough guess I venture to say these works cannot be executed under £250,000.

"It might be presumed that time would be given to any one desiring to tender for works of such importance under the sufficiently stringent conditions of clauses 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10, to make a fair estimate of their probable cost.

"That is so little the case that it appears only one week, including a Sunday, is to be allowed for the inspection of the plans, and that *no bills of quantities are to be furnished.* In the form of tender, however, it is set forth that A or B agrees to execute all the buildings, and so on, 'in general compliance' with the drawings and specifications, and to complete the same to the satisfaction of the Commissioners, whose decision shall be final.

"Now, sir, as one of the guarantors of the fund of which the Commissioners are the trustees, I beg leave to object to their entering into a contract upon such loose conditions as are expressed by the words 'in general compliance,' and, as a person who has had a great deal to do with large works and contracts, I object to the extremely short time and the very slender information which are vouchsafed to the contractors who are invited to tender for the works.

"Is it fair that any one should be asked to enter upon a contract of this character on such vague information as he may gather from the mere inspection of plans during five clear working days, between the hours of 10 and 4, and without the aid of *bills of quantities*, and which even in small works are usually accessible, and in large works are *invariably supplied?* I confess I cannot understand the tardy haste that has seized the Commissioners. I much fear the conditions of the tender and the form of it may deter any contractor willing to enter upon it as an ordinary business transaction, and may possibly entice some speculative or favoured persons, relying less upon the ordinary rules of prudent calculation than on the generosity of the Commissioners to promise a 'general compliance' with their demands. You will see that the tenders are to be made upon two assumptions—one, that the building is to be erected in the most enduring and best manner, so that it may re-

main permanent if it be so decided; the other, that it be erected equally as substantially for a temporary purpose, and the materials to be carted away afterwards, being of little value.

"Which of these alternatives the Commissioners will favour, and with great show of reason, may be taken for granted; but I must leave it to the guarantors to say if they desire to make themselves liable for the expenses of an exhibition in 1862, or for the erection, under a most loose contract, of a permanent building at Kensington. The public also, who have heard a good deal at times about the way in which Government contracts are let, will perhaps desire to know if things are much better managed by a commission untrammelled by any control, and responsible only to some good-natured gentlemen, who, while they enjoy the title of 'guarantors,' have never been consulted in a single step in the proceedings that have taken place up to this moment. I desire to take this opportunity of stating, as regards myself, that while I readily acquiesced in the idea of getting up an exhibition in 1861 or 1862, to represent the *progress* that arts and manufactures have made since 1851, I never for a moment contemplated (and I cannot for a moment suppose that the subscribers to the guarantee fund thought otherwise) that it could be seriously proposed to erect a building at much greater cost than the building of the exhibition in 1851, and which would involve for the building, which may be temporary, a total expenditure, if got up on such a scale, little short of a quarter of a million of money. I feel it my duty to protest against incurring such an expenditure for a temporary object, if it is intended to be temporary, or for using the names of the guarantors for carrying out the erection of a great building in Kensington. It is impossible to understand how a work of such magnitude should be put before contractors in the form it has been. To make accurate bills of quantities would take nearly a month, and no prudent contractor would think of estimating for it without this being furnished in some way. It is safe to conclude, then, that whoever tenders for it must do so at a great risk, unless he has been so fortunate as to have had access to the plans before they were given out to the public."

The note of alarm thus sounded has led to others. In the *Times* of Feb. 11th appears the following letter,—"Since Sir Joseph Paxton's letter upon the proceedings of the Commissioners relative to the proposed building at Kensington appeared in *The Times*, a feeling of uneasiness has arisen among many of those who guaranteed the fund. My object in addressing you is to beg the guarantors will not sign any document that binds them until they perfectly understand the extent of their liability. This warning may save much inconvenience to those whose intention undoubtedly was to stand in the position of sureties rather than of actual subscribers." It is almost a pity we think that any attempt is made to revive the Great Exhibition, and the idea of building an enormous structure somewhere at the West End, when such a building as the Crystal Palace at Sydenham offers all that is required, is still more absurd. The gentlemen who have put their names down as guarantors may well complain!

THE DUEL FOR THE DAUGHTER.

MANY years ago Moses Miller, commonly called "Old Mose," resided in the county of Neuces, in Western Texas, some half a dozen miles from the village of Corpus Christi, then the glorious cloud-castle and darling dream of its imaginative builder, the famous Colonel Kinney. And truly, to the eye of the traveller, the smiling face of the country wears the most varied charms like a vision of enchantment.

Around, from the pellucid waters of that beautiful bay, in every direction, sweeps an immeasurable sea of prairie, sparkling with golden flowers, such as no garden ever planted by human hands might equal, and as full of island groves as the evening sky is of stars. The geniality of the climate equals, but cannot surpass, the loveliness of the landscape, for in the fiery months of July and August the air is fanned by the cooling wings of balmy breezes from the gulf, and in mid-winter the winds are soft and mild as the vernal zephyrs of northern latitudes.

But, alas! the character of the first inhabitants presented a gloomy contrast to the peaceful and picturesque scenery of their rural homes, where all, save man, appeared poetical and divine. The region, being cut off, and in a manner isolated from even the wild civilization of Texas, by an almost impassable desert embracing hundreds of miles, was a sort of *ultima Thule*, beyond the reach of law, or any rule of civil jurisdiction, and hence it became the asylum of refugees and rovers from all parts of the world. Nevertheless, it would be grossly unjust to represent the whole, or a majority of the population as a miscellaneous mass of thieves and murderers. Many of them were honest traders, hunters, and herdsmen, while a large class had sought the solitude of this remote wilderness from the pure love of adventure, and the passion for fetterless freedom; and some had been actuated altogether by that genuine American instinct for wandering, like migratory birds—the restless, burning, insatiable desire to penetrate space, and know all the strange things in nature.

Among the rich variety of striking characters contained within the circle of the Neuces settlement, not one could be mentioned so deeply defined and strongly coloured as that of old Mose Miller. At the period when the events happened which I am about to relate, he had already seen sixty summers of laborious life, and yet he seemed healthy, vigorous, and active as if only in the power and passionate prime of youth. His form was tall, firm, and straight as an arrow, with lean but massive limbs and muscles that looked tough as iron, while his rapid feet, thumping the earth scornfully, as if conscious of their strength, rebounded bravely, with the springy ease and elasticity of boyhood. You could perceive no signs of decay, no single token of senility, in his motions or figure.

It is true his visage had been furrowed by numerous lines in crooked curves and sharp angles; but such marks appeared so natural, and his complexion had such a ruddy glow, like the early flush of juvenile blood, and his countenance seemed so bold, reckless, and free from thought, or the tinge of care, that the observer forgot

his hoary locks, and beheld nothing but the indications of vivid, manly force, and fiery feelings.

A philosopher scanning this unique specimen of humanity in the backwoods, would probably have drawn the hasty inference that the sexagenarian had passed his many years in idle repose and utter tranquillity; that such a red, merry visage had seldom been distorted by rage, or that those yellowish gray eyes, twinkling with fun and brimming over with laughter, had never flashed the lurid lightnings of horrible hatred and fearful anger.

But the facts of his biography belied the fables of hypothesis. Mose Miller had followed the ever receding frontier, step by step, from the day of his majority, as his father had done before him. His scheme of action was extremely simple, and proved very successful. He would settle down in some lonely forest, or unpeopled prairie, win his subsistence from the spoils of the chase, and at the same time open a large farm, and stock it with herds of cattle and horses. After a while the tide of emigration would come pouring into the new country, when the first pioneer was sure to reap his golden harvest. Every article of food must, of course, command the highest price, and the cunning speculator always ended by selling out, and wandering farther into the western desert, there to repeat the profitable, yet painful experiment, and so on *ad infinitum*.

By continuing this singular process of ceaseless toil and patient self-denial, old Mose finally became the master of a respectable fortune. As may well be imagined, such a method of life exposed him to perpetual dangers, and developed to the highest degree his native courage. His heart grew hard as a fragment of primitive granite in warfare with the aboriginal savages, and in more horrible combats with the desperadoes and robbers of the frontier; for where legal restraints were either impotent or wholly unknown, the individual sovereign had to rely exclusively on his own prowess and sense of justice for the protection of all rights, and even the preservation of his person, and, accordingly, our hero had long been celebrated for the number and ferocity of his dreadful duels and sudden encounters.

However, it must not be supposed that he contracted the brutal thirst for blood, or the more malignant passion for notoriety, which too often distinguishes the famous fighters of the south-west. On the contrary, he never wielded knife or pistol, save to redress some real or fancied wrong, or to rid society of what he deemed a walking nuisance and absolute outlaw. It is thus easy to comprehend how such a course of habitual conduct, and all the examples and familiar scenes within the sphere of his observation, should lead him to regard bravery as the climax of all virtue, and cowardice as the acme of shame and degradation—if not rather a positive and inexpiable sin.

His family had, at first, consisted of his wife, an industrious commonplace kind of woman, who insensibly imbibed all his notions and prejudices, and seven daughters, all, save one, then provided with husbands and homes—and yet none of them had wedded with the approbation of their parents. The objection in each case was of a general character—that the respective suitors did not come up to the old duellist's standard of bravery, the sole qualification which could find favour in his sight. Indeed, six of the sisters appeared poorly endowed by nature or education to inspire any very ardent flame in heroic hearts, as their forms were coarse and masculine, and their features rude and repulsive.

Nevertheless, the youngest girl differed entirely from the rest, and seemed, as if by a miracle, to have monopolized all the charming graces intended for the separate members of the household; and, truly, you might wander over the world without meeting another being more lovely than Menia Miller. Strange phenomenon that a family circle of such common clay should be able to exhibit so rare a jewel! But so it sometimes happens; in a lineage of proverbial and hereditary coarseness there will come one,—like a stranger from distant planets, bearing on its visage the living lustre of a celestial beauty, which atones for all the accumulated ugliness of its race, as if the mother's dream of an angel had been embodied in her own bosom! And so this fair flower of the Texan woods presented to every beholder the ideal of his mind and imagination, the faultless form which had floated before his visionary sight in the hours of early youth.

Her shape, though slight and child-like, appeared full to overflowing with animation and vital energy, and every gesture and motion seemed like the rapid and graceful wafture of wings in pure ether. Her small features, of a perfect oval, white as the lily, and radiant red as the summer rose, lived in the starry light of an everlasting smile—the sunbeam born of a sinless soul, while those luminous curls of golden hair surrounded her face, as a natural halo, and made her resemble some divine picture, the matchless creation of a musing artist, rather than a mortal thing of flesh and blood. But her eyes alone would have rendered her countenance irresistible,—they were so large, liquid, and beautifully blue.

It was no marvel, then, that her parents worshipped this fascinating creature as an idol, and resolved to give her the means of intellectual cultivation, such as they had never thought necessary in the case of their other children. As they could not endure the pangs of her absence from home, even for a single week, a private teacher was procured in the person of a young and handsome lawyer, recently arrived from the north, who had not as yet been honoured with a brief, for the unanswerable reason that, where no courts existed, litigation might be considered logically impossible.

Albert Hilton succeeded but too well in his agreeable work of tuition, for at the end of six short months he had taught his beautiful pupil the sweet mysteries of first love, and mastered the same profound and pleasant lesson, of which he had been previously altogether ignorant, so that they were both prepared to take the highest degree at the bridal altar.

Without anticipating the least opposition to a step so innocent and desirable, the young attorney, so soon as he had settled the matter to their mutual satisfaction with the daughter, proposed the subject, in faltering terms, to the father.

"I am amazed at the extent of your impudence and presumption," responded Old Mose, with a look of astonishment, and casting an ominous glance at the silver handle of his bowie-knife.

"I can furnish you with ample proofs as to the re-

spectability and wealth of my family," urged Hilton, by way of argument.

"I care not if you were worth millions," returned Miller, with a disdainful frown.

"Of what nature, then, can be your objection?" inquired the youth, in tones of surprise.

"Your want of courage," was the stern reply.

"I cannot imagine from what fictitious data you have deduced your conclusion," said Hilton, with a heightened colour.

"Cowardice is so common," retorted the father, "that I hold every man a craven until he shows evidence to the contrary!"

"What testimony would you have on so nice a point?" asked the suitor, with a touch of sarcasm in his voice.

"Fight a duel!" exclaimed the other imperatively.

"But no person has insulted me, or offered the slightest provocation for a quarrel," affirmed Hilton, scarcely able to credit his senses at such a strange suggestion.

"You lie!" thundered old Mose; "for I insult you, and unless you have the nerve to accept my challenge, be sure that my daughter never shall be yours!"

"Such a combat would disgrace us both," retorted the lover, in accents of horror.

"Did I not say that you were a coward?" shouted the duellist, in a towering rage. "Be off instantly from my premises, and never let me see your pale face again within a league of my dwelling!" And he drew his murderous blade of battle to enforce prompt obedience, when the disappointed schoolmaster made a hurried exit, without so much as the formality of an adieu.

But the inconsolable grief and despair of the fair Menia, for the loss of her lover, affected her father to such a degree, that he adopted a sudden resolution, and set out for Corpus Christi. There he found Albert Hilton in the streets, and without uttering a word, began to chastise him by the shameful punishment of the horse-whip. The latter resisted with all his might, but his efforts proved idle, for he seemed helpless as a child in the iron grasp of the old giant.

As soon as he had laid on the lash sufficiently to disgrace the victim for ever, the duellist exclaimed—

"Young man, you will fight me now, I suppose?"

"Yes! yes! let us arrange the affair at once!" cried the other, eagerly, trembling with ungovernable rage.

The parties immediately selected their seconds, settled the terms of the hostile interview, and proceeded to the field of honour, accompanied by an excited throng of spectators, anxious to witness the terrible sport. The ground being measured off, the principals took their positions, at the unusual distance of fifteen paces.

At the word both adversaries fired, but without effect; and old Mose called out in courteous tones—

"Is the gentleman satisfied, or does he wish another round?"

"Nothing can wash away my shame, but your blood or my own," replied Hilton, in accents of inconceivable sadness.

Their friends then reloaded the pistols, and the foes discharged them with a similar result, when Miller declared—

"I am willing to apologize."

"It is too late!" answered the youth, in a mournful voice, or rather wail of unspeakable sorrow.

Once more they prepared their weapons, and this time pulled their triggers with steady, unwavering aim. Again Old Mose missed, and at the same instant tottered, and fell upon the earth; but he quickly recovered his feet, the ball having merely cut across his breast, touching the bone, without inflicting a dangerous wound.

The veteran duellist, with a smile of pleasure, iterated his proffered apology, adding the singular explanation:

"I could have shot out your eye at the first fire, had I been so disposed: but I only sought to test your bravery. I have found it of the highest order, and now you may have Menia in welcome!"

It is needless to remark that the issue turned out satisfactory to all parties concerned.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY AT BERLIN.

BY FREDERICK W. OWEN.

THE people of Berlin, like those of Paris, Copenhagen, and certain other continental cities, are instinctively gay and lively, and their holiday festivals find in all classes eager participants. Berlin has its own world of popular traditions, popular songs, and popular sayings. In it a cosmopolite is soon at home; soon, as it were, among old friends—not friends ancient and tried, but those who will guide him in his saunterings, who will go with him by day down the beautiful avenue "under the linden trees," pointing out to him now a princely palace, now a general of cuirassiers, known to the people, from Schleswig Holstein; here the splendid statue of Frederick the Great, wonderful in design, colossal in proportions; there the new and old museums, royal palace, and marble bridge, with its surmounting statues; who will sit by him in the evenings, draining the great glasses of white beer, the boast of the city, and make the hours fly with recitals of witty tales and spicy adventures.

Here the people display much of that delightful ingredient of German character called "Gemüthlichkeit"—that quality which manifests itself in the wish to enjoy one's self, associating at the same time that wish with others. The German, particularly he of Berlin, in the concert-room, the theatre, or the beer "keller," instinctively looks around him before his own spirit begins to kindle with enthusiasm or jollity. One might say that the inhabitants of Berlin were a set of good fellows. The students, particularly, go hand in hand, or, rather, clan in clan, for their societies look upon each other much as the Campbells might have looked upon the Stuarts. Upon more than one occasion I have seen this spirit of rivalry manifested in a way partaking of decidedly American characteristics. As an example: two students, a red cap and a white cap, (for the students' societies are distinguished by their cap-colours), jostle each other at evening on the great thoroughfare, Friedrich-strasse. Thereupon immediate explanations

are demanded and peremptorily refused. The crowd gathers round them ; the white cap pours forth a volley of offensive adjectives against the red cap, finishing him off with the expressive epithet "Fox," a university term contemptuous and insulting in the highest degree. In addition to this, satisfaction (which means the opportunity to cut and slash each other in the face with rapiers) is demanded. The satisfaction he receives is, to be tumbled into the street. Meanwhile, white and red caps have gathered in great profusion around their disputing fellows. The quarrel becomes general, high words quickly lead to blows, and a "free fight," not unlike the favourite amusement of that name among the "sovereigns" of America, is the result, only terminated by the interference of the police.

The students arriving from Leipzig to witness the holiday appearance and demeanour of Berlin, could not fail being struck with its exceeding life and animation. The windows loaded with presents, the incredible number of brilliant uniforms of the guard officers, the outpouring of students and burghers, and burghers' pretty daughters, the unending placards and announcements of grand masked balls and other amusements at popular resorts, all spoke clearly of the great New-Year Festivals. We were conducted by one of those good-natured guides and merry companions before spoken of—a real student—one who would as little scruple to borrow the means for a jollification as he would, were his own purse full, to empty it into the hand of a friend in need. Thus lives the German student. I have known one who dwelt in Leipzig, to come home with an old cap in lieu of one he had just purchased, and, at the same time, a gold breast-pin in his bosom, having been alike donor and recipient.

To resume : at ten o'clock in the morning we generally sallied forth, first taking a tour of the "Lindens," and then entering into our perambulations about the city. One day, at noon, hearing that the Prince Regent would be present, we determined to be spectators of a "Wach-parade," or noon-day inspection of the companies detailed for duty at the different guard-houses. On these occasions they are accompanied by a very fine band, which discourses, during an hour, music so excellent as to draw crowds, which soldiers alone might not attract to the place. The regiment, which happened to be grenadiers of the royal guard, presented a splendid appearance, drawn up in a line of polished bayonets and burnished helmets. Suddenly the band broke forth with the air "I am a Prussian," and the Prince Regent, Prince Frederick William, his son, and the veteran field-marshal and cuirassier general, Wrangel, passing through the uncovered crowd, advanced to the front, answering the salute of the regiment and its officers. It was an imposing military sight, and seemed to impress the crowd greatly. The royal personages remained only a short time, and then again passed through the crowd to their carriages. We, however, lingered and listened.

One of the most singular customs of the people is exhibited on New-Year's Eve. Hearing from our friend that if we wished to see an amusing and laughable practice of Berlin, we must prepare to spend the greater part of the night on the streets, we decided to do so. Having passed the evening in calorifying ourselves with warm substances against the sharp cold, we sallied forth prepared to behold, and, perhaps, participate in anything that might offer. It was nearly eleven, and already a dense mass of people, mostly men, thronged the Freidrich-strasse, in groups, or scattered about promiscuously. We had not heard what was to happen, and were therefore very curious. As the clock struck twelve, however, our curiosity was satisfied in the most complete manner. At once, as though Bedlam had broken loose, a great shout went up from the streets throughout its whole length, and was taken up and re-echoed from adjoining squares and places. We involuntarily held our breath, thinking that everybody had gone crazy, or that our ears were deceiving us. From every individual's throat far or near, the cry of "Prost Neujahr" (Happy New-Year) was ejected in a manner that would, in our country, have qualified the owner for a visit to the nearest lunatic asylum. We were totally at a loss to comprehend the occasion of the din. The shout, instead of ceasing with its first utterance, increased in vehemence, and everybody was shaking everybody else's hand as they passed. All sorts of people gathered round us, shaking our hands till our arms were lame, and shouting till our ears were stunned. Seeing our friend, as delirious as the rest, roaring at the top of his voice, extending both hands to everybody, and demeaning himself generally like one frantic, we made up our minds that, as we were not born mutes, and our arms were pretty well toughened by gymnastic practice, we would let people know that, in shouting and shaking of hands, we were as good as the best. Accordingly, with one voice, we joined the chorus of sleep banishers, and no one could have told that we were not old Berliners, and "to the manner born." Removing our position from the Friedrich-strasse, without altering, however, the pitch to which our voices were elevated, we took up a line of march for the "Lindens," where the Berlin student promised us scenes still more varied.

At the junction of "Unter den Linden" and the Friedrich-strasse we found a perfect Babel. Night was transformed into day. The large hotels were all lighted up, and the windows had numerous spectators. The white snow that sheeted the great middle carriage-way (for there are three distinct streets in one in this magnificent avenue), was trodden by thousands of people of all ages, sizes, and sexes. While we were looking, a number of maskers issued from a large building opposite. The crowd immediately surrounded them, and began pushing Polish noblemen, Jew pedlers, jockeys, sailors, and field-marshals, kings, queens, and chimney-sweeps into one indiscriminate, compact mass, amidst immense laughter and the best of humour. A carriage coming along at the moment, the gentleman and lady in it had to alight for an instant and submit to the hand shaking, while the pompous coachman in the meanwhile had his arms nearly pulled from their sockets.

A favourite part of the sport was for the rear ranks of the crowd to push forward the front until the whole mass, willing and unwilling, swept down the street with resistless force, carrying all before it. In this manner we found ourselves every little while transported in the quickest and most unceremonious manner from one point of view to another. At two o'clock the fun was at its height, and among other things to be recorded is, that we found ourselves dancing a grand galop on the

white and even snow floor, in company with some who, probably, had but just left one of the many overflowing ball-rooms, introductions being altogether dispensed with.

Soon after this a voice was heard proposing to go *en masse*, and sing beneath the windows of the Prince Regent. This was immediately put into execution, and, forming in a solid phalanx, which was augmented at each instant from every corner, the swaying mass of men, proceeding past the bronze Frederick, that sat motionless high above them, debouched in front of the Regent's palace. Some student, strong and confident in his powers of song, elevated himself on a stone block, and commenced beating time, something which a musical people do not neglect even under difficulties. The voices, at first jarring and discordant, soon swelled into a certain harmony, which grew at the same time an imposing volume, until the united voices of four or five thousand people thundered forth the national anthem. The close of the song was followed by repeated cheers and loud cries of the invariable "Prost Neujahr." Whether the Prince was charmed by this entertainment or not, is not quite as certain as that he did not show his commanding form at any window—he probably preferring his music somewhat later in the morning. How much longer we might have remained in the cool night air it is not possible to say, but our limbs had begun to yield to the tenacity of our voices, and we finally concluded that, under such circumstances, "enough was as good as a feast." Extricating ourselves, therefore, as well as we could from our positions, we plunged into a narrow street, and with an echo like the sound of a thousand saw-mills yet ringing in our ears, we separated for the night, thus closing our experience of the way they pass a New-Year's Eve in the good old city of Berlin.

THE DOOMED CITY.

FLUSHED at the festive board, with wine and praise,
Young Glaucus boasted proudly to his guests,
Told of the slaves that waited his commands—not here alone—
Poured out the luscious wines, smoothed the soft couch,
Renewed the fragrant wreaths, whose perfume hung
Upon the trembling air, just softly stirred
With sounds of dreamy music; not alone
Bent here the knee to bathe the heated feet, anoint the tresses,
Fan the pallid brow of haughty guest,
Or chanted soft adulatory strains, or
Pleased the eye with poetry of motion,
With noiseless footsteps in voluptuous dance,
Thrilling each sense by turns to new delight.
"Not here alone"—he numbered carelessly
Upon the jewelled fingers of each hand
The country villas, palaces, and groves, that called him master,
Vineyards, fields, and gardens.
"Nay," he said, "the very waters and the air do homage,"
And pointed one soft sensuous hand without—
Where birds of every plumage, note, and kind,
Basked in the shade, or trilled in wondrous song;
"Yon vessels riding in the still, calm bay—
Carry your eyes far as the vista melts
Into the liquid blue, and all is mine—
And far beyond!
Mine! and there does not breathe the man who dare deny me!"

Listening, the guests applauded, pledged their host
In fragrant draughts from brimming amphoræ,
And vowed that life was all too short for him—
Lord of the earth, the waters, and the air;
Eager to render humble service to him—
As, for all time, men ever have inclined
To humble their own God-like fashioned selves
Before the baser mineral we call wealth—
Each swore that to give noble Glaucus pleasure,
Some fresh enjoyment to devise, some sense,
As yet unpalled, to gratify—each would
Rack his invention, and upon the morrow
Render account of his discovery,
Each vieing to excel in that they planned.

But one alone sat silent—neither pledged, nor flattered, nor extolled, nor promised aught.
Glaucus had marked him.
"What, Cloanthes, thou?" and half he raised him from the perfumed couch,
"Thou speakest not—thou of my friends alone refrain'st to give me joy,
Or prove thy love. Come, say,
Great thinker, what thou to Glaucus wilt to-morrow bring—
To-morrow, when, as I have bid, the feast
Shall outweigh in delights that of to-day, as Jove's high courts—"

"Peace! my Glaucus, peace! nor wake by reckless boasts
The thunder that yet sleeps.
To-morrow, say'st thou? Ay, what that to-morrow
Shall bring to Glaucus, would it were not mine
To show him—
Come!"

The pale Cloanthes rose, and beckoned forth his host'
Awe-stricken,—all the guests remained.
Alone the two stood in the luscious shadow of the vines,
Which clustered round the marble peristyle.
Abroad the sun shone hot, 'neath clear blue skies,
Bay, grove, and plain, and flowery garden glowed
In full calm light, and peace, and loveliness.
"So, *to-day*," the calm voice spoke, close at young Glaucus' ear,
"To-day thou callest thyself the lord of all
That lies before us, and beyond;
To-morrow—oh! my Glaucus! that it were not given
To me, Cloanthes, long thy friend, to show
That which to-morrow must to Glaucus bring!"
Appalled the younger gazed, and as he turned on him his pallid face,
Cloanthes spake—
In voice constrain'd, and full of troubled woe.

"Doomed is yon city—doomed the fair wide plain,
Yon bay, whereon thine arrowy barques disport



THE DOOMED CITY.



Like white-winged birds upon its lulling breast,
Shall wake to angry wrath, and scourge the shores
It treach'rous long has kissed;
The amaranthine heavens rain liquid fire, and tempests long enchained
Within the bowels of much suffering earth
Break forth, to rend and crush.
Yon proud walls shall rock and sway, their marble sculptures run
Like molten lead, before the forkèd flame,
Blue-fires that Hades, open-jawed, spits forth;
The birds of heaven will fluttering fall to earth,
Panting and scorched;
The beasts, aroused, will turn rebellious on their master, man,
With blood-stained fangs pursue the shrieking crowds, who flee in vain;
Vineyard, and fruitful grove,
Fig-tree, and olive, all shall be destroyed,
And Nature, undistinguishing, ingulf, in common sepulture, both lord and slave."

Sadly he spoke, and echoed back the groan
That heaved the breast of Glaucus, as he tore
From off his brow the perfumed myrtle wreath,
And trampled underfoot; and—
"Where to flee?" he gasped, in sickly tones,
That quivered like a girl's.
Cloanthes laid,
In pity on the younger, one cool hand.

"Flight there is none, my Glaucus.
Highest Jove thus deals with those who, wrapped in self, neglect
To cast abroad their eyes.
They who so looked, long since
Beheld the signs, which Nature never hides
From those who love her, and were saved;
And I—though seeing, and forbidden all to speak—
Have warned thee, that I dared."
"And now too late," the younger trembling moaned.
"Alas! my Glaucus, yes, alas! *too late!*
They on whom Phœbus looked when he arose,
Warm from Aurora's arms, are doomed;
And this fair-seeming city doomed.
Grey ashes e'en her ruins shall enswathe,
The winds will howl across a wilderness,
And salt waves purge the memory of her sins,
Throughout all time."

F. O.

AMERICAN SLAVERY.

THE sum of all villanies, wrote John Wesley, is American slavery. He had GOD'S word with him when he said that. Practical Christianity has gone everywhere to heal temporal as well as spiritual ill. It has been a living power for good. It has burst the fetters of the slave, and has made him stand erect on GOD'S free universe—a man and a brother, not a chattel to be bought and sold, used or abused.

In America, the land of the free and the slave, they manage these things differently. Holy men—men of prayer—ministers of the Highest—teachers of that charter of human rights, the Gospel of glad-tidings—not only do not brand slavery as a burning curse and shame, but actually frown at the men who would fain wipe the disgrace of it from their soil. In 1843 the general assembly of the Presbyterian Church, who, forty years before, declared slavery was a "sin," and slaveholders sinners, resolved that the Assembly do not think it fit, for the edification of the Church, for the body to take any action on the subject of slavery; and the Rev. Dr. Cox, who was present on the occasion, "thanked GOD that their Vesuvius was capped for the next three years." A little while before, the Methodist Episcopal Church resolved that they wholly disclaimed any right, wish, or intention, to interfere with the civil and political relation between master and slave, as it exists in the slave-holding States of the Union. The Protestant Episcopalian Church boasts of not having been disturbed by the Anti-Slavery Agitation. Several of their churches are under coloured ministers, but the Episcopal Convention has steadily refused to admit them into its body. According to the testimony of the Rev. W. G. Keppart, of the Methodist American Missionary Association—

	Slaves.
The Methodists hold	219,563
Presbyterians (old and new school) .	77,000
Baptists	125,000
Campbellites	101,000
Episcopalians	88,000
Other Denominations	50,000
Total owned by ministers of the Gospel and members of Protestant Churches	660,563

Thus, valuing a slave at £80, we get a capital of £52,845,040 invested by Christian people in the bodies and souls of men. But this is not all. Not merely have bodies thus perpetuated slavery, but individual clergymen have stamped the accursed thing with the mark of their approbation. The Rev. Dr. Parker, in a recent thanksgiving sermon, says, "that there were no evils in slavery but such as were inseparable from every other relation in social and civil life;" and the Rev. Dr. Smythe, of Charleston, a slaveholder, when performing the marriage ceremony between slaves, uniformly omits the passage, "Whom GOD has joined together let no man put asunder."

To perpetuate slavery, the Americans passed a Fugitive Slave Law. Surely this was carrying the thing too far, even for ministerial consciences and pious men. Against this law, at any rate, they would protest. Quite the contrary; they are delighted with it. On no account would they disturb the peace of the Union to get it done away with. True, it requires, under heavy penalties, that the inhabitants of the Free States should not only refuse food and shelter to a starved and human being, and spurn him from their doors, but should assist, if required by the authorities, to seize that fugitive and send him back to slavery. True, the Bible tells us to do to others as we would have others do to us; but then to this rule there are exceptions, when the coloured man is concerned. True,

the Bible says, "Thou shalt not steal;" but it does not say a brutal white man may not steal human blood and bones when the skin that covers them is of a sable hue; and accordingly such orthodox divines teach it wrong to aid the slave in his efforts to escape. The Fugitive Bill is no remnant of the barbarism of earlier days. It shows what is American feeling now upon the subject; it forces the simple question upon the individual conscience of every inhabitant of the Free States: Am I to destroy the natural instinct of humanity, and refuse to help the slave in distress? Am I to hand over a human creature to the chains, to the lash, to the grave, —to a master who will part him from his wife and children—who will deny his right to happiness in this world and the next—who will sink him lower and lower in degradation—who will be more merciless to him than to the ox or the ass that till the soil,—to a master whose cruelty only terminates with life? The Fugitive Slave Bill to each individual puts this question—"Am I to obey GOD's law or man's?" The answer given by American clergymen is, Obey man rather than GOD. We blush for them, for ourselves, for the race whose tongue they speak, and whose sacred faith they blaspheme; but let British Christians understand this; let the Evangelical Alliance, where resolutions on the subject of slavery, after prayer and fastings, were quashed; ay! shame on such a holy (query unholy?) alliance, quashed. Let the Evangelical Alliance understand this. Let them not plead ignorance of the damning spot which, in spite of prayer and outward godliness, and strictest orthodoxy, eats out the heart of American Christianity, and makes it a scorn and a reproach, and an offence, all the world over. We do not speak without book. Thus do American divines write of the Fugitive Slave Law.

The Rev. Dr. Gardiner Spring, an eminent Presbyterian clergyman, of New York, well known in this country for his religious writings, lately declared from the pulpit, that, "If by one prayer he could liberate every slave in the world, he would not dare to offer it."

Rev. Moses Stuart, D.D., late Professor in the Theological College of Andover, in his vindication of the bill, reminds his readers, that "many southern slaveholders are *true Christians:* that sending back a fugitive to them, is not like restoring one to an idolatrous people; that though we may pity the fugitive, yet the Mosaic law does not authorise the rejection of the claims of the slaveholders to their stolen or strayed *property*."

Rev. Orville Dewey, D.D., of the Unitarian Connection, asserts, that it is a duty to return fugitives, and he would send his own brother or child into slavery rather than that the Union between the Free and Slave States should be dissolved.

The Rev. Dr. Spencer of Brooklyn, New York, published a sermon, entitled the "Religious Duty of Obedience to the Laws," which has elicited the highest encomiums from Dr. Samuel H. Cox, the Presbyterian minister of Brooklyn (notorious, both in this country and America, for his sympathy with the slaveholder), and also from the Hon. Daniel Webster, who says that "it is quite refreshing to read a production which, founding itself upon the express injunction of the Holy Scriptures, goes back from theory to commandment—from human hypothesis and speculation to the declared will of GOD."

The Rev. W. M. Rogers, an orthodox minister of Boston, delivered, on a recent Thanksgiving-day, a sermon, in which he says: "When the slave asks me to stand between him and his master, what does he ask? He asks me to murder a nation's life; and I will not do it because I have a conscience—because there is a GOD." He proceeds to affirm that if this resistance to the carrying out of the Fugitive Slave-law should lead the magistracy to call the citizens to arms, their duty was to obey; and, "if ordered to take human life, in the name of GOD to take it." And he concludes by admonishing the fugitives to "hearken to the word of GOD, and to count their own masters worthy of all honour."

The Rev. William Crowell, of Waterfield, State of Maine, has printed a Thanksgiving sermon of the same kind, in which he calls upon his hearers not to allow "excessive sympathies for a few hundred fugitives to blind them so as that they may risk increased suffering to the millions already in chains."

The Rev. Dr. Taylor, an Episcopal clergyman of New Haven, Connecticut, made a speech, at a late Union meeting, in which he deprecates the agitation upon the new law, and urges obedience to it, asking, "Is that article in the Constitution contrary to the law of Nature, of nations, or to the will of GOD? Is it so? Is there a shadow of reason for saying it? I have not been able to discover it. Have I not shown you it *is* lawful to deliver up, in compliance with their laws, fugitive slaves, for the high, the great, the momentous interests of those (southern) States?"

This, then, is the position of affairs. In America the Church might liberate the slave. It holds the key of the dungeon. But it abdicates its lofty mission. It bears no indignant testimony against the curse. It fearfully panders to men's sins. It acts the part of an accomplice in crime. For the sake of the slave-owner's smile, it robes itself in infamy; and, apparelled in its shame, challenges the approbation of the world. American ministers come over here to promote revivals of religion. If they cannot speak out at home, they had better retire into solitude and be dumb. If Christians in America are silent, there is greater need that British Christians should give utterance to their sorrow and indignation and shame. In America even British opinion is felt, and British censure feared. Public opinion in England has not been concentrated and brought to bear on America as it might, but we must no longer keep silence. We must plead the cause of the slave; we must ask Americans to be human—to abandon the lash and the chain—to let the black man be as free as themselves. In the spirit of a true chivalry let us show our abhorrence of the flogger of black women as well as white ones. Let us have no smile—no kind word—no warm greeting for the slaveholder or the friend of slaveholders. Let us show that all robbery is hateful to us, whether it be of goods or men; and bright as may be the slave-owner's gold, and unctious as may be his religious phraseology, and godly his outward deportment, let him see that we know his ill-gotten wealth does not ring like genuine metal, and that his Christian words will not stand the test of Christian deeds—but

we stop—we sicken of our subject. The American Christian makes us think of the blood and sweat of the slave—of the African torn from his country—of wrong borne all a dreary life. To the old Hebrew Testament we turn when worn and weary, for it tells of hope, of peace—of a better land where there is no sorrow and sin; but the American translation—faugh—it is stained with tears and blood. In vain we read aught divine there. It is clotted with human gore!

In many parts of America the recent crisis seems to have increased the anti-slavery feeling. Even at Boston, we read, now, when the 4th of March is so near as to make the case of rebellion desperate, acts of desperation have been attempted. The great orator of the Anti-Slavery cause, Mr. Wendell Phillips, has to be under perpetual guard, whether at home or on his way to pulpit or platform. Damage to the amount of 1000 dollars was done to the fittings and furniture of the public hall in which the annual meeting of the Abolitionists was held; and in dread of its being burnt down, the Mayor unhappily interdicted another meeting—an indignity to the whole city which is deeply felt there. In New York similar attempts have met with local and partial success; and there has at least been a great noise raised by the makers of silver shrines for the worship of "the Almighty Dollar."

THE RAGGED-SCHOOL CONFERENCE.

A FEW days since, as our readers are aware, a Conference was held at Birmingham, for the purpose of discussing the question, of providing for the education of neglected and destitute children, and the duty of the Legislature and executive Government in relation to them. There was a numerous attendance. Sir J. Pakington presided. The Earl of Shaftesbury and other distinguished philanthropists were present, and the speech of Dr. Guthrie was one of the most powerful and picturesque ever delivered by that good man and attractive preacher. According to the Conference, great blame is due to Government. In 1857 Lord Palmerston discontinued the grants that at one time were made to Ragged-schools. Lord Derby was equally remiss. The present Government continues the same policy, and only this last session an attempt made by Sir John Pakington to renew it in the House of Commons was unsuccessful. On this subject the Conference was unanimous. The cry from the Chairman, from the Recorder of Birmingham, from Mr. Scholefield, M.P., from Dr. Guthrie, Dr. Miller, Lord Ingestre, Lord Lyttelton, Mr. Spooner, and others, was unanimous in favour of an appeal to the Treasury. Oh! that Treasury, what a charm there is in the sound. If anybody wants money, off he runs to the Treasury, and attempts to take out of the pockets of the people what very probably might come out of his own. The gentlemen at Birmingham are indignant because some £22,000 have been denied them for Ragged-schools. If Mr. Disraeli called two millions a flea-bite, what a paltry sum £22,000 must be!

As much as any one we desire to see Ragged-schools flourish. Dr. Guthrie cannot admire them more than we do; but surely Dr. Guthrie himself, in his speech, supplied us with the best possible arguments against going whining to the Treasury for grants for them. He (Dr. Guthrie) is reported to have said, "If ever there was an experiment which was a success, it was the establishment of Ragged-schools." The meeting cheered that sentiment. The resolution of Dr. Miller—as regards the first part of it—was equally indicative of the success of the Ragged-school movement, viz. that the experience of the last eighteen years has proved that this portion of the population is reached in many districts to a considerable extent, and can be effectually reached by Ragged and industrial schools. So runs the first part of the resolution; but what a falling off there is at the end. So we want money from the Treasury, is its conclusion. The Ragged-school is a wonderful success, says enthusiastic Dr. Guthrie, so we want money from the Treasury. Mr. Spooner, M.P., goes further still, and maintains that it was one of the first duties of society to provide for the education of the working classes. Now, this is a climax which may almost be termed the *reductes ad absurdum*. No man has a right to be a tax on his neighbour. The working man has a right to fair wages—to wages which will keep him comfortable, which will enable him to put by a little against a rainy day, which will enable him to send his children to school and to take care of them till they are old enough and strong enough to provide for themselves. It is not fair to shift this burden on to the shoulders of the community at large. "The man who rears his child as a savage, as a nuisance, and a burden to the community," says Dr. Guthrie, "sins against the interests of society, and is a criminal." Well, but if the doctrine of Mr. Spooner be accepted, we shall have plenty of criminals, for only let working men understand that the State is bound to educate their children, and then at once away goes one of the strongest incentives to industry and self-denial which can influence a man, and an additional impulse is given to the recklessness which has hitherto been the workman's bane. Look at the middle classes, for instance. Perhaps the strongest motive that a father of a family in that class has to economy and well-doing is his desire to give his children a fair education, and a chance of gaining a decent position in after life. Why is the workman not to have a similar object? If the answer is, that his wages are not sufficiently remunerative, that is the reason why he should go to his employers for more—not why his employers should tax people who have enough to do to maintain themselves and families on the workman's behalf. But, as a rule, we are bound to say, the workman has enough to pay for the education of his children, and he has no need to invoke the expensive and ineffective charities of the State. The money the workman wastes in drink which does him harm would educate far more children than ever falls to the lot of the most productive families. After all a man must help himself. When the State interferes it generally does nearly as much harm as it does good. The State undertook to rule India; and in consequence we are drained every year to supply the deficit in the Indian revenue. The State undertook to send out an army to the Crimea; and it rotted away till the nation's wrath was roused and the Red-tapists confounded and put to shame. The State has undertaken to find

us a navy; and it goes on for years spending millions in building ships which seem constructed simply to be taken to pieces. We should tremble for our Ragged-schools if the State took them in hand. They would soon cease to be effective or vigorous. While the State would be prescribing conditions, and sending down inspectors, and putting the necessarily cumbrous machine in motion, the children to be saved would have died of starvation or ripened into crime. Dr. Guthrie and his friends only want a paltry £20,000 or £30,000. Let them appeal to the public—let them come with a good cause—and it is impossible for any set of men to have a better—and they will have the money at once. Surely a philanthropic and religious nation that lavishes thousands of pounds on Feejee Islanders, or Hottentots, or forlorn Esquimaux, will not forget the claims of ragged children at home.

A writer in the *Times*, calling himself Charity, in a letter on this subject, says,—"Confining himself to the labouring people of this country, and all under that class, the machinery of education consists of these schools:—1. The ordinary National or British school for the independent poor, in order to enter which a penny or twopence a week is the sum usually paid. 2. The workhouse school for the children of indoor paupers, which is supported by local taxation. 3. Industrial schools certified by the Government as fit places of education. 4. Industrial schools not so certified. Both of these are intended for vagrants, or to supply the places of refuges and asylums, in which food and generally lodging, besides instruction, are furnished. And when a child is consigned to a certified school the parents may be compelled to contribute towards its maintenance. 5. Reformatory schools, where children convicted of crimes are received, clothed, lodged, and fed.

"Now, it should be observed that these various schools seem to exhaust all the various classes of children which can by possibility be found in the commonwealth; and it should also be observed that every one of them receives aid out of the Parliamentary fund, and that to an extent which does not seem inadequate even according to the members of the Birmingham Conference.

"What, then, is the complaint of Dr. Guthrie, Mr. M. D. Hill, and Miss Carpenter? What sort of school besides those which I have enumerated is it they desire to have aided by the Privy Council? According to these philanthropists, there is a class of children so filthy in their habits that they are not admissible into the ordinary schools, so impatient of discipline that they cannot be got to conform to ordinary rules, and whose parents are so wretched or vicious that they cannot or will not afford the school pence. Here, they say, is a class of children who, unless they are civilized and educated, must fill our gaols. These children, therefore must be sent to some school; none of the five enumerated can receive them; the ragged school has been created to supply this deficiency, and, being a necessary part of a national system of education, it deserves support out of the public funds as much as any other school. Now, it is clear that this theory requires that none except the children who belong to this ragged class should be admitted into the ragged schools. To allow the children of well-to-do parents to attend without fee—for that is one of the distinctive features of the ragged school—would not only demoralize the parent, by relieving him from his parental obligation to provide for his child and by promoting hypocrisy, but would empty, as has sometimes actually happened, the ordinary schools in the neighbourhood, and diminish considerably the contributions of the people themselves in the form of school pence. Indeed, the truth of this is felt so strongly by the better class of ragged school managers that they ostensibly insist upon some test of destitution before admitting the child. That test, however, is much more ostensible than real; and the slightest acquaintance with the ordinary scholar in a ragged school will prove the truth of this allegation. How are such schools filled? In the first place more than a half are the sons and daughters of out-door paupers. The better class even of these will make any sacrifice on purpose to keep their children at the ordinary National or British school, paying their pence; but those gifted with less firmness yield to necessity, and send their children to the ragged school, where they are admitted free. There is, indeed, an Act of Parliament by which the guardians, if they chose, might pay the school pence out of the rates, but this Act is almost a dead letter. There is no objection on the part of school managers to receive such outdoor paupers, and, indeed, if a very small portion of the funds which are now spent in supporting ragged schools were spent in paying the school pence of these outdoor paupers, or if the Act of Parliament were made compulsory, it is absolutely certain that 50 per cent. or more of the children in the ragged schools would be in the ordinary public schools.

"In the second place, there is another class of children in the ragged schools consisting of those whose parents could afford to pay, and who certainly would pay the school pence if they knew there were no gratuitous schools in existence. There is no difference whatever between the occupations of the parents of the children who attend the ragged schools and the occupations of the parents whose children attend the ordinary schools. So far as this second class is concerned, therefore, the only effect of ragged schools is to demoralize the parents, and to supply the children with an inferior education to that which they would receive in the ordinary schools.

"The third and only other class of children to be found in these ragged schools consists of those whose parents are careless or drunken, or both. It is probably true that if such children were not in the ragged school they would be in the street. But children of the most vicious parents are not likely to be more sensible or obedient than the children of virtuous parents. Take the boys at Eton or Harrow, and say how many of them would attend school if they knew that their parents took no interest in the matter. So it is with the ragged school boys. They come when they please and go when they please. The masters and mistresses can have no control over them unless the parent co-operates with the school authorities, and insists upon the child doing his duty. Compare the attendance of a ragged school with the attendance of any ordinary school, and this point will at once be established. There are, no doubt, cases in which some abandoned Arab of the street has been subdued by the kindness and sympathy of a

charitable lady. But these are exceptions, and the difference is wholly due to personal influence. The ordinary child, even although for a few hours during the day brought within such civilizing influences, finds them choked and obliterated amid that atmosphere of ribaldry and wretchedness in which he is compelled to spend his evenings at home. If the child were entirely removed from contamination into some of those industrial asylums which receive aid from the Government, he might, perhaps, be rescued from almost certain destruction; but otherwise his salvation is well-nigh hopeless. Nor do I believe that there are ten well-authenticated cases in the history of ragged schools in which a boy or girl has been reformed without being removed from the vicious influences by which they were surrounded. If there be any class of children who deserve assistance, besides the out-door paupers who are already provided for, it is that which has just been described. For charitable persons there can be no more admirable field for exertion. Their personal influence may do much to reform the parent and elevate the children. But these are not the subjects for a grant of public money. Public taxes are not intended to relieve vicious parents of their responsibility—to enable them with impunity to spend that money upon gin and tobacco which they ought to spend on the education of their offspring. No demand has ever been made to assist Sunday schools out of the Parliamentary grant, and no demand, if made, would be listened to. Free ragged schools perform in many respects the same offices during the week which the free Sunday schools perform on that day."

LITERATURE.

The Picture History of England in 80 *beautiful engravings, accompanied by an historical summary suited to the capacities of youth.* (London and New York: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.) An admirable idea is here admirably carried out. By means of fine bold engravings, amongst which we notice many of Gilbert's best drawings, the most striking incidents in English history are impressed on the eye. We begin with Stonehenge and end with the Duke of Wellington, a very wide range, and abounding with fine subjects for the artist's powers. The book is beautifully printed and is got up in the most attractive manner. It ought to be in every English home, as it tells in the most striking way of the great deeds of our fathers. Such books as these are the best to put in children's hands, and are worth a whole waggon load of fancy tales and common nursery lore. Of such a book children can never tire.

Hood's Own, or Laughter from year to year, being a further collection of his wit and humour, with a Preface by his Son. (London: Moxon.) The reader has here a rich treat, and we may add also a very cheap one, for considering the size of the book and the quantity and quality of its contents, we know not where we could get for such a price such an immense amount of laughter-provoking matter. It would be superfluous for us to attempt to say a word in favour of poor Hood, or of anything he wrote. He was one of the wittiest and one of the kindliest of men, and what he did was far too genuine and witty to pass away with the hour. When we think of his wit, and tenderness, and humanity, of his rare sympathy with what was exalted, and of his subtle sense of humour by means of which he made much which the world worships appear contemptible, we feel inclined to say of what he wrote "Esto perpetua." A more reasonable republication than this of Hood's Laughter we know not, and we trust that the success of the book will lead to the republication of more of Hood's works; indeed, we are glad to find from the preface to the present volume written by his son, that this has already even decided on, and that in a little while we may expect to see a reprint of that delightful volume "Up the Rhine." In the mean while to all admirers of genuine humour we recommend this volume of Hood's Own, which contains many of Hood's best jokes and most famous caricatures. A book like this should be dear to the nation.

The New Congregational Tune Book; a comprehensive collection of Psalm and Hymn Tunes, Chants and Anthems, Sanctuses, &c. Harmonized for four voices by Adam Wright, Birmingham.—This is really a book of very great value, and deserves to stand side by side with the Sunday School Union Tune Book and Wesleyan, if indeed it does not surpass them in excellence. From its title our readers will get a good idea of its contents; it is adapted to all the varieties of metre in the new Hymn Book issued by the Congregational Union of England and Wales. The binding and printing and getting up of the book are all very creditable to the publishers (Thomas Nelson and Sons), a firm to whom the religious public are under obligations for starting the *Family Treasury of Sunday Reading*, of which we have received a couple of numbers, and which for cheapness and sterling merit is, we think, unrivalled in these days of really cheap and valuable literature.

The Life of William Scoresby, by his Nephew. London: Nelson and Sons. Dr. Scoresby in the early part of his life was an Arctic adventurer; he was the first to make an accurate survey of the east coast of Greenland, and penetrated further North than any of his contemporaries; and at a later period he became a zealous minister of the Established Church. At all times he was a great student, a man who devoted himself to the welfare of his species, and did much to advance physical science. Most of our readers have heard of his magnetical investigations, and of his voyage to Australia and back in the "Royal Charter" for the purpose of testing and correcting the deviation of the compass in iron ships. Such a man is worthy of a biography, and in this special case the task of the biographer is comparatively easy, inasmuch as Dr. Scoresby had written an autobiography, which is more or less quoted by his nephew, and which is by far the more interesting portion of the book. We have here the record of a brave, worthy, genuine, religious man, a man who from humble beginnings rose to be widely known and everywhere held in honour; and no one can study such a life without interest and profit. Independently of the general outline of the Doctor's scientific researches which this biography contains, it is one to be much commended.

The Mountain Prophet, the Mine, and other Poems, by John Harris. (London: Alexander Heylin.) Our readers by this time ought to be familiar with the name of John Harris—not the author of Mammon, but of "Lays from the Mine, the Moor, and the Mountain," and "The Land's End, Kynance Cove, and other Poems." The man is a genuine Cornish poet, and one of Nature's making. He has had to thank teachers for very little. To a country schoolmaster and to a Sunday school he is chiefly indebted for what little lore he has acquired; but, like Pope, he lisped in numbers. He tells us when he was a boy he used to write rhymes for his play-fellows on the clean side of cast-off labelled tea-papers, which his mother brought him from the shop. At the age of nine he went to work in the fields; when he was twelve he was sent to labour in the mine; since then he has been digging night and day, but all the while he was learning from Nature, and found time to write on the crown of his hat as he sat in the twilight and amid the heathbrake of his Cornish hills. Right worthy is he of the fame he has acquired! All lovers of good poetry will find something very fresh and vigorous in his writing. He has our hearty sympathy and admiration.

The Year Book of Facts in Science and Art, exhibiting the most important discoveries and improvements of the past year in Mechanics and the useful arts,—Natural Philosophy, Electricity, Chemistry, Zoology and Botany, Geology and Mineralogy, Meteorology and Astronomy, by John Timbs, F. S. A., Author of Curiosities of Science, &c. (London: W. Kent and Co.) We have given the complete title of the Year Book as the most accurate description of its contents. It is what it professes to be, and is a most valuable and thorough record of the scientific facts of the year. No library is complete without such a book of reference. We can say little more, as every one knows how safe and pleasant a guide Mr. Timbs is along the path of learning, which he has a rare knack of strewing with flowers. As an additional attraction we may state that we have besides a succinct and able outline of Lord Brougham's wonderful career, and that the frontispiece is a beautiful steel-plate engraving from a photograph by Mayall of that distinguished nobleman himself. Of the latter we can say it is the most admirable portrait we have ever seen, and is worthy of being taken out and framed, and hung up in the library or drawing-room.

Garibaldi, and other Poems, by M. E. Braddon. (London: Bosworth and Harrison.) Our author has ventured on a theme of no ordinary difficulty. It is true that Garibaldi is a hero; it is true that his Sicilian campaign was a success of the most gigantic character, and that the theme selected is popular in the British dominions, or wherever sympathy is felt for nations struggling to be free. At the same time the recent character of the events and scenes described is unfavourable to their being formed into an epic poem. M. E. Braddon, however, has written a poem of many real merits, in spite of the fact that the Spenserian stanzas, and the reflections interspersed, occasionally remind us a little of Childe Harold. We very much prefer the second poem, "Olivia," in which we see a young nobleman fall in love with a woman with no heart, bringing her from Italy to Belgravia, finding her utterly worthless, and proudly leaving her in the end. Other good poetry completes the volume, which, if it be the first attempt of a novice, male or female, we know not which, is very creditable. The inexperienced author appeals to the generous indulgence of that ever-generous tribunal—the critical public. We suppose she means the general public, for the critical public is generally anything but generous.

Poems—containing the City of the Dead, by John Collet, late of Wadham College, Oxford; second edition. (London: Longmans.) Many books of poetry are published, but very few reach a second edition. Indeed, we doubt whether the majority get any circulation at all. We are quite sure they do n't deserve it. We may then call Mr. Collet a successful poet. At the end of his volume he gives us such a display of critical verdicts in his favour as quite to supersede criticism of our own. What can we say after the *Illustrated News of the World, the Standard, the St. James's Chronicle, the Court Journal, the Despatch, the Athenæum*, &c., to say nothing of some gentleman who calls himself the Chevalier de Chatelaine, and who declares he has read the *City of the Dead* with great delight. However, we must award our meed of praise to Mr. Collet's leading poem, which is a fine, stately one, telling of the ruined cities standing on the banks of the Nile. Many of the smaller pieces which help to fill up the volume have merit, though some, too entirely personal, were as well away. A Shakspeare, or a Milton, or a Byron, or a Shelley, may set their sorrows to verse, and with it regale the public ear, but it is but few who have that privilege.

THE MONTH.

THE Month, as regards foreign affairs, is eventful. Gaeta has fallen, the Italian Parliament has met, and in Paris the Syrian conferences have assembled. America is still in a crisis. At home in politics there is little doing. The Government grants us a Bankruptcy Reform Bill, and leaves political reform to Mr. Baines and Mr. Locke King, and sustains a defeat because it will not support Mr. Hubbard's motion for an inquiry into the inequality and injustice of the Income Tax. Worst news of all is that the Bank of England has raised the rate of interest to 8 per cent., and that trade in all quarters is very bad indeed.

We have had a very narrow escape from a panic by the discovery of frauds on the Henrietta-street branch of the Commercial Bank of London, amounting to £67,000. On the 15th ult. the reserve fund of the bank was £300,000, and the liabilities to customers about £910,000. In July last, after the occurrence of the Pullinger frauds at the Union Bank, the directors instituted a strict inquiry into the entire conduct of the establishment, and the conviction was arrived at that there was no conceivable mode in which a fraud by any of the officials could for any period escape detection. The Commercial Bank, like the Union, had no auditors. The fraud just detected is stated to have been committed by a ledger clerk named Durden, and is believed to have been carried on without any accomplice in London, by simply retaining a portion of the funds paid in by customers, who were duly credited for such amounts, which were afterwards, however, written off to the credit of a fictitious account, said to have been opened in the name of a confederate in the country. Upon any absence of Durden some of the discre-

pancies between the passbooks of the customers and the ledgers of the bank would have been discovered; and hence, although it was a strict rule of the bank that every clerk should periodically absent himself for a holiday, he disregarded that rule, and was never away for a single day. Dividend misappropriations have been going on for many years. A few days back, however, a paralytic seizure incapacitated him from attending to his duties, and the whole affair at once became known. Durden is a married man, about 40 years of age, with seven children, and had been 16 years in the bank. He seems to have squandered the money in building speculations. The Commercial Bank was slowly but steadily recovering from the discredit caused by a series of malignant rumours about four years ago. The £20 paid-up shares were last week quoted £21. The prompt action of the directors in transferring the business to the London and Westminster is much commended, thus assuring the depositors of their perfect safety.

The terrible casualties at sea at the beginning of the month have made people think of the advantages of foretelling storms. Admiral Fitzroy wrote on February 11th to the London papers as follows:—"A column of your paper is filled to-day with accounts of a severe north-east gale. All the most frequented parts of our coasts might have been warned. A very few places were warned three days before the storm. On Wednesday last the following notice was given at Aberdeen, Hull, Yarmouth, Dover, Liverpool, Queenstown, Valentia, and Galway (besides other places), by telegraph:—'Caution. Gale threatening from south-west and then northward. Show signal drum.'—P.S. Adverting to frequent expressions of surprise at the rising of a barometer with or before northerly gales, I would here repeat (what has been reiterated and explained elsewhere) that the air is lighter as well as warmer during southerly winds, heavier and colder before and during northerly, and that the influence of either is shown by instruments some hours, if not days, before actual alteration is visible to ordinary notice."

The Queen's Speech, and the parliamentary debate respecting it, has been the chief feature of the month. Lord Derby did not move an amendment, for it was all he could wish, but in the House of Commons Mr. White, of Brighton, moved the following amendment:—"That her Majesty's Government should, on an early day, introduce a measure for the extension of the parliamentary franchise in the boroughs and counties of the United Kingdom, in fulfilment of the pledges given by the members of her Majesty's Government when they came into office, and thus adopt a course calculated to increase the loyal devotion of her Majesty's subjects to her Majesty's throne and person, and also to satisfy the long-deferred and just expectations of the country." But in vain did he do so, or did Mr. Bright support it; it was rejected by a majority of 129 to 46. As to the Speech itself, besides giving the usual assurances that we are at peace with Foreign Powers, there really was very little in it. It omitted all mention of political reform, and Lord John Russell was even jocose in his allusions to it. It intimated, as is always done, that the estimates for the ensuing year were "framed with a due regard to economy and to the efficiency of the several branches of the public service," and it intimated that measures were in preparation. "Measures will be laid before you for the consolidation of important parts of the criminal law; for the improvement of the law of bankruptcy and insolvency; for rendering more easy the transfer of land; for establishing a uniform system of rating in England and Wales; and for several other purposes of public usefulness."

The French Emperor has made his speech, very much to the dissatisfaction of the *Times*, especially where he speaks of foreign matters. The *Star* augurs more favourably. In speaking of the concluding paragraph it says:—It would be difficult to set forth in so many words higher objects of State policy, wiser maxims of government or legislation, more salutary precepts for the direction of public sentiment. The sensitiveness of Englishmen will not fail to suggest that the words convey an admonition to other nations than France; and the good sense of some among us, at least, will accept the admonition as worthy of our thoughts, whatever the spirit in which it may have been uttered. We are, in truth, unable to understand how the most obstinate antipathies can discover in the Imperial speech confirmation of jealousy or suspicion.

The Prussian Chamber of Deputies has just passed a resolution of great European importance. On the motion of Baron Vincke, after a six hours' debate, and notwithstanding the opposition of the Ministry, a majority of the Prussian Deputies have formally declared "that it is neither for the interest of Prussia nor Germany to place obstacles in the way of the Unity of Italy." This resolution was carried as an amendment to the Address, by 159 to 146 votes. "We cannot," says the *Daily News*, "record this fact without expressing our fervent wishes, as Englishmen, that a nation able thus to rise above ancient prejudices, and show itself magnanimous, may be rewarded in the increase of its own freedom and greatness."

No one knows much about continental or Italian affairs. Some people say Garibaldi is going to give up fighting, unless commanded to take the field by Victor Emmanuel. The elections have all been in favour of Count Cavour and his party.

A fire that broke out at Blenheim has destroyed some very valuable pictures of Titian. The loss of these pictures will be much regretted by all admirers of this celebrated master. They were a present from Victor Amadeus, King of Sardinia, to John, Duke of Marlborough, and remained unhung and hidden from the public view till the visit of Sir Joshua Reynolds to Blenheim in 1788; he was so forcibly struck with their beauty and value that he recommended their being placed in the room they occupied. The following is a list of the pictures destroyed: Mars and Venus, Cupid and Psyche, Apollo and Daphne, Pluto and Proserpine, Hercules and Dejanira, Vulcan and Ceres, Bacchus and Ariadne, Jupiter, Juno, and Io, Neptune and Amphitrite, all painted on leather, by Titian. The only other painting is one by Peter Paul Rubens—the Rape of Proserpine, 8 feet 8 inches in height, and 2 feet 1 inch wide, and was considered one of Rubens' master-pieces. The origin of the fire was not known; the only rooms having had fires in them were the offices, and it is supposed that the flue of one of the chimneys must have communicated with the roof, as it is evident that the roof was the first part that caught.

The death of Mrs. Gore, says the *Times*, will excite a lively feeling of regret in a great number of readers, who are indebted to her for many a pleasant hour. She died on Tuesday, the 29th ult., at Linwood, Lyndhurst, after a week of severe suffering. Of her personal history, little more is known to the public than that she was the wife of Charles Arthur Gore, of the 1st Life Guards; that at the time of her death she had attained the age of 61; and that she was one of the most brilliant women of her time, whose talk overflowed with epigram and jest, and whose most commonplace remarks were more witty than the best wit of others. Her literary career is better known, although she departs from among us at the time when it is least appreciated. Her descriptions of fashionable life are not so highly estimated now as they were when that species of novel had a certain amount of originality, nor as they will be hereafter, when, through the mere lapse of time, her descriptions will attain somewhat of the dignity of historical pictures. She has written from sixty to seventy different works, extending to nearly two hundred volumes.

The *Times* of Feb. 13th in a friendly article made known to the world the death of Dr. Donaldson, one in the first rank of British philologists. The *Times* says, He received his earlier education in the University of London, but proceeded at the ordinary age to Cambridge, where he was entered at Trinity some 30 years ago. His distinctions at that seat of learning followed in rapid succession. In 1834 he obtained the highest place but one in the list of classical honours, and displayed incidentally such evidence of his powers as attracted the special notice of one of the examiners—the present Bishop of St. David's. The promise of excellence thus given was speedily fulfilled, for within five years of his bachelor's degree he produced his *New Cratylus*, a work of extraordinary character from so young a writer. This, his first contribution to philological science, was followed by a long and successful series of publications elucidating the genius and structure of the two classical languages, and illustrating Greek and Latin by ingenious comparisons with parent or kindred tongues. A scholar of such eminent proficiency had, of course, no difficulty in securing his share of academical endowments, and the prize of a Trinity Fellowship fell to his lot in the year after his degree. This preferment, however, he did not long retain. In a short time he married and succeeded to the Mastership of King Edward's School, in the town of Bury St. Edmund's, where his abilities were devoted for some years to the work of direct education. At this period of his life, having included the Oriental languages in the ever-widening range of his studies, he published an essay in which the freedom of speculation on a biblical question provoked the censure of orthodox critics. Though the work reached a second edition on the Continent, it found little favour at home; and though it was written in the Latin tongue, and addressed exclusively to the learned world, it did not escape popular or hostile comment. It was just at this time, however, that the great Universities of the kingdom were thrown open to studious and independent residents by the gift of free constitutions, and Dr. Donaldson returned to a community in which, if learning was to be encouraged and labour rewarded, there should surely have been a place for him. He was not disappointed.

Mr. Turnbull, a Roman Catholic, was a year and a half ago appointed Calenderer of the Foreign State Papers. Immediately, he was assailed by the Protestant Alliance and other societies of a like kind, who argued on his unfitness for the task, and imputed to him improper conduct. Mr. Turnbull, wearied out, has resigned, and the Right Hon. Sir John Romilly, the Master of the Rolls, has accepted his resignation "with much regret," and accompanied it by an eulogy on Mr. Turnbull's character and fitness, and a rebuke to his "persecutors." A deputation waited upon Lord Palmerston on the 19th to induce his lordship not to accept the resignation by Mr. Turnbull of the office of calenderer of foreign state papers.—The Marquis of Normanby introduced the deputation, who presented a memorial on the case.—Lord Palmerston denied that this was a question of exclusion on account of religious opinions. The appointment he considered an unfortunate one. The charge was not the mere fact that Mr. Turnbull was a Catholic, but that he was fanatical, as converts very often were, and was likely to be wanting in that calm and impartial judgment which the task committed to him demanded. A moderate Catholic might just be as competent for the work as a Protestant. His lordship had, therefore, advised that Mr. Turnbull's resignation be accepted.—The deputation expressed regret at this decision.

The Royal Academy has just filled up five vacancies in its body by electing Mr. Poole to the distinguished position of Academician, and Messrs. Faed, Ansdell, and Edw. Barry, and Baron Marochetti to be Associates.

The bronze coinage is now largely in circulation. At the Mint, in London, very considerable quantities are manufactured per day, and Messrs. James Watt and Co., of the Soho Foundry, are seconding the efforts of the metropolitan Mint. We may mention, however, that the government have likewise given large orders to Messrs. Ralph Heaton and Sons, of Icknield-street. The Messrs. Heaton were, some months since, applied to for a tender for about 1700 tons of coinage, the aggregate amount to be turned out during the next two years and a half being estimated at somewhat above 3400 tons. Messrs. Heaton applied for certain modifications in the form of supply, but were informed that the contract would require to be executed according to the conditions specified. One of these conditions was that the first delivery of the coin—about fifty tons—should take place on the 6th of November. The tender of Messrs. Watt and Co. was accepted in preference to that of Messrs. Heaton, but Messrs. Watt, although working night and day, made no delivery up to the 6th of December, and up to the 5th instant had delivered only some five or six tons. In the mean time so great was the pressure upon the Mint that the master applied to Messrs. Heaton for supplies to relieve it, and about ten or eleven tons of coin have already been struck at the Icknield-street Works. It will be borne in mind that on the 4th August, 1859, the Chancellor of the Exchequer obtained a vote of £10,000 to recoin the old copper coinage, the whole value of which at that time was estimated at £800,000, the aggregate amount of copper being 3330 tons. In order to ascertain the state of the old coinage, a considerable quantity was examined in the large towns, and the result of the investigation in London, Birmingham, and other places showed that about one-third of the whole was below its legal state, and ought to be withdrawn. A part of it was counterfeit, another part foreign coins, and another part injured and battered: and "inscribed" according to the peculiar fancy of certain individuals, who, while "turning an honest penny," exercised their ingenuity in defacing it. The result was that this one-third portion required renewal. If the whole coinage had been renewed, the Chancellor would have required a vote of £40,000. As it is, although many misgivings were expressed after the parliamentary vote that the new coinage would not make its appearance "for generations," the abominable hotch-potch of ugly copper, represented by our ancient pennies and halfpence, is gradually succumbing to the large supplies of light, elegant, French-looking coppers, which the government and the contractors are daily turning out.

A LADY must think she has something valuable in her head if we may judge from the number of locks she keeps upon it.

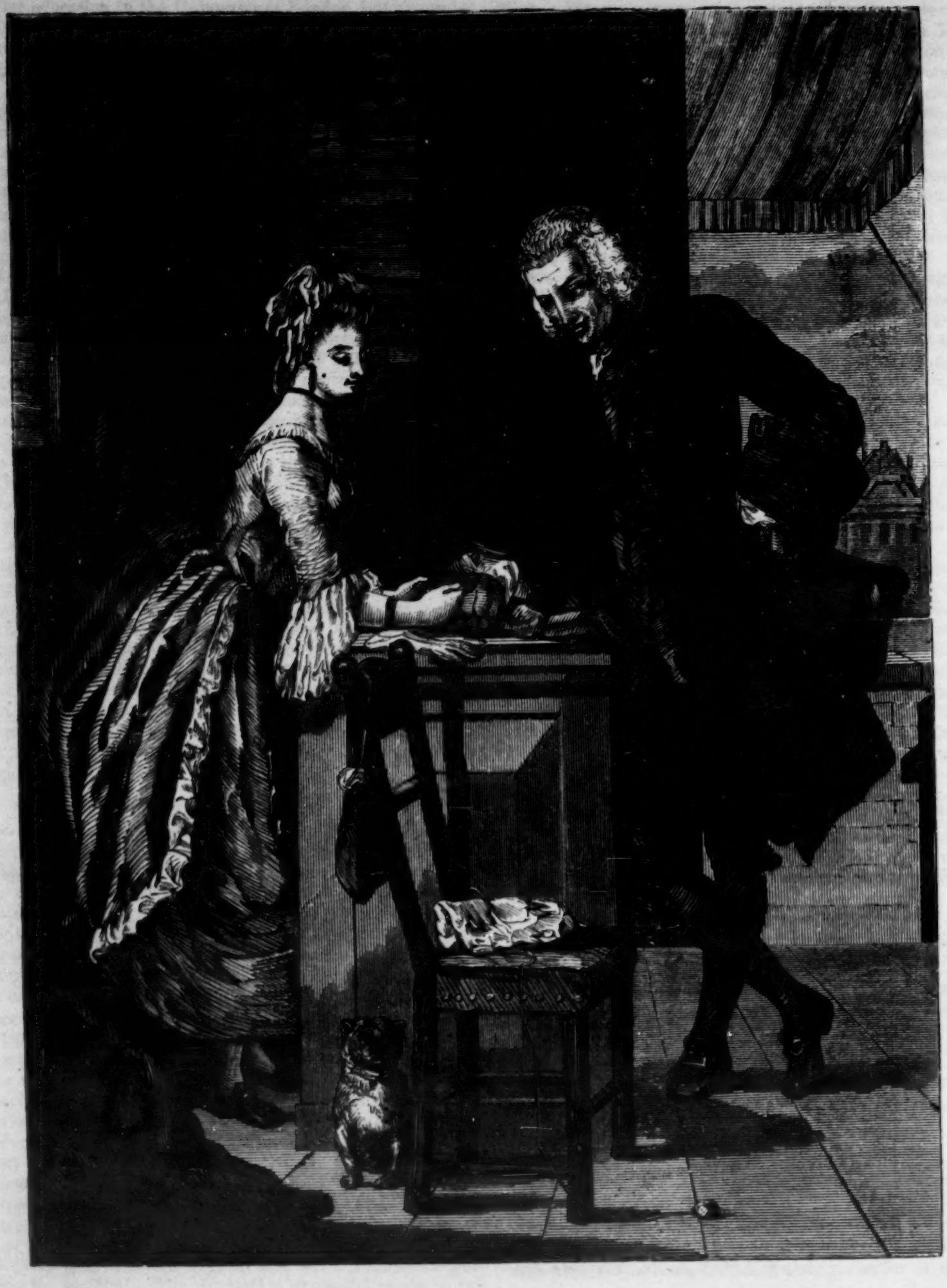
IF the use of words is to conceal ideas, some men have no need of words, for they have no ideas to conceal.

THE world is a large quagmire; we can keep ourself from sinking only by jumping nimbly from bog to bog.

SEEM not ashamed of your business if it is an honest one. Better smell of the shop than cover yourself with odours and essences, which, half-disguising, render it disgusting.

A BANKRUPT walks the streets the day before his name is in the *Gazette* with the same erect and confident brow as ever; he feels the mortification of his situation only after it becomes known to others.





STERNE AND THE GRISETTE.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

STERNE AND THE GRISETTE.

THE readers of Sterne's "Sentimental Journey" will recollect the scene the artist has here attempted to describe. The adventure occurred in Paris. Surely it is a very simple, ordinary affair to go into a shop and buy a pair of gloves; but where the gentleman was a man of Sterne's way of thinking, and the lady was a French grisette, no wonder that something was made of it, and that the affair was as protracted as one of the sieges of Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim. Gentlemen now-a-days are more in a hurry, and French women are sharper. Life is now all labour, and hurry-scurry. We live in a railway age. We have no time for delicious idleness, or calm thought; we exclaim with Arnold—

> "But we, brought forth and born in hours
> Of change, alarm, surprise;
> What shelter to grow ripe is ours?
> What leisure to grow wise?"

Even flirtation is going out of fashion, and if indulged in is severely paid for by an action for breach of promise of marriage. We gentlemen of to-day are much wiser, better, more moral, more industrious, more intelligent than they were when Tristram Shandy was written—at least, we think ourselves so—and are much given, from our superior position, to look down upon the men of the Shandean type. Sterne, were he alive now, would find little indulgence for his old quaint humour; yet we have to thank him for the subtle vein which pleased our forefathers, and has made his name immortal. At any rate, we much prefer him to the fast writers of the present day.

The engraving opposite is from a painting by the late Gilbert Stuart Newton, who was born at Halifax, Nova Scotia, and came to England in 1820, where he entered as a student at the Royal Academy. His first works which excited notice were The Forsaken, and The Lovers' Quarrel. He painted The Prince of Spain's Visit to Catalina for the Duke of Bedford, for 500 guineas. In 1830 he painted Shylock and Jessica, from the "Merchant of Venice;" Yorick and the Grisette, from the "Sentimental Journey," and the Abbot Boniface, from the "Monastery,"—all in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. In 1831 and 1832 he exhibited pictures each year in the Academy. In 1833 he was elected a Royal Academician, and exhibited a small picture of Abelard, which was his last, as he shortly afterwards became insane, and died August 5, 1835.

SIR CHARLES WOOD.

A PARLIAMENTARY SKETCH.

BY J. EWING RITCHIE.

INDIA promises to be a difficulty for some time to come. We are all to blame where India is concerned. We want money; India could send us some. As it is, we have to send it her. We want cotton; India could supply us with it; as it is, we have gone to America for it. In so doing we have supported slavery there, and now we are panic-struck lest the slaves should rise, lest South Carolina should go to the dogs, and lest we do not have another bale of cotton from America. This is the most important question that can arise before the public. It concerns us far more than Reform Bills or oppressed nationalities. If we do not have cotton, a deadly blow is struck at our national greatness and prosperity. If we do not have cotton, all Lancashire becomes bankrupt, our London and Manchester warehousemen will do the same; mills will be closed, and the millions employed in them will have to go into the workhouse. Our docks will be deserted; our shipping and sailors will find no employment; our railways will pay no dividends. If we have no cotton, it is worse than useless for our Chancellor of the Exchequer to think of raising 70 millions of taxes another year; and last, and not least, there will be no cheap calicoes for industrious females at home and abroad. Is not this as-

suredly, then, an important question? Yet, till the last few weeks, even Manchester has been utterly indifferent to the subject, has disregarded all warnings, and has gone on building cotton mills as if America was bound to supply us with cotton till the end of the world. Now Manchester is really alarmed, and has met in solemn conclave, to pass resolutions, and to find fault with Government. The Manchester Chamber of Commerce have at length resolved the important fact that so many manufacturers' profits, so many artisans' wages, so many merchants' returns, depend on the contentment and tranquillity of India, that we cannot afford loose administration, or ruinous taxes and wasteful administration there. This is true, and this is a remark that ought to be re-echoed all over the land. The aspect of the House of Commons when legislating on Indian affairs is anything but creditable to the *patres conscripti*. If twenty members, as the *Times* says, cannot be kept together to listen to an Indian debate, it is high time the men of Manchester should appeal to the country, and show the danger and impolicy of such reckless and ruinous neglect. The House of Commons represents the people, and has been indifferent because indifference has characterised the popular mind on this subject. Manchester complains against the Indian Government that it manages its income so ill as not only to get deeper and deeper into debt, but to lose the command of money. Thus driven to retrenchment, it manages its outlay so ill that it cuts off the very expenditure which almost all can be called reproductive. Surely some one is to blame for all this, and surely it is equally clear that this state of things must come to an end, and we cannot keep on filching million after million out of the Indian bag. Canals and railways, and capital applied to the production of the soil, and especially to the growth of cotton, are the natural remedy—and they are a remedy which ought to have been applied before, and which, had such been the case, would have rendered impossible the Indian mutiny, and saved the cost of such an army as we now keep up in India of 80,000 Europeans and 300,000 native soldiers. Herein is the real difficulty of the Indian question; if we keep up this enormous army India can never pay. We suspend reproductive arts in India, we impose fresh taxes on India because we have no money, and we have no money because we have such an army to maintain: but if we used India fairly—if we developed its resources—if we employed its industry—if we encircled the land with wealthy capitalists—there would have been no need of an army so enormous in India at all. Manchester has moved, and the people of England must back up Manchester; if not, Sir Charles Wood and the red-tapists will be too many for us. The Manchester people are coming to London to see Sir Charles Wood; but they must do more than this—they must get hold of members of parliament, they must pester Downing-street with their importunity, they must create a powerful feeling in their favour out of doors. If we do not at once act—if we do not at once comprehend the nature of the emergency, India is lost—England almost dragged down to the verge of ruin. Sir Charles, if we may judge by his antecedents, does not seem exactly the kind of man to save us. A gentleman without a shilling (I take the story from "England and the English," by Sir Bulwer Lytton) proposed, the other day, to an heiress. Her father delicately asked his pretensions. "I have little at present," said he, "but my expectations are very great." "Oh, indeed! expectations!" "Yes; you may easily conceive their extent when I tell you that I have one cousin a Granville and another a Grey." On looking into a trustworthy resource, I find that, in 1829, Sir Charles (then Mr.) Wood married Mary, the ninth child of the late, and sister of the present, Earl Grey. Need I say more? We have Scripture authority for declaring that a man who neglects his own family is worse than an infidel! and how pious and deeply read in the Scriptures our rulers are we all know. When the first use of the telegraph in the Crimea was to carry Lord Panmure's message—"Take care of Dowb," his lordship showed that, if he were guilty of any short-comings as a statesman, at any rate he was exemplary as a Christian. But to return to Sir Charles Wood. His official career commenced in 1830, when his father-in-law, on accepting the office of prime minister, appointed him Private Secretary. In 1832, on the occurrence of a vacancy, he was appointed one of the Secretaries to the Treasury, and became Parliamentary Whipper-in, and held that situation till the Whigs went out of office in 1834. On their restoration to office he was promoted to the more important post of Secretary to the Admiralty, and held it for four years. Those were years when wonderful reforms were made in the Admiralty, the consequences of which have been enormous extra expenses ever since, and for this we have partly to thank Sir Charles Wood. Soon after we find Mr. Wood's official career, for a short time, closed. His brother-in-law, Lord Howick, who, at that time, held the office of Secretary at War, resigned his appointment, and left the Whig ministry; and acting, we may presume, in accordance with the family arrangements, Sir Charles followed suit. It seems Lord Howick thought the Whigs were going on a little too fast, and it was time to put the drag on—an object, however, not obtained by his secession, or that of his man Friday—as the Whigs had irreverently nicknamed Sir Charles. The relationship of the latter to the Whigs was shortly to become more agreeable. Lord Howick went up to the House of Lords, in the room of his father, deceased. The Whigs were out of office, and needed help; Sir Charles forgot all past unpleasantnesses, and joined them in the long struggle for place which was carried on, with varying success, till 1846, when he was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer, under Lord John Russell. In this capacity he was not fortunate. He had to take back his budgets and amend them, and the seasons were disastrous as well. The Irish famine came, and he had to borrow ten millions of money; in 1847 a panic existed, and he had (while Parliament was not sitting), in conjunction with Lord John Russell, to suspend the Bank Charter Act. Year after year fortune frowned on Sir Charles, and he had to struggle on amidst pecuniary difficulties, and all the time he was almost powerless. The house took his budgets, and did with them what they pleased; never had a Chancellor of the Exchequer to perform his always unpleasant duties under greater disadvantages. In vain he attempted to raise the income-tax from three to five per cent.; in vain he afterwards opposed a reduction of the stamp-duties; in vain, when he gave up the window-duties,

he proposed a house-tax of one shilling per pound on the rent of shops, and of one shilling and sixpence on the rent of dwelling-houses. The House of Commons, it is true, at his bidding repealed the window-tax, but only granted him a shilling duty on dwelling-houses, and ninepence on shops. In 1852, upon the retirement from office of his party, Sir Charles, as private member, took an active part in denouncing Mr. Disraeli's budget, and laid himself open to retorts, which the latter gentleman was by no means backward in administering. When the ministry of Lord Aberdeen was formed, Sir Charles accepted the post of President of the Board of Control, and, at Halifax, signalised himself by a violent attack on the French Emperor, which attack was strongly censured by Mr. Disraeli when Parliament assembled. In a speech of five hours' length Sir Charles brought in his scheme for the government of India. He proposed to continue the double government then existing, to place some restriction on the patronage of the directors, to throw open the nominations in Haileybury College to public competition, to form a new presidency at Agra, and another in the district of the Indus, and to place the province of Bengal under a Lieutenant-Governor. As India was not a question of vital importance, after some opposition Sir Charles' scheme was carried. In 1856 we find Sir Charles Wood back again at the Admiralty. On the resumption of power by the Earl of Derby, Sir Charles once more became a private member. We next find Sir Charles Secretary of State for India—the office which he at present fills. In this capacity, in the last session of Parliament, he carried a bill for the amalgamation of the local European force in India with the Queen's army, which old Indian officers appear to view with the most lively apprehension. Let us hope, as the measure has now become law, it will work as well as Sir Charles anticipated. This brief outline will have prepared our readers to see that Sir Charles is a veteran official, and that he must be useful in that capacity, or his official career would long ago have closed. And he has certain desirable qualities. As a debater he does not take a very high rank, but he has a clear, loud voice, is fluent, and seems perfectly satisfied with himself and his case, and, in the House of Commons, that is a great deal. He is, I confess, a very dry and uninteresting speaker. It is true, India is a mighty theme, but then, in the House of Commons, unless it be made a subject of party warfare, few people take an interest in it, and Sir Charles, therefore, speaks to an audience by no means stimulating, so far as eloquence is concerned. As you see his tall, thin figure, with his long, hooked nose, it seems as if a peculiar species of the feathered tribe had found its way to the Treasury benches, and assumed the duties of an official. He is much given to repetition; his style of speaking is very slovenly; but he gives you an idea of being a shrewd, active, and ready sort of man. He slips along from one part of his subject to another, just as he has slipped backwards and forwards between the Admiralty and India, in accordance with the necessities of the hour. I suppose he will die in harness, for is he not a Whig, and a relation? His parliamentary progress may soon be told. Born in the year 1800, the son of a Yorkshire baronet residing at Hickleton Hall, near Doncaster, he was first returned for the Lincolnshire borough of Great Grimsby in 1826, on the Whig interest. In 1831 he lost that seat, but found another at Wareham, in Dorsetshire. When the franchise was conferred on the new borough of Halifax by the Reform Bill, he offered himself as a candidate there, was accepted, and has managed ever since to retain the confidence of his constituents. He has generally had a colleague of more advanced opinions than his own; but they have always managed to go on very well, and I dare say Halifax has no objection to be represented by a perpetual Cabinet minister. In old times people prayed for delivery from hell, Hull, and Halifax, on account of the severity of its old gibbet laws, under which every thief taken in the act was liable to execution within three market days. Sir Charles does not seem to have joined in this prayer. Is it that Halifax shows a kindlier face to rogues, or that, conscious of its integrity, Sir Charles defies even the Draconian code of Halifax?

THE MISUNDERSTANDING.

There 's somewhat in this world amiss,
Shall be unriddled by and bye.

Tennyson.

"WELL, Aunty," said Lucy, looking dreamily at the red cinders of the comfortable fire, "I suppose

'It is better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.'

I wish," she added, half shyly, "I wish you would tell me about yourself."

"Myself, my child! no, do n't ask me; and yet, why should I not tell you? Had I not been so selfish—so utterly wrapped up in my own thoughts and sorrow, I must have seen, I might have prevented, much that your father and mother suffered; might have given happiness to those nearest and dearest to me. I will tell you, Lucy. I never thought to tell the tale again; I have never told all. Your father knew some part, but I never spoke to him save once, and once when we both heard the end together.

"Where shall I begin? Years ago, when I was two and twenty. My mother died when I was very young; I never thought my father was very fond of me. Nigel inherited my mother's beauty, which I did not; but he was rich, proud of his old family, and he wished me to make what would be called a good match. I did not much think about it, I had all I wanted at home; but I did care for one at last; I met him often, he was staying with some friends; he stayed here several times. His regiment was quartered at Carlisle, and the officers were asked everywhere. My father seemed to like him, too, and often told him he should be glad to see him at Littlecourt whenever he liked a day's shooting, and that was a great deal for him to say. I thought he liked me; I felt sure of it sometimes when he would bring me a flower, and bend down over me in a peculiar way as he gave it, and once, too, he said he wished we were not so rich. I felt so happy then, I only laughed.

"He sang, oh, Lucy, such a voice! I never heard one like his. I can hear it now. He sang without music at first, but after I had played for him once he used to ask me to accompany him, and ask me to sing, which I could not do; but he would say he thought I *must*, for I played his songs as no one else did, as if I felt them; I must have been dull indeed not to feel that voice, 'Oft in the Stilly Night,' 'The Land o' the Leal,' and some of the old Scotch and Irish ballads that thrilled through every one."

"Tell me what he was like, Aunty," Lucy said, stroking Miss Beresford's thin hand.

"Taller than your father, Lucy, I could see his head above every one in the room: light hair, and he had a way of passing his fingers through it, and shaking a rebellious lock back that always fell over his forehead. His eyes were dark, I scarcely know what colour, they changed and looked darker as he spoke. But he was so good and gentle, and I was so thoughtless then for anything beyond this world. I remember his staying here over a Sunday, 20th April, 1832, and in the afternoon service there was a baptism, as there often was. I looked upon it as an interruption to the regular Prayers, and sat still, looking at the painted glass, or beautiful carving of our old church: but he stood or knelt according to the service. I never hear a baptism without seeing him standing so firm with his arms crossed, and hear his 'Amen' to those beautiful words, 'And to continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto his life's end.'

"As we walked home he asked me if I knew 'The Christian Year:' it was new then, but I had it, and though not understanding or valuing it as I do now, I admired many of the poems. It was a lovely evening, and we came across the fields and through the larch wood, then in all the beauty of its fresh bright green leaves, studded with small crimson cones, and great bunches of yellow primroses peeping out everywhere, the birds singing, everything looking bright, bursting into leaf, making one feel gay and hopeful too. On reaching the brow of the hill we all stopped to look at the sunset, so glorious it was, and a young girl of our party exclaimed,

"'Let us each take one of those feathery clouds for our own and see what happens to it. I will have that white feathery bit, and you, Mr. Armstrong, take that bit of bright gold.' So we each chose our little cloud, and watched their future destiny.

"*His* bright golden one moved swiftly, straight on, on, on, and melted away in the great golden sunset in the West.

"'Your journey is soon over, Armstrong,' cried one, 'now look at Miss Beresford's; where in the world is she going?'

"It was said lightly, but I saw a look in his face—he did not take it lightly. My cloud afforded amusement for some time with its wanderings, but at last it also joined the glorious crimson sunset.

"We had all talked and laughed carelessly about it, but somehow I felt grave, and I said to Percy as we again moved on our way down the hill—

"'When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past.'

"'That is just what I was thinking,' he said eagerly. 'I could not help feeling there was something under those clouds deeper than we first thought.'

"I tell you all this, Lucy, because he did not forget it, and I often thought his bright cloud so soon being gathered into that glorious sunset was a warning—a shadow of his own early end; of his young pure spirit, which was soon, so very soon, to wend its way to the 'land that is very far off;' and mine, after all its wanderings, mine reached the same bright haven. So I hope, Lucy, I hope on.

"Those were very happy days; they went on for some weeks more, constantly meeting. Then my father went from home for a fortnight, taking me with him. We were to return for a ball at Warnham, and the house was to be full. I knew he would be there; he was to be at the Grange, and I thought he would come over to see us. I had not seen him for more than three weeks, and yet he did not come; I felt vexed, then hurt, then angry; I never mentally controlled my temper; I could conceal my annoyance from others, because I was naturally reserved; I had no mother or sister to be unreserved with, and my brother Nigel was much older than I was. How I thought of this ball—how I thought of my dress for it! I thought I looked my best that evening; I remember feeling satisfied with my own face and dark hair as I finished dressing; it was only with the hope of pleasing him—I cared for no one else.

"We drove to Warnham. The last ball I had been at he was on the stairs,—as I thought waiting for us, for he had taken me into the ball-room, and asked me to dance at once; but he was not there now. However, I saw his head as soon as we entered, and thought he would come to meet me; I saw him look at me, but he did not come. We were rather late; and as we edged our way to the far end of the room, I was one of the last, and there were several people between us. I felt him watching me, so I bowed; he did not come round to me at once, he only bowed again, and looked so grave—so pale; I could not go to him, I was too far off to speak. There were several gentlemen with us, and I knew I should be obliged to dance with them; how I hoped he would come and ask me, but he stood there, leaning against the corner of the bench as if he had forgotten where he was.

"'What has happened to Mr. Armstrong,' said Mrs. Biddulph, and she looked at me and smiled.

"'Who?' said Sir Harry Vivian.

"'That handsome young fellow, Percy Armstrong, of the —th. I call him my Hotspur.'

"'The Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance, *I* should call him,' said Sir Harry, putting up his glass. 'But do you really consider him good-looking, Mrs. Biddulph?'

"'Yes, remarkably so, and you would too, only you are so horridly conceited.'

"'Ah!' said Sir Harry, 'you always flatter me. Do you admire him, Miss Beresford?'

"How I hated him for asking me!

"'It is a well-known fact,' said Mr. Lane, 'that Armstrong and I are the handsomest men in the room. You are a stranger here, Sir Harry, so may be excused for not finding it out.'

"I could not help laughing, and felt grateful to kind,

ugly little Mr. Lane for coming to my rescue, and saying what I dared not.

"'Well,' said Mrs. Biddulph, 'I shall go and ask him, and tell him we are all speculating on what can make him so unlike himself.'

"She moved towards Percy, she spoke to him in a rallying way, he looked at me; surely she had not used my name! but I felt my colour rise, for his face flushed, then he came straight towards me.

"'Were *you* laughing at me, too?' he said, bending down to catch my answer.

"'I! oh no,' I said, and looked up at him, though my eyes were full; I held out my hand, he took it, and in the same low sad voice said,

"'I did not believe it; I knew you could not do that.' He pressed my hand in both his. 'God bless you,' he said, and turned quickly from me. I saw my father meet him, shake him heartily by the hand, and then Percy passed on through the room to the door. I watched him so eagerly I found Sir Harry Vivian asking me for the second time to dance. As Percy reached the ball-room door he turned, only to see me taking my place in the dance—only to think he was nothing to me, when my whole heart was his, and I felt as though I were dreaming a miserable dream.

"I tortured myself fruitlessly for years, thinking I might have said or done something different that dreadful evening. If he had only said one word—if he had only called me Helen, I could have spoken—could have followed him—could have told him I was ready to follow him to the world's end.

> 'Myself must tell him in that purer life,
> But *then* it were too daring.'

I watched the door in vain, he did not return. I never saw him again, Lucy.

"I suppose I looked deadly pale, for some one asked me if I were ill; then I remembered I must not betray myself; I must dance, and talk, and smile through that horrible ball. Then came the drive home; no relief; not alone till I was undressed, my maid gone, and then I could think over all, and feel I was miserable, loving him utterly as I did. Why had he left me in that way? Was it possible after all he did not care for me? How humbled, crushed, broken I felt, as that idea forced itself upon me!

"How wretched I looked the next morning! but I had a part to act, and I acted it well, I believe. After breakfast my father called me to the library, and told me I had been much admired at the ball; had I money enough for all I wanted? if not, he would double my allowance; he liked me to be well dressed, &c., &c. At the end he said,

"'By the bye, my dear, Armstrong's regiment is ordered to India, and he thanked me last night for all our attention and kindness to him; he was to catch the night mail, and sail from Liverpool next week, I think he said; he is a fine young fellow, a credit to any corps.'

"What could I say? I felt something rise in my throat—I could not speak. Then he had not really cared for me, and I had allowed myself to think of nothing—no one but him. I thought I never could be more miserable than I then was.

"A few months passed, it was the end of October. I had been so happy in October a twelvemonth ago. One morning at breakfast my father, reading the newspaper, exclaimed, 'Good heavens! the Berkshire lost with the —th on board! Let me see,' and then he read aloud,

"'It is with feelings of deep regret we announce the total loss by fire of the ship Berkshire, on the 10th August, latitude 5 North, longitude 20 West, bound for Calcutta with the —th on board. Only five officers and 120 men saved. The troops behaved nobly, obeying orders to the last. The flames gaining upon them in spite of every exertion, the boats were lowered, and the women and children all put in. Lots were then cast for the men in perfect silence; the captain and officers of the vessel declining to lessen the small number who could possibly escape. Shortly after the boats got off, the flames reached the gunpowder, and in a few moments scarcely a vestige remained of the ill-fated vessel. Names of the officers saved—Major Playfair, Captain Howard, Lieut. Edwards, Lieut. Atkinson (I hope that may be a mistake for our friend Armstrong), and Ensign Willis. ('Pon my word there must be some great carelessness about these transport vessels!) The boats were picked up by the Conqueror, homeward bound, on the 16th August, after great sufferings from heat and thirst, under which most of the children and many of the women sank.'

"I heard all; my tongue dry, my eyes burning, I tried to say something, but my voice did not come; my lips moved, but there was no sound. I reached my own room—my trembling limbs carried me so far—and I threw myself on the couch: I could not faint, I could not forget, I knew he was gone; I felt persuaded he was not one of the five saved; I never had any hope of that, and I must not appear to care; I had no right even to wear a black gown for him; and oh! the misery of bright colours when your whole heart is in such mourning!

"I don't remember how the time passed from that day until my father's death. Early in January, he was seized with paralysis one evening, and never regained consciousness. Nigel arrived too late to see him alive.

"Nigel left the army and came to live here; he had been left guardian to your mother, and her only remaining aunt dying about that time, she came to live with us. She was ten years old then; a dull home she found, poor child, as far as I was concerned; I was so selfishly bound up in my own sorrows, I did not do half I ought to have done for others. I often wonder how dear Nigel bore with me as he did. My father's affairs were complicated in some way, there was a difficulty about my fortune; it was never clearly ascertained what had become of it. Nigel took no end of trouble, and again went to London for me about four years after my father's death. When there he wrote to me to look for some papers which were missing. 'Do look in my father's bureau and send me all the papers you can find relating to Spanish Bonds.' I took the key and went to the library, with the melancholy feeling such a task gives one. I had never opened that bureau before. I searched one drawer after another, I could find nothing. At last I found an inner drawer; it looked as though the contents had never been touched—there was a bundle of papers tied up, headed 'Spanish Bonds.'

I took it and untied the red tapes to see if Nigel would want them all; as I unfolded one I saw it was a letter, I saw the signature, 'Percy Armstrong,' there was a note enclosed, unopened, addressed to me. I read the letter to my father first; it was written just one week before that ball; he said my father must have seen how much he cared for me, but he was afraid would think him very presumptuous in asking for his consent to try and win me; he had little now, but he was to succeed to a small property on the death of an uncle, and he only asked to be allowed to hope. His regiment was under orders for foreign service, and he could not bear to go leaving me in ignorance of his feelings.

"On the other side of his letter was the rough copy of the answer he must have received.

'My dear Armstrong,

'I really am very sorry so disagreeable a duty devolves on me. We feel grateful for the feeling you express, which we hope however may not be very lasting, as my daughter could never think of a match which, much as we like you personally, would be, you are aware, not what I have every right to expect for her.'

"I will not tell you all he said. I have forgiven, I trust quite, quite forgiven; he was my father, and acted as he thought for the best; indeed the joy of finding I might acknowledge I had loved him took away from me so much bitterness, that it was not until some time after, I felt I had something to forgive my dead father.

"The missing papers were never found; when I told Nigel, I told him too what I believe; he must have received them at the same time with Percy's letter, and by mistake must have burnt *them*, filling his letter with the other papers. What was all the money in the world to me, compared with what I had found?

"I would not keep that answer, I tore the sheet in half; there were no envelopes then, it was a sheet of letter paper. I burnt the half sheet, watched the black shrivelled page rise slowly up the chimney, and then returned to read *his* over again and again, with my own little treasured note clasped in my two hands. I forgot all that had passed—all those weary years; I felt as if he had only just written to me, that I might answer him, tell him he might come, speak to me, love me, sing with me!

"I saw him ride up to the door, and pat Selim ere they led him away—I heard his step in the hall, saw him pass his fingers through his hair as he came to the drawing-room—saw his smile, as I rose to meet him, both my hands in his—then it all came back upon me, sweeping away my happy thoughts into the deep, deep sea that rolled over him. I should never hear his step again, never see his smile, never touch his hand, never see those great dark eyes, that bright wavy hair,—never hear that voice again, never, never,—save in my dreams,—all, all gone!

"At last I opened my own little note. He entreated me to answer, but if he did not hear he should still go to the ball, just to see me once more. If I did not, could not care for him, would I only let him say a few last words, would I say one kind word to bid, 'God speed' him on his way. Lucy, I cannot tell you; read it for yourself," and Miss Beresford gave Percy Armstrong's first and last love-letter into the young girl's hand. Lucy's tears were quite ready as she read,

'I will not annoy you, dearest; if you give me not a smile or a blush I shall know that the last few months have been a dream of joy not to be mine—a dream that I am not indifferent to you, but, indeed, no one can ever love you more than I—and always must, my Helen. Mine or not? God bless you always.

"Percy Armstrong."

"And he thought I had received this when I bowed to him in that ball-room!"

"Oh aunty, you do n't know how sorry I am," said Lucy.

Miss Beresford slowly replaced the letter, and stroking the girl's bright hair said, "Yes, my darling. I was too hard and cold; I needed such a blow to soften me; nothing is *too* much, no cross greater than we can bear;—and now I can think calmly, and see many mercies were granted me, even when I was most repining. One of the greatest—that in the first sharp pangs of visitation and pique I did not accept the first offer made me and marry. I shrink now when I think what I should have felt when I found his letter, had I been the wedded wife of another! Lucy, I was going to say, Never marry any one you cannot love; but, oh my child, never on your knees before God vow to love, honour, and obey one man, when your whole heart is given—is worshipping another.

"And I had one unspeakable comfort. Some years after, I was going to London with Nigel—at Coventry a gentleman got into the same carriage; I saw 'Major Howard, —th Regt,' on his carpet bag. I should hear, I was determined to know the last. I said quite calmly to Nigel, 'I *must* ask him.' Poor Nigel, I little knew then how wretched he was himself, it was just before he went to India; but he instantly addressed the stranger, saying he wished much to hear of Percy Armstrong: could he tell him, did he see anything of him at the last?

"'Percy Armstrong,' he interrupted, 'the best and bravest! no one knew what he was till that awful day. We had been becalmed for some days, the heat beyond expression. One morning, that awful 10th of August, something was evidently wrong; and soon the words were whispered from one to the other, 'The ship is on fire.' The captain came pale as death to our colonel, and said, 'We have every hope of getting it under, but bring the women and children on deck, and keep all as quiet as possible.' A short time after he came again and said, 'The fire is raging fiercer than ever, it has now broken out among the stores. The boats are ready for lowering.' There was no hope—our men behaved splendidly; and Percy, he was as calm as on parade. I saw him rush down for a child that its shrieking mother had been unable to save. I saw him hand it down to her in the boat and heard her bless him for it. Then lots were drawn which of us should go in the boats. *He* was one of them; he might have been saved, if he had not been his own noble self. He saw another's agony at being destined to remain in the burning vessel. 'Oh God,' exclaimed the poor fellow,' my wife and children, what will become of them!' Percy Armstrong looked up to the blue sky above us for a moment, then in a

calm clear voice, 'Take my place,' he said, 'I have no one to love me—I shall never be missed.'

"'In the selfish clinging to life that man wrung his hand with a 'God bless you,' and followed into the boat.

"'I do not know how it was, but I seemed to see and hear everything. I don't think I had any idea of surviving. I scarcely remember how I got into the boat. I know I felt as if I would gladly have been one of those 280 fine fellows, who met death in the glorious way they did. They all came to help, handing us down water, and such things as we might want; and William Rowlands, a fine young fellow in my company, son of my father's gamekeeper, called out to me, 'Captain Howard, sir, you 'll get my poor old mother the pay that 's due to me, will you, sir? and tell her, sir, now when it 's come to this, I 'm right glad I went to church with her that last Sunday, and if I was to be on dry land again, I 'd never go idling my Sundays, and doing the things I did do again—never, never; and tell her I remember the text that last Sunday: it was about the angels being glad when such as me repented, sir. I can't say the words exact, but you 'll tell her when you get back safe, as I hope to God you will, sir; and if you please, sir, tell her to give Jane Wilkins my love.' 'I will, I will, my poor fellow,' I answered, 'if I live; so help me God, I will.'

"'Then James Gray leant over; 'My wife, sir, will be in trouble: will you look to her, sir, when you get home again? and tell her Jim is getting old enough, and I 'd like him to join the old Regiment; no one need be ashamed of it I hope, sir. You 'll tell her we did our duty, and I hope she 'll want for nothing. I 've got her Bible here, sir, going with me where we 're going; God bless you, sir.'

"'Then Percy Armstrong spoke to me for the last time. 'Howard, my dear fellow, here 's my Prayer-Book for you; God bless you, we 're all steady.' He stood up quite firm; passed his hand through his hair, as he always did, do you remember?—(oh, did I not remember *so* well!)—pointed to the blue Heaven, 'no sea *there*,' he said.

"'I thought his face was like the face of an angel; then he turned away encouraging the men.

"'We had to row hard to get the boats away from the burning ship; but the sea was so calm, not a breath of wind, and such horror and awe among us all, not a word was uttered, and we could hear the voices of those left behind. I knew Percy's voice as he began the litany. I heard him say, 'In the hour of death, and in the day of Judgment;' then one deep full cry for mercy echoed over our heads, 'Good Lord, deliver us;' then came the fearful explosion, and all was over."

"He stopped a moment; then he added, 'Poor fellow! those awful days of suffering, and thirst, and death. I read his Prayer-Book as I never read before. I would give it to some of his friends, if I could find one who loved him.'

"I started forward then, 'Give it to me! oh, give it to me, for I *did* love him, and he loved me.'"

"Look, Lucy," and she opened the fly leaf. Under his name was written—

"When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past."

Littlecourt, Sunday, April 20th, 1832.

"If you are with me at the last, let it go with me to my grave. His note is in it; he is so bound up in my mind with all that is good and holy, I like to keep it there. I feel now that we shall meet, please God, in Heaven, where all misunderstandings will have passed away,

'Where all will be ended, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience.'

where love will be made perfect—'perfect through suffering.' If less sorrow would have sufficed for me, Lucy, less would have been sent.

'Love weighs the cross of each in Heaven,'

and sent me mine. Remember, Lucy darling, do n't let his book be taken from me; put it with me into my coffin."

"I will, Aunty," was all she said, with her arms round her neck as she kissed her.

And she did.

M. E. G.

PRISON DISCIPLINE IN HANOVER.

It was one autumn not long ago that, leaving the romantic town of Hanoverian Minden, where the Werra and Fulda, by their junction, form the Weser (the Visurgis of the Romans), that I arrived at Hameln. I had only time to cast a passing look at the still magnificent Benedictine convent of Corvey, founded at the end of the tenth century by a cousin-german of Charlemagne, but now secularised after a duration of nearly eight and a half centuries. To this renowned seat of learning and piety we owe, amongst others, the preservation of all that remains to us of the writings of Tacitus, and for that reason alone it would draw the attention of every one who values the philosophy of history to its walls. The rain, however, poured in torrents, and the Edward steam-boat (the first trip, by the bye, of the first steamer on the Weser) would not have passed again for a week, so that I went on reluctantly, promising myself another visit when the arrangements of the Steam Navigation Company of the Weser are more perfected; and indeed then I scarcely know a river in Germany which offers a more romantic excursion than a sail down the Weser from Hanoverian Minden to the Porta Westphalica.

Hameln was formerly a very strong fortress, but shamefully surrendered after the battle of Jena, like Magdeburg and Stettin, to the French, by the then Prussian commandant; and the French immediately scarped the fortifications, leaving, however, sufficient on the hills opposite to show how strong they have been, and the great labour of their demolition.

But I more particularly promised you a few remarks on the various penitentiaries (Strafanstalten) of the kingdom of Hanover, all of which I had an opportunity of personally inspecting—except that at Aurich, more specially appertaining to the newly-acquired province of East Friesland—and as I happened to be repeatedly thrown into company with a gentleman making an

official tour of inspection through them, to his introduction I am indebted for much civility from the prison authorities, and more information than a casual visitant usually receives.

The Strafanstalt at Hameln, answering to House o Correction in name and Penitentiary in purpose, viewed from the steam-boat approaching the town, has a most imposing appearance, more resembling a royal or princely palace than a prison. It presents a large *corps de logis*, with wings and turrets, all recently erected, and surrounded by a moderately high wall, so that the prisoners from most of the windows but the lower story have a most delightful view of a fine reach of the river, and the rising grounds and hanging woods (I do not mean literally the gallows) on the opposite banks. With such a wall the English Custom officials would not pass even a bonded warehouse as of "approved security."

On landing, the first view of the inhabitants presented a number of convicts, distinguished by their dress, employed in the completion or repair of the buttresses of a very fine chain bridge, recently thrown here across the Weser. This dress is a jacket and trowsers and cap, of grey flannel linsey, woven in the establishment. The men (for only male prisoners are sent hither) appeared all stout and healthy, and working much harder than is generally supposed to be the case under coercion; but the reason is, that beyond a fixed task (pensum) a certain small rate of wages is written to their credit for all work done beyond it, to be paid them when they leave, at the expiration of the sentence.

On the morning subsequent to my arrival, I waited on the inspector Major Düvell, who very politely personally accompanied me in a minute inspection of the interior. The culprits are distributed, according to the magnitude of their offence, into three classes, distinguished by a variety in their dress. The most venial are entirely in grey; the next in degree have black collars; and the third or worst have black cuffs as well as collars. No aggravation of the punishment of forced labour appears to exist, except solitary confinement either in a common cell, which one prisoner was undergoing; or in a partially or totally dark cell, without bed or other accommodation. The three classes have separate and very roomy yards for exercise during the intervals of work, which are amply sufficient for all the purposes of health. It should, however, be observed that the four Penitentiaries of the kingdom of Hanover rise gradually in the severity of treatment; and this at Hameln is the most lenient. The next in the scale is at Celle, the third at Stade, and the most severe at Lüneburg, which may well be considered the Norfolk Island of the kingdom. The dietary is principally vegetables and pulse, and much less animal food than is given in England; but the general diet of the country is in much the same proportion; and that this forms no very great ground of hardship is the fact that re-committals are very frequent, though none are sent here under fourteen years of age, or for a less period than four months. All younger delinquents, and those for shorter periods of punishment, are kept in the lock-ups of the Amthaus—the whole kingdom being divided into provinces, and these again into Aemter, or districts, under the superintendence of an Amtmann (almost answering to our justice of the peace), appointed by the king, and frequently the same individual who farms the crown lands or domains of the district. He has usually an Amtsassessor, or sometimes two, who must be learned in the law, and have taken the degree of Doctor at a university. To these is attached a Schreiber, who does the writing part. Where the feudal lord of the soil has what is called the patrimonial jurisdiction (much similar to our copyhold courts of lords of the manor before they were ousted of their rights), the proprietors of the estate must propose their Amtmann, for confirmation and approbation, to the government before he can act.

Since the accession of his present majesty a new code of criminal procedure has been issued, based generally upon the Codex Carolina of Charles the Fifth, with suitable modifications to the times and the peculiarities of the country. Some of its provisions seem framed with great care for the liberty of the subject. Three graduated lawyers must concur in the warrant before any individual can be arrested or committed to prison, to undergo what in continental criminal procedure is called *the inquisitorial part of the process;* and the *inquisit*, the accused, must be informed of the crimes with which he is charged, within twenty-four hours of his arrest; it is truly needful that strong fences should be planted round this preliminary investigation (which a determined theorist might compare to our inquiry before a justice of peace or grand jury); but in practice how different! I happened, at Gifthorn, at the opposite corner of the kingdom, once to stumble upon one of these houses of inquisitorial detention (which are, as they ought to be in all states, distinct from prisons as places of punishment) which is scarcely completed, on part of the site of a palace, built by a side branch of the house of Brunswick Lüneburg, and would willingly have inspected it, but the keeper told me all access was strictly prohibited, and that the incarcerated were kept solitary in cells, where they could have no intercourse with one another, and, from the nature of the building, without any prospect but the bare walls of their prison, or ,at the clouds and the sky, through a small strongly-barred window. From the slow nature of a German criminal inquisition, they may be kept for months in this situation, deprived of every relief but a Bible, with the occasional variety of being called up for a secret interrogatory before a criminal judge, confronted with no one, and not knowing who or what has been deposed against them. I have had clever lawyers, in different parts and various states of Germany, confess to me, that frequently the acts, or protocols, are so voluminous—for everything is committed to paper verbatim—and the matter at last so long, that no one knows, or has forgotten all about their contents.

By the latest accounts, too, in the newspapers from Prussia, I see a practice resorted to at Posen, to worm out the secrets of those arrested as belonging to the late alleged conspiracy, which used to be one of the most reprehended expedients of the Inquisition. A director of the inquiry introduces himself into a cell, disguised as a fellow-convict, and ferrets out all particulars from the unsuspicious prisoner. I do not attribute such conduct to the Hanoverian Government; but I certainly fully agree in the opinion, expressed without reserve by the keeper of the Gifthorn gaol, that the imprisonment here was far more severe than in the actual Penitentiaries.

And yet, from the very nature of the circumstances, such imprisonment may often fall upon the innocent. Truly, English criminal jurisprudence is most slovenly: an arraignment, examining witnesses, judge's charge, jury's verdict, and sentence, occupy often, at the Old Bailey or Sessions Houses, not more than ten minutes; yet surely, as justice or punishment is quickly awarded, and quickly over, it is almost preferable to this "hope deferred" almost interminably. This inquisitorial procedure, in which the prisoner is altogether passive, goes on until the inquiring judge has satisfied himself of the innocence or guilt of the party; and, in the latter case, pronounced an adequate sentence, which when confirmed by the Home Secretary, at Hanover (the Minister of Justice), is communicated to the prisoner. His position is now no longer passive, but he becomes, for the first time, an active agent in the proceeding. He may now, if he think proper, engage a lawyer, to whom copies of all the proceedings (Acten) will be furnished, to overturn the sentence, entirely by what is called a *reductio in integrum*, or putting him in his first position; or he may appeal to a higher court: but in both instances he risks an increase of punishment, if subsequently the case may seem to merit it. Another curious provision of the law is, that if the culprit have not entire confidence in his innocence, and looks but for a mitigation of his sentence, he may, at his option, notwithstanding his appeal, demand to enter upon his punishment, and, in that case, any ultimately allotted period dates its commencement from such time.

At Hameln the greatest cleanliness and order pervades the whole establishment, both in the various workshops, principally hand-spinning and weaving, and in the sleeping rooms, each of which is furnished with proper washing utensils, towels, and brushes for daily use. A pair of wooden scales and adjusted weights are also provided in each ward, that the prisoners may satisfy themselves that their allotted portions of provisions, of which lists are hung in each room, are honestly served out to them, and each has his own Bible and hymn book, as the entire participation of a Lutheran congregation in their public service is limited to singing; and with these they attend the chapel within the walls, but as the divisions in this building are not sufficiently strictly parted off, the classification I have mentioned above cannot be accurately enforced, nor did in other arrangements a very rigid observance of it appear. The late benevolent Mrs. Fry and her brother, Mr. Gurney, had visited this prison a short time before my arrival, in a tour made through all the continental penitentiaries, and it would be desirable that her remarks could be given to the public, as a revival of "Howard's Work on Prisons," as no doubt every official information and detailed statistics would have been furnished her by the prison authorities. Such a work would be highly instructive for comparative criminal investigation, and ought not to be withheld.

The next place in Hanover for the punishment of criminals is at Celle. The Zuchthaus in the Vorstadt, or suburbs, is a very large rambling building, extending over a large area inclosing various courts, and built by the states of the province of Lüneburg, about the middle of the last century, for lunatics and convicts. In 1810, there were 173 prisoners and 204 insane patients, with an expenditure of about £8000, and a deficiency of revenue to be made good by the states, of nearly £1000. Subsequently, the lunatics have been removed to a new asylum, formed in the Benedictine monastery of St. Michael's, at Hildesheim, and the buildings having been enlarged, are now capable of containing six hundred inmates, or upwards of one-third females, exclusive of a large wing set apart for prisoners of state, in which was only a solitary individual, implicated in the transactions at the commencement of the present reign, and he, I see from the newspapers, has been subsequently set at liberty, upon condition of expatriating himself, and has been furnished by the Government with funds to proceed to America, which have been much increased by collections amongst his friends. The walls of the inclosure do not admit of such an unobstructed view as at Hameln, but from the back windows will be a good view of the railroad from Hanover to Harburg, which passes the Aller over a new bridge, a little on the west, and it was curious to see, at such a distance from Britain, the wisps of straw upon long poles, marking the direction, and boards with the sights for the levels, and the timber trees intersecting the straight line cut down, and all other symptoms of railroad activity *tout comme chez nous*.

Upon introducing myself I found in the governor, Major von Franck, a highly polished veteran, who had been some time stationed at Ipswich, when with the German Legion in England, and who kindly volunteered himself to conduct me round the establishment. Not having been built like the prison at Hameln, expressly for its present purpose, the classification did not appear to me to be so capable of being adhered to as even there. Male and female prisoners were working indiscriminately in some of the apartments, in what appeared a new species of prison labour, in sewing kid gloves, sent in ready cut, on contract, by a firm in Hanover. The glove, whilst being sewed, is held fast by a neat kind of brass vice which the operator can readily unfix and close again upon any portion of his work. The clothing, both of males and females, is a blue kind of linen, spun, woven, and dyed in the house. I cannot say but that for both sexes it made rather a slovenly garment. As there is want of sufficient yardroom to give the prisoners airing at one and the same time, the different wards come down at different times, about forty-five minutes, twice a day. The dietary is the same as at Hameln, and I was conducted into the spacious kitchen where I saw it preparing, and tasted it and the bread, and both, of their kind, were extremely good, I believe; for though I have overcome my repugnance to many peculiar dishes of German cookery (sauerkraut amongst the number), I never could bring myself, even with greatest hunger, to relish black rye bread (pumpernickel), the common food of the country for rich and poor. I could, therefore, scarcely form an opinion on the bread, except by the eye, and then it looked wholesome and finer than some I have seen at respectable tables. The hospital is airy and very cleanly and occupied by its full *quota* of patients, by all of whom, when inquiring after their healths, the governor was received with a very great degree of affectionate and respectful regard, the evident result of care and kindness bestowed upon their individual cases. Too many, in

most cases, sleep in one room. I calculated in one ward about fifty beds, each with its indispensable requisite of a heavy upper feather bed; and in the adjoining ward, separated only by the common work-room, about as many females. In a new wing, about thirty separate sleeping cells have been erected, and the different prisoners considered it a privilege to occupy them. The chapel is very spacious, occupying the whole of the centre front of the main building, and in it the classification is more strictly adhered to, so that the various grades cannot get sight of each other. The sentences were various, none, I believe, under two years, and many immured for life; some whose occupations had previously been sedentary, where kept at the pen, copying, like our law-stationers, for the various advocates in the town, of which there is no lack, as the Supreme Court of appeal from all the other inferior tribunals is located at Celle, in a very handsome edifice just completed.

As I did not visit Stade this trip, and as the prison there is merely what I before stated, a degree below Lüneburg in severity, I shall proceed to set down my own observations concerning the latter.

The route from Hamburg to Lüneburg may be made by either of two ways: by the Mechlenburg steamboat that runs to Boitzenburg, you can land at Artleburg, or by the Hanoverian boat direct to the Hoop. From both places omnibuses run to Lüneburg, making the entire journey in about five hours. I took the latter, wishing to pass the village and chapter of Bardowick—once the principal town of the Bardegau and of the Longobardi, till they went southward to occupy Lombardy and destroy the Roman Empire, but still more famous for the terrible example statuated against it by Henry the Lion, son-in-law of our Henry II, who, 1180, entirely destroyed every building by fire for an unseeming insult, leaving nothing on the spot but a rampant lion carved in stone, still remaining with the terribly emphatic inscription, "Vestigia Leonis." Lübeck and Lüneburg are the only two towns in the north of Germany interesting for their relics of antiquity or art. The latter has its quaint Rathhaus and various churches; the "Ritter-academie" and its library; the Saline or Saltworks and the Kalckberg; it is adjoining to the last that the Strafanstalt has been newly rebuilt in a very substantial manner, with accommodation for about one hundred and eighty convicts and the necessary warders and governor, inclosed in a large area, which is, however, completely overlooked by the Kalckberg, to which every one has access. It contained, when I visited it, about one hundred and twenty convicts of the worst class; many or most condemned for life—none for less than ten years—of all ages, from eighteen upwards. They all wear a heavy shackle on the left leg, and some who had attempted an escape were heavily double-ironed. All are dressed alike in a species of coarse linen jackets, caps, and breeches. They are taken under the escort of numerous warders armed with loaded blunderbusses to work at the adjoining Kalckberg at daybreak, and kept digging, or blasting, or barrowing the plaster rock, or carrying it to the kilns, where it is burnt into the lime so much esteemed by the Continental builders under the name of Lüneburg Kalck. They are brought back at eleven for the dinner hour, and when they return for the afternoon, must work till sunset, for, as the place is quite unenclosed and open, it is not safe to keep them longer even in winter. They are then included in a long ward well lighted till nine in the evening; at that hour they are locked up each in a separate cell opening from the same ward, and one row ranging above another, so that the sleeping cells are only half the height of the day room, and the doors of all these cells are secured by the contrivance of a single long bolt or bar of iron, perhaps one hundred and twenty feet long, worked from outside the ward, which can be there secured by a single lock, the key of which is given afterwards into the possession of the governor or head turnkey. Upon the principle, I suppose, that in this lowest depth there is no deeper still, classification is not attempted; the only difference is that those unalterably condemned for life have trifling privileges of allowances for snuff, &c. The cleanliness enforced is very gratifying; the hospital is extremely airy, and there is a large chapel, and very vigorous cells for the refractory and disorderly. The dietary was much the same as at the other prisons. The grade of crime was various: arson, robbery, perversion of trust, or government funds, and even murder. Some had previously moved in the higher grades of life—a Graf or Count was mentioned as in the worst gang. Formerly it was customary here and at the other Strafhäuser to hire out the convicts to work for private individuals under custody of a guard, but this custom is now very properly abolished.

Every traveller ardently imbued with the love of his own country, naturally looks upon all the varied scenes he passes through only in reference to his own Fatherland, anxious to turn every species of information to her benefit; as such, the comparison naturally forced itself, between these Penitentiaries and our own system of penal colonies, on myself. The subject may be viewed in a twofold light; firstly, as regards the state; secondly, as regards the convicts themselves. Now as regards the former, the comparison is decidedly in favour of the British system, in the formation of new and important colonies, extending the wealth of the country and the limits of the empire, as far as the bounds of the habitable globe admit. We see by the latest accounts from Sydney, that province alone exporting, in 1844, home produce, principally raw material beyond £1,200,000 in value, and twenty per cent. more than its imports (vide *Times* 19th December, of last year), independently of the resources of Van Diemen's Land, South Australia, or of Swan River, all settled considerably within half a century: or they form strong and important barriers for our detached possessions,—witness the Bahama islands, now sufficiently strong to shield the West Indies from American aggression, or Aden, formed by the labour of East Indian convicts an eastern Gibraltar.

The second question as regards the convicts themselves is more complicated, and the answer would much depend upon correct views of the end and nature of punishments. The subject is, however, too diffuse for the present letter; perhaps I may go into it further at another opportunity. I can only say, at present, that as an example working on the rest of the population, the keeping criminals in chains and at forced labour

produces no good effect by salutary terror to the spectators: rather the contrary, as the convicts in a short time become accustomed to their degradation, and bear it in an easy, even cheerful manner, or with bravado—*Quicquid ignotum pro mirifico.* The Latin motto holds good here, and the ideas conjured up of a punishment indefinitely severe and at a distance little understood, may be more dreadful than the sight of its actual infliction and reality.

At various other periods of my peregrinations through Germany I saw similar establishments; at Rendsburg and Glückstadt, for Schleswig Holstein; at Copenhagen, for Denmark Proper; at Güsstrow, for Mecklenburg; at Halle and Spandau, for parts of Prussia; at Halle, in particular, the building of a very enlarged and magnificent structure was scarcely completed. I saw also the Saxon Penitentiary at Waldheim, and was particularly questioned by the intelligent governor as to our new model prison at Kentish Town; but, having left England before its completion, I regretted not to be able to give him any particulars concerning it. I saw also, but merely *en passant*, the Bavarian prison in the fine suppressed convent at Kaisheim near Donauwörth, and the Maison Central de Detention, at Melun on the Seine; but as the present epistle has already exceeded all bounds, I must conclude.

THE ROYALIST.

One of the characters which history is proud to record, and fiction loves to imitate, is that Lady Alice, who, when Charles II., after his defeat, was tracked by his pursuers to her house, sent forth her son and her servants to make good, at the cost of their lives, one hour's respite for his Majesty's escape; and who, when she saw her child brought home a prisoner, and mortally wounded, could yet read in his expiring glance the safety of their rescued king.

Lord Mahon's History of England, vol. iii. p. 404.

'Twas after Worcester's fatal field
(Foul blot upon our fame),
That England's king sought Castle Vere,
Brief refuge there to claim;
But noon the heavy tidings brought
The King his flight must speed;
Then rose weak woman's loyal heart,
To aid him in his need.

"Full thirty well-tried hands we 've got,
Edward, my boy! so young!
Yet fight as thy brave father fought;—
Go then—go lead them on."
"Now, pardon," said the Seneschal,
"Risk not my young lord's life;
Oh, give my son my young lord's plume,
Let him now lead the strife."

Then rose young Edward in hot haste,
"Sirrah! what speak ye here?
Am not I, then, my father's son?
Am I not, then, a Vere?
Go, saddle now black Saracen,
And bring him for His Grace;
And call our men, for I will keep
Meanwhile Dart Bridge a space."

And as he spoke the ladye heard
His words with pride and joy,
Though once the mother's heart filled full,
And she turned her from her boy.
He to his side his father's blade
With eager hand girt on;
From his young brow the casque he raised
"Mother, now bless thy son."

Then spoke the King, as on bent knee
The stripling kissed his hand—
"Young warrior, by thy loyalty,
Be not foremost of thy band.
Nay—nay, less for that ladye pale
Than for thy king, I fear;
Ill could the friendless Stuart bear
The loss of one De Vere."

"Oh, speed thee, father, kind and good,
To the eastern turret stair;
Thou 'lt see all Dartby Heath, father,
And, perchance, the fight, from there.
I cannot trust my aching heart
To watch our little band;
Oh, may the God of Battles now
Give strength to his young hand!"

"Now speed we on, my merrie men,
Speed on, good hearts and true;
Dart Bridge we 'll easy keep a space
Against the rebel crew.
And good old Roger, think no more,
Prithee, of my hot tongue—
Why look ye grave? ere night thou 'lt see
De Vere's first laurels won."

"Ride they full fast, good Father Hugh?
Pass they the Wizard's tree?
And tell me of my boy, Father,
He bears him proud and free?"
"Ladye, right proud his bearing high,
Now the low moor they gain;
May Heaven have mercy upon all
Who will ere night be slain!"

"Now speed we on, my merrie men,
Speed on, stout hearts and brave,
Bethink ye now, my merrie men,
We go our King to save.
And see ye now the Roundhead knaves,
As o'er the hill they ride;
We'll keep Dart Bridge a loyal space,
Let weal or woe betide."

"How fares it with my boy, Father—
Dost see his glittering casque?
Once more to see his young bright face,
Great Heaven! is all I ask."

"He bears him bravely yet, ladye,
He leads his little band;
Old Roger and stout Moreton guard
Their Lord on either hand."

"Now fight we on my merrie men,
For king and native land;
They 're giving way! 'gainst loyal hearts
False rebels dare not stand.
'Tis nothing, Roger, mind me not—
A scratch, ye need not fear—
We 'll keep Dart Bridge still yet a space;
Ho! who 's first now with De Vere."

"Thou giv'st no tidings of the fight,
Ask thee I do not dare."
"Go to the chapel, kneel and pray,
Peace thou has oft found there;
Go pray for strength in hour of need,
Thou needest patience now;
They 're gaining ground—great heaven! he 's [down!
False traitor! spare the boy!"

Lowly she kneels before the Cross,
Her hands in anguish clasp't;
Speechless she kneels, and bows her head,
Big tears are falling fast;
"Oh, breaking heart, be still," she said,
"This is no time for tears;
I will be still, they soon must pass—
These hours that seem like years.

"Oh, God of mercy! hear my prayer,
Watch over, guard my son;
Give me to see him once again—
My boy—my only one.
Not only mine! my gallant boy,
His country needs him sore;
Oh, what must be the bliss of Heaven,
Where war is learnt no more!"

The sun had set, when all who left
That loyal castle's door
Return again, save the stark and stiff,
Who sleep on Dartby Moor.
They bring him to his father's hall,
His banner for his bier;
With riven casque and bloody brand—
The last young Lord de Vere.

The lady stood beside her boy,
On her young warrior gazed,
Held water to his eager lips,
Curls from his brow she raised;
She tried to stay the crimson tide,
Vainly he strove to speak,
For at each gasp the blood gushed forth,
More deathlike grew his cheek.

She knelt beside him—on her breast
Pillowed his dying head;
He gazed into her calm deep eye,
"Saved—mother—saved!" he said.
One last smile on the young fair face,
"Mercy, oh, Heaven!" he sighed,
"If I forgot Thee in the fight,
Forget not me," and died.

M. E. G.

LEAVES FROM AN OXFORD PORTFOLIO.

LEAF IV.

Up the Cherwell to Islip.

The First Examination was nearing us. True, it was but "Smalls," but the very schoolboy work of it, as I before said, made it the more distasteful to men of more mature age, like Hilton and myself, who had managed to long ago forget all the elements which had been laboriously instilled into our head. Your school-masters are your true Danaides; always wearily pouring learning into vessels full of holes; heads that are anything but verb-tight, and warranted porous for "dates." "My dear fellow," remarked Cobb, while lying on three of my chairs, engaged in sewing up the sleeves of Hilton's gown,—"you and Hilton tried to learn at school, and failed, at least you forgot all you had learnt,—that I call poor and shabby. Now *I* made it a rule never even to *try* to learn, and succeeded in carrying out my rule. That I call principle. And true principle I always respect."

"I 'll trouble you," remarked Hilton, who had entered unperceived, and grasped Cobb by the nape of the neck,—"to unpick that gown!"

"Certainly, my dear fellow, I had just finished sewing it, and had 'nt anything to do. I was almost afraid I must have begun to read for 'Smalls.'"

Hilton had come to tempt me out. Grave was he in deportment, weighty in manner. "We are going," he said,—"Ah!!" with a leap from his seat, "I beg your pardon, my dear fellow, but my needle is so blunt, and in a moment of enthusiasm,—I knew you had been taking steel,—I tried to see if you would act like Emery. *Good*-bye, my dear fellow," alertly leaping into the passage, out of the reach of Hilton's arm. "You can't *always* have me, you know, but I'm coming back soon. Do n't trouble to shut the door. Oh, thank you, I *had* forgotten it," as Hilton hurled "Wordsworth's Greek Grammar" after him. "I 'll trouble you for that book," to a Freshman who had received it in his chest, as he came up the staircase. "It's mine. It does n't *always* fly at freshmen, but it's hot, and near examination time. What? 'Pick it up myself?' Curious! The very thing I was about to do, when I saw *you* would n't." Cobb having gone clear off, as we perceived by his voice in the Quad, singing "Rosa Lee," Hilton resumed his seat and his speech. "Shut up those books, and come to Islip. It's far too hot to read; and your sister asked me to make you come out. Ridgely, your brother of John's, Cripp, Joy, and Wilson are going, at any rate; we shall go in pairs, skiffs, and canoes." I grumbled, but the rest of the party broke into my room in search of us both. Joy persuasively appealed, Ridgely smote me on the back, and shut up my books. Anything for a quiet life. I would go.

So we soon were striding along, in flannels and straw hats, careless of the schools for one day at least. Pleasant and genial it was, to be marching on, in those old Oxford days; a sort of salad of different dispositions and tastes and character, each, by his peculiar item of difference, giving zest to the whole. Hilton, long-whiskered and sedate; Ridgely, broad shouldered,

lazy, good-natured and content; Cripp, solemn, almost grim at times, short, stout, with a complexion like bad paste; Joy, pale, thin, ready for any adventure, or for any discussion which might arise, alike eager in jest or in earnest; my brother of "John's,"—since that time he has walked with me about my Parish, and I, rejoicing in my glorious present work, with its duties and encouragements, have yet loved to talk with him over the old Oxford days we spent together. Scattered are we now, the old band, like the beads of a broken necklace. Yet, at any moment, ready to cluster again quite naturally, on the old Dark Blue string!

While I have been digressing, we have advanced, in a band. Vainly have I tried to persuade attention to St. Mary's Spire; the Tower plain and simple, but bursting into stone foliage in the Spire, half sunlit now, and casting the shadow of its pinnacles at the feet of the mellow, old, niched saints, among whom the doves are so busy,—"white doves,"

> "—Sunrosed, that, open-winged, glide down,
> And, lighting, bow, and turn, and bend, and coo,
> And, pausing, sun them, on the patient heads
> Of quiet warm-hued, deep-draped saints of stone,
> So clear, yet mellow, 'gainst the summer blue."

Ridgely only says, "O, bother!" and drags me on. Across the High,—down the passage past St. Mary's Hall, and on by grave old Merton, with its brown fretted Tower,—across the broad walk, round Christ Church meadows, where we join other parties, quartetts, duetts, solos, wending to the same point of attraction; past the string of barges, till we enter the one we seek. Then I find myself, ere long, in a canoe, packed tight, in small compass, with black paddles, next best to being a duck, and around me a motley fleet of other boats and canoes. And so off we go.

Round the curve into the rapid stream of the Cherwell, under a hoary senate of grey, gnarled birch trees,—with a zigzag course, like rain drops on the window, past the sharp corners and sudden bends; Freshmen, emulous of eight's cox'ns on the big river, cry "Look ahead, SIR!" to impassive pairs and obdurate punts. Ridgely occupies his time by making diluted "bumps" with the pigmy canoes, which, anyhow, require a neat balance to keep right side upward; a position which seems the more desirable to the kernel, for the time being, of the little filbert shell. We coast the shelving green of the Botanical Gardens, and dart, like flies, into the open eye of Magdalene Bridge. Not to stay there; before us lies an island, round which runs Magdalene walk, and within which the live grass runs wild, in the summer evening breezes, guarded and kept in by the fence of trees. They bend over us, the trees of the walk, and pleasant it is to glide under their shadow; and, at times pausing, listen to the "light drip of the suspended oar." Punts lie moored under the boughs, close to the bank, and listless men, soft cushions, and bottled cider strew the decks. What care they for examinations in this hot summer time? The curling water ripples by them, and the great sun, smiting at them through the branches, has his weapon shivered by their ward, strewn all about them, here in a patch, there in a glimmer; beyond, a bright sheeted glare seems to watch on their flank, and meditate a dash in among them. Treble and bass, shadow and light, tremble and glimmer around them, and surpass Mendlessohn, weaving Songs without sound, as well as without Words. Summer does not want for music, though the Blackbird has ceased his fluting, and the Thrush his clear carol, and the Blackcap his springing stream of song, and the quiet Robins wait silent, till

> "Autumn, laying here and there
> A fiery finger on the leaves,"

gives the word for their scattered requiem over the loosening foliage.

Well, while I have waited under the shadows, the fleet has shot ahead, and I must press on. The stream branches from the walk, and curves away under higher banks, until we come to a halt against a barrier, which banks up the wider stream above us. Here we disembark, recruit with tepid bottled beer, and soft hard-biscuits, while our vessels are drawn up a groove made for the purpose, into the broad brimming sleepy water above. We curve the smooth silver surface into dark lazy wrinkles, as we glide away from the bank, and scatter the wide shimmer into jagged gleams. Here are no trees; only a Maybush tufting the bank here and there, and an invading army of flags, that, Cæsar-like, have plunged, sword in hand, into the water. And among them I see reared the beautiful umbelled flowering rush, "Butomus Umbellicus," a fair standard for an army, while the golden flag-flowers flash bright, for the gilded eagles. The army is motionless, though, and the swords threaten not, only a washing ripple bends, or an unfelt air trembles them; and Joy runs the beak of his canoe into their array, and discovers a moor-hen's nest, with warm brown eggs.

This is the luxury of motion, to glide with lazy paddle over the silver sheet, that brims right up, level with the meadows that lie on either hand. Deep are these in grass and wild flowers, ready for the scythe now, and breathing softly sweet breath about the stream. At times the smooth water is paved with broad brown water-lily leaves, and among them the pure white of the gold centred lily cup, opens wide, and stars the stream with its rayed petals; or just shows a peep of their white—green tinged on the under-side—through the bronze of the calyx. We love to glide through them, and part the brown leaves, and make a movement in the ivory Temples. We love to see the seminaries of blue Forget-me-nots, that edge the water, in turquoise sheets, and the light crimson that garlands a rosebush, as it straggles from the bank, and dips into the stream.

But Ridgely justly remarks, "I say, old fellow, if we don't move ahead a bit faster, we shan't get to Islip this afternoon. So on we go, with a will, nor pause till our 'bark is on the shore.'"

"Glad to see you, old fellows," remarked Cobb, who awaited us on the bank. "I've been waiting ever so long for your arrival. You see, I thought I'd give you a pleasant surprise, and I drove over, with Springton's other brother, who wouldn't go with you scamps, but couldn't resist my persuasion. There he is, as large as life, or a little larger, rather over a furlong, I should say. I advised him to get his legs boned, and wind 'em on a reel, so as to go snugly into my little trap. But he's a victim to Prejudice and early education,—and here

he is, legs and all. My dear fellow," (to my brother,) "you should try mild measures first, you should have spoken kindly to me, you should have remonstrated, you should only 'double up your perambulators,' and not your college friends."

There was not much to be seen or done in Islip. I went over the church, and through the village, and then repaired to the Inn. We had business to do there. The expedition itself was the final end of its being undertaken. But after seven miles up the stream, a hot dish of country rashers and eggs is not an unacceptable recruiter, flanked by some good home-brewed. The windows were wide open, and the room cool. So we sat a while and chatted, and wondered where, a few years hence, the members of our social band would be found. Cobb's account of his mode of employing the time of his waiting for us increased our estimate of that strange being's eccentricities.

"Springton wanted to walk about,—I, to sit still. He left me, and I found just the place I wanted, a summer house, on a pretty little lawn. The family had forgotten to leave the key in the gate; so, not wishing to ring and trouble them, I got over, put up my legs, and lit a weed. Presently up comes some old woman-kind, with 'What are you a-doing of here?' The answer to the question was so obvious, that I merely curled two little wreaths of smoke out of my nostrils, and another from my mouth. As she continued pressing in her inquiries, and one answer seemed as suitable as another, I leant on one arm, and with some energy went through the 5th Prop. of Euclid. 'That's gibberish,' remarked my questioner. I quite agreed, but the Examiners *will* have it, and it was good practise. So I began another. She went off, in high dudgeon, and presently a gardener appeared, and firmly, but respectfully, remonstrated. So I went."

"But what arguments," said I, "did he use?"

"Why, you see, he took me by the back of the neck, and kicked me out of the gate. But he quite knew his place, and kept behind me all the way. I told him, I dared say that was the custom of the villagers, when they wanted to honour a guest, and that when he came to Oxford, we would try and be equally polite. He was over six feet, you know, and I dare say very well meaning. The only account he had had of me was a vague one, given in a shrill tone by aforesaid old woman. 'There's a young Jackanapes, a-sittin in the summer-ouse, that smoked out of his highs and hears when I spoke to him, and jabbered Ebrew-greek.'"

Well, our siesta broke up, and homewards we went. Ridgely succeeded in upsetting Joy, and my brother went in after him, but, as they could both swim, there was not much harm done. The sun sank, the rose-hue died from the rippled cloudlets, the thin clear moon grew sharp in the deepening sky, as we passed under the trees again. Not much of adventure had transpired, but a good deal of fresh enjoyment, and I love to pass in review before me the back-ground and the fore-ground of the Oxford days; the companions that are there no more, and the sweet summer fields, and gliding rivers, and sleeping lilies, that abide there still. Those who have the like associations will not grumble to have accompanied me; those who have not, must not grudge to have been beguiled into an afternoon's glide, between the meadows, and under the trees, away from London smoke, in an Oxford canoe.

V. I. R.

THE MYSTERIOUS BEAUTY.

A PARIS chronicler, writing of the opera ball in that capital of the fashionable world, says:—We have been told that intrigue was dead, but it has come to life again recently, and in a singular fashion. The occurrence we are about to relate is not old, and we believe we are doing a service to the public in making it known.

One of our young friends, who has a good fortune and enviable position in society, attended an opera ball for the first time, without any definite object, prompted merely by curiosity, idleness, and that indefinable feeling which impels us toward anything unknown and mysterious. At the entrance of the green-room, where the crowd was the thickest, the button of his coat became entangled in the lace of a domino so intricately that it was necessary to tear the frail texture in order to release it. The wearer of the lace gave her assistance very graciously, and took the accident in a lofty style, like one to whom the injury was a matter of entire indifference.

The young man was already weary of the ball; the intelligence the lady had displayed in the few words they had exchanged interested him. He offered her his arm—she accepted it with a nonchalance rather unpromising for the future of the adventure. When they had succeeded in releasing themselves from the crowd, he proposed that they should take a seat, not in a box, but in some part of the green-room, where they would not attract attention. She assented with the same carelessness, and he no longer doubted that he was in the company of some disdainful belle. The lady was tall, slender, and admirably dressed; her domino of black satin, her *camail* trimmed with exquisite lace, and tightly closed, her mask also of satin with thick *barbe*, which did not permit a single hair to be seen, nor allow the curious to divine even the colour of her skin; her irreproachable white gloves, a little foot clad in a black open-work silk stocking and black satin slipper—everything about her, in short, indicated the woman of good society, such as are not always to be found in these assemblies.

The conversation began with commonplaces; the domino seemed to wish to test her chevalier. Suddenly she changed her style, and our friend was astonished to hear himself called by name. He was not disposed to deny it—it would have been useless, indeed, as the lady knew it by heart. She sketched his character with the hand of a master, told the story of his life, pointed out his faults, and urged him to correct them. Every trace of hesitation or apathy had disappeared; she showed such sagacity, such refinement, such delicacy of feeling and expression, that he was stupified. Handling all subjects, playing all parts with equal ease, she passed in review society, literature, the opera; related a thousand anecdotes, and uttered sparkling witticisms with a grace of attitude and manner quite irresistible. The

young man, dazzled by this brilliancy, could hardly utter a word; he looked, listened, wondered.

"Is it possible that I do not know you—you who know me so well?" he said at length, impatient at his own passiveness.

"You do not know me, I assure you; if one should tell you my name it would sound perfectly strange to you; if I should shew my face, you would see it for the first time."

"Where have you learned, then, what you have told me? Are you a sorceress?"

"Perhaps; or I may have divined what I have told by my knowledge of human nature. Do you fancy yourself the only subject of my study?"

Our friend did not dare to discuss this question, and the domino gave him no time. She changed the subject, opened another chapter, and showed herself under a new face. Never a chameleon changed more quickly, or more to the purpose. He was so engrossed in the conversation, that he did not heed the jests of the passers-by, nor reply to several direct attacks, and when the last of the merry-andrews had retired, he was startled by an intimation from the officials that they were about to close the hall, and that it was necessary to withdraw.

"Already!" exclaimed our friend.

They had been talking for five hours.

"Permit me to conduct you home," he said.

"Impossible."

"Am I not to see you again?"

"I will think about it."

"And will you not tell me who you are? This is cruel. You take possession of me, turn my head, and then abandon me, as a child throws away a toy of which he is weary. I shall not submit to it, I warn you; you forbid me to accompany you, but I will follow you, I will learn who you are, I will force you to avow yourself—to receive me—to love me. After an enchanted evening like this there must not be forgetfulness and indifference between us. Make your decision, and accept my company, if you would not have me impose it upon you."

"You would not do that, I am sure. If you did, I should succeed in evading you. On the contrary, you must leave me free, and give me your word of honour not to seek to know who I am; in that case I will make you two concessions greater than you could have hoped for, though, indeed, I had long since resolved to grant them when you had earned them."

"What are they?"

"I will return next Saturday, and I will give you my portrait. You can look at it when I am no longer near you. Do you consent?"

He made her repeat three times the promise to return, he received from her hand the card-photograph in a sealed and perfumed envelope, and hastened to a gas-light to tear it open. She profited by the moment to disappear. When he raised his eyes she was no longer there. The portrait represented the most beautiful, bewitching creature that one could ever dream of. Our lover remained for some moments stupified by his own happiness. Such a face, and such an intellect! It was hardly to be believed, yet he could not doubt it now. He hastened home like a miser bearing his treasure, tried to sleep, but found it impossible; he gazed at the beautiful face, recalled the five hours passed so quickly, and concluded he could not wait a week to see his unknown—he must, at any price, discover her, and see her again, under penalty of losing his senses.

As soon as it was light and he could present himself with propriety, he went to see three somnambulists and as many fortune-tellers. Each one told him a different story, and sent him in a different direction for the mysterious beauty. This would not do—he must try elsewhere. The card which he had received did not bear, as usual, the name of the photographer, but it must have been done in one of the fashionable establishments. He would visit them all. He went first to that of Nadar. He was too much pre-occupied to observe all the miracles of the *atélier*, one of the wonders of Paris. He could see neither rocks nor cascades, nor works of art, all that the most refined taste can collect in a house like this—the true lover has no eyes but for his mistress. Our friend gave not a look to this art-palace; he drew the card from his pocket, asked the principal if it was his work, and if he could tell the name of the original.

"Monsieur," replied the artist, "if I made this photograph, and did not sign it, as usual, I must have had reasons for abstaining; if I did not make it I ought not to claim the merit of it. You understand me—I cannot reply to your question. As to naming the person you desire to know, it would be still more impossible; we are a sort of father-confessors, and never reveal the secrets that are confided to us. I am unhappy that I cannot oblige you, but a little reflection will convince you that I am obeying my duty."

He received nearly the same answer from Disderi, from Ken, from Dagron, and everywhere else. He returned home in despair, asking himself to what saint in the calendar he should address his vows to discover the mystery. His good star sent him one of his cousins, to whom he related his perplexities. The latter, after long discussion, finding himself unable to help him, introduced him to a gentleman well-known in Paris for his perspicacity and intelligence, which amounts almost to a second-sight for the intellect, while his kindness is a second-sight for the heart. He heard the story, examined the picture, and uttered his oracle—

"Go to-morrow to the *rendezvous*, and as soon as you shall see your domino, say, 'It pleases me. I am enchanted with it; present me.'"

This was another enigma; in vain the lover asked an explanation.

"I will be at the ball," was the only reply. "I will wait for you at three o'clock, in box No. 20; come there, tell me the effect you have produced, and you shall know all."

It was necessary to be content with this. Saturday came slowly—but it came. The impatient one was at his post, replying by monosyllables to a sultana, who persecuted him with compliments. The domino appeared, he recognised her immediately, and disengaging himself somewhat brusquely from his odalisque, he seized the hand of the unknown and led her aside, with a palpitating heart. He forgot the enigmatical phrase; it only occurred to him when she announced her intention of retiring early. He hoped to retain her by this "open sesame." He repeated it. The lady could not

restrain a movement of surprise, and kept silent for a few moments.

"I do not comprehend you," she said, with a troubled voice.

"You seem, on the contrary, to comprehend me admirably; much better," he muttered inwardly, "than I comprehend myself. What do you reply?"

The answer was embarrassed—laboured; it rendered matters more obscure, instead of enlightening them, and soon after, in a place where the compact crowd permitted individuals hardly to be distinguished, the lady wound suddenly, like a hare, through the groups, and disappeared. Of course our friend was eager to have the key of all this. He hastened to box No. 20, related to the *sage* his disappointment, and begged him to conceal nothing, if he would not drive him insane.

"My dear young friend," replied his counsellor, "you see that I was not mistaken, and you shall now comprehend my meaning. This woman who has captivated you is neither more nor less than a marriage-broker. She wishes to unite a poor young girl to a rich young man; she has intellect, the girl has beauty. She commences the fascination with her intellect, under a mask—the face will finish the work; but the aid of love you could be blinded to the deception till it was too late for a remedy. That is the whole mystery. I suspected it when you repeated the conversation; no girl of sixteen, such as that picture represents, could have the skill and knowledge of the world of your siren. I advised you to apply the test, and it succeeded. You cannot imagine what these elderly women of the world, disappointed as to matrimony, are capable of. When I made my *début* in society, a certain Italian countess gained her living by two doubtful Titians and an apocryphal Raphael. She lay in wait for English and Italian amateurs, intimating to them that she had three remarkable pictures for sale. They hastened to see them. She received them with the most charming manners, showed them the pictures by an indistinct light, then introduced them to some magnificent creature, who looked her part as well as the countess played hers. This often failed, or had a result different from her intention; but if it succeeded twice or thrice, it secured her a subsistence. Your domino belongs to this school. Be assured of that, and thank Heaven that your eyes are opened before it is too late."

We have thought it best to unmask this new method of getting an honest livelihood, to warn prospective victims against such snares. It is very disagreeable to a worthy man to find that he has married only a pretty fool, when he fancied he had got both beauty and intellect.

PREACHING AND FIGHTING.

THE army which, under Cromwell and his generals, defeated the gay and graceless cavaliers of Charles, and for a time drove away the Stuart race, was, as all our readers know well, a religious army. It consisted of men who had turned soldiers quite as much for religious as civil liberty; and, when not engaged in fighting, nothing pleased them better than quoting Scripture, and cracking theological nuts. "The officers of this army," says Sprigge, chaplain to Gen. Fairfax, in his "Angliæ-Rediviva," "were such as knew little more of war than our own unhappy wars had taught them, except some few. Indeed I may say this, they were better Christians than soldiers, wiser in faith than in fighting, and could believe a victory sooner than contrive it; yet were they as wise in soldiery as the little time and experience they had could make them. Many of the officers, with their men, were much engaged in prayer and reading the Scriptures—an exercise that soldiers, till of late, have used but little—and thus they went on and prospered. Men conquer better as they are saints than soldiers, and in the countries where they came they left something of God as well as of Cæsar behind them; something of piety as well as pay. The army was, what by example and justice, kept in good order, both in respect of itself and the country; nor was it their pay, for had they not had more civility than money, things had not been so fairly managed. There were many of them differing in opinion, yet not in action, or in business; they all agreed to preserve the kingdom; they prospered more in their amity than uniformity. Whatever their opinions were they plundered none with them, they betrayed none with them, nor disobeyed the state with them, and they were more visibly pious and peaceable in their opinions than those we call more orthodox." Richard Baxter, who was more hard to please, and was always pining for a Church and State—impossible in his day, and, we imagine, equally impossible in our own—gives us a somewhat different view. He spent a couple of years with the Commonwealth army, chiefly as chaplain to Whalley's regiment. Poor Richard had but a hard time of it with them, and his account of them is evidently drawn up under the influence of strong feeling, arising probably from the disappointment he experienced in his attempts to cool down their ardour, and reconcile their theological quarrels. He tells us—"I set myself, from day to day, to find out the conception of the soldiers, and to discourse and dispute them out of their mistakes, both religious and political. My life among them was a daily contending against seducers, and gently arguing with the more tractable; but another kind of warfare I had than theirs. I found that many honest men of weak judgments, and little acquaintance with such matters, had been seduced into a disputing vein, and made it too much of their religion to talk for this opinion and for that; sometimes for state democracy, and sometimes for church democracy; sometimes against forms of prayer, and sometimes against infant baptism, which yet some of them did maintain; sometimes against set times of prayer, and against the tying of ourselves to any duty before the spirit moves us, and sometimes about free grace, and free will, and all the points of Antinomianism and Arminianism. So that I was almost always, when I had opportunity, disputing with one or other of them, sometimes for our civil government, and sometimes for church order and government; sometimes for infant baptism, and oft against Antinomianism, and the contrary extreme. But their most frequent and vehement disputes were for liberty of conscience, as they called it, that is,



PREACHING AND FIGHTING.



that the civil magistrate had nothing to do to determine anything in matters of religion by constraint or restraint, but every man might not only hold, but preach, and do in matters of religion what he pleased; that the civil magistrate had nothing to do but with civil things, to keep the peace, protect the church's liberties, &c."

Such was camp life in 1642. Religious disputations and preaching was the order of the day. Our artist has given us a scene of the kind. Baxter was in his element in such scenes, for of all men he most loved an argument, religious or metaphysical, and those soldiers around him were not the worse at fighting because they were rather fonder of preaching and praying than is the fashion with soldiers now-a-days. Depend upon it, did they get but a glimpse of the foe, they would charge as bravely as at Edgehill, or Naseby, or Marston Moor.

ADEN POWER; OR, THE COST OF A SCHEME.

BY FAIRLEIGH OWEN.

[*Continued from p.* 251.]

CHAPTER VI.

THE TIDE TURNS.

MERYTVALE was a pretty place; and, unlike many as sweet spots, did not shut itself up in high walls and thorny fences, reserving all its sweetness for the exclusive enjoyment of its possessors. With its smooth lawn, well-kept flower-beds, and plentiful evergreens, with here and there a rustic arbour, grotto, and coolly-plashing fountain, it was a boon to the eyes of every wayfarer, many a time and oft pausing to drink in all the beauty of the scene, and going on his way refreshed and gladdened by the rustic quietude of the nest-like abode.

It was a long walk from the village street where Mary lived—further than she had thought, and she arrived very tired at her destination, though still a full half-hour before the time appointed, such was her anxiety to please her new patrons.

The house lay a good distance back in the grounds, but a glimpse of it was caught here and there between the plentiful shrubbery, through which wound the circuitous path, by which a knowing skill had deceived one into the belief that the grounds and gardens were of three times their real extent.

Pleasantly situated, too, it was. From the top windows a good view of the sea was obtained, and on this quiet evening, as she stood within the gates admiring the well-kept little demesne, the never-ceasing voice of the sleepless waters came softened from below.

"How beautiful! how sweetly quiet! how clean and lovely!" said Mary to herself, now and again pausing to rest her basket, and looking round with eyes that took a more than ordinary pleasure in this unaccustomed glimpse of the combined beauties of art and nature; for, hardly nurtured as she had been, mingled as were most of her recollections with the squalid and unlovely, there was in her nature an innate admiration for the pure and beautiful—a spice of that longing after the unswaddled reality of the true life, which the world is apt to christen "romance."

Thus she had made her election of the penniless, but young and honest soldier, who loved her, while rejecting an old and well-to-do admirer, the agent, in fact, of the rich miser who owned the wretched dwellings where she and her mother lived, and who paid a weekly visit to the miserable inhabitants, duly empowered to extort by any means the pittance due for rent.

The indulgence purchased for Dame Lucas on more than one occasion was so evidently attributable to her pretty daughter's influence, that great expectations had been built thereon; but the girl failed to enter into them, and—though I will by no means exonerate her from the suspicion of a little coquetry at the expense of the hard-visaged Corydon—she was nowise inclined to be the subject of a bargain, and by her unannounced elopement with the poor foot soldier she incurred the heavy wrath of her mother, augmented by the fact that all arrears of rent were demanded, and payment summarily enforced by the discomfited agent.

But the dream had been very brief; happy they had been, for through all the toils and privations she had shared with her brave soldier not a wry word, not the shadow of an ill-feeling, misunderstanding, nor complaint had arisen; and when he fell at last gallantly in the thick of the fight, with his feet to the foe, she was at his side to receive the last breath that spoke her name, that blessed her and the child he was never to see. Well, well, it is time she had done thinking of all this, we cannot weep ever for the dead, and Merytvale does not in the least resemble the field of battle.

"I don't know why I should think of him, I'm sure," she says, wiping her eyes. "Dear Jack! ah! if he had but lived!—oh, how sweetly quiet it is, and the sea, too! Oh, my goodness! what will the ladies think? my eyes all red!" With a sigh the widow took up her fragile burden, and went on.

At a sudden turn in the path she came upon the small lawn in front of the windows, facing the south—the back of the house was towards the road.

A gardener, amusing himself in a thicket of laurels, stood up, and looked at her as she passed; a nurse was leisurely knitting under the shade of an ash, an infant sleeping on her lap; further on a child of some two years was playing under the charge of a young female in a sad-coloured dress, governess or upper nurse.

"Oh, dear! how easy they all take it," sighed the young widow; "it would be a blessing to be a servant even in such a delightful place."

Again her eyes filled with tears, but she hastily wiped them away, and was about inquiring of a passing domestic by which door she should enter, when a voice cried out—

"I do declare here's that dear soul with the things!"

The next moment, from a long French window sprang the young lady who had visited her in the morning.

She had, apparently, just returned from riding, for she wore a habit and jacket, with bright buttons, which, at the upper part, disclosed a plaited shirt front and tie, *à la* Byron, and the skirt, drawn down through her belt for ease in walking, left to view considerable of certain under garments, in fashion, texture, and make, entrenching most decidedly upon the prerogative of the other sex, and, judging by the portion of the boots which were

thence visible, there should be an article which hitherto we have failed to meet with in our bootmakers' catalogues, viz. "female Wellingtons." Her hair was twisted and knotted completely out of sight, under a velvet cap with long drooping tassel; in her gauntletted hand she carried a riding-whip, with which, in the heat of argument or energy of description, she switched her boot, or what should have been skirts.

Altogether, had not Mary recognised the voice in which she was greeted, she would, in the uncertain light, have taken the figure which so suddenly appeared for that of a very young gentleman impressed with a profound notion of his own charms, and intent on making the most of them.

"Now you *are* a good creature," the voluble young lady repeated, urging Mary towards the window by which she had herself emerged; "so different to most of those horrid people one gives an order to, keeping one waiting ever so long. Come in."

She went on, entering first, and beckoning Mary, who paused to look for some means of wiping the dust from her shoes.

"Come on! never mind—never mind!" cried the impatient lady; "Linda, here, here is the milliner with the hats and things; open your eyes—wake up!"

"I wish you would not make such a noise, Claude; I am not asleep at all, you know it," said a very sweet voice, and a figure half rose from a couch at the opposite side of the room. Mary recognised the lady who had waited in the pony chaise before her window that morning.

"Pray come this way, my good girl," she added in a very condescending tone, and the widow obeyed, thinking, as she did so, that her eyes had never before beheld so exquisite a piece of finished beauty and softness.

She was dressed in a loose robe of some fleecy cloud-like material, sky-blue, and trimmed with rich lace and needlework. Her brilliant complexion, the profusion of golden-coloured hair, her large dreamy lustrous eyes, softer in their glances than her sister's, but with the same long dark fringe of lashes, her small but perfect figure, tiny hands and feet, all united in one harmonious result. She looked, indeed, almost too lovely for mere beef-eating, beer-swilling humanity, but might be rather taken for a spirit wandering for a time upon this coarser earth; the cloud-like and cerulean tissues that hung and floated about her,—remnants of the fairy walls through which she had broken bounds, while the golden stars which sprinkled the blue net-work imprisoning her ample tresses, and which trembled and glittered at every movement, contributed to such a fancy.

"Now then," said Claudia, throwing off her velvet cap and gauntlets on the floor with the whip; "let me see how you understood me. Ah!" she added, as the milliner's basket was unclosed, and the hat made its appearance—"that 's it! I see you will suit me first-rate, you carry out my notions exactly—just the thing. I wish we had met with you before. Look, Linda."

"*Mais oui ce n'est pas mal*," said the other languidly, as her sister revolved rapidly before her, and even went down on one knee the better to display her new acquisition.

"*Pas mal!*" exclaimed the latter, rising impetuously. "You put me out of all patience with your coolness. I tell you, it 's just the very thing, could not have been better if I had hunted all Regent Street for a season!"

"*Mais ma chère c'est à vous*"—

"*C'est à* fiddlestick! why on earth, Linda, can't you speak English? it's good enough for you, I hope. Now, then, are you going to patronise Mrs. —— What *is* your name? for, upon my word, I forget."

"Selden—Mary Selden."

"Ah, yes, I remember."

"You have a chapeau will suit me, my sister thinks," Mrs. Meryt began, as she gradually drew herself to a sitting posture on the velvet couch; "*couleur de rose*, I wish—"

"A—a *pink bonnet*, that's what my sister means!" burst in the downright damsel; "the fact is, Belinda, I shall have to stick to you wherever we go, if it's only to translate your lingo into plain English."

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The other laughed her short reckless laugh; she loved to shock the delicate sensibilities of her fair sister.

Meanwhile Mary had drawn forth the said bonnet, which was in truth of such an elegant and tasty design and delicacy of finish, as to deserve all the praises Claudia had bestowed, and drew forth a languid approval from the beauty as she rose from the couch and bent her head for the milliner to put it on her.

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"By Jove! Linda, it's the best thing you've had this season," which elicited an exclamation from the beauty.

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"I must see it on some one else," she objected, "I never can judge on myself. Will you, Claude, *chère fille?*"

"Not I! I feel as if my face were tied up, in them; besides, my hair is all in a frizz; you might as well try it on Lolotte there. Mrs. Selden, she'll put it on, you're much of a cut—that will do."

The beauty did not quite like her sister's suggestions, but she had no alternative, and requested Mary to try on the bonnet.

The young woman took off her bonnet, laid aside her widow's cap, and set the bonnet over her glossy bands.

The effect was truly magical; relieved of the heavy crape and unbecoming weeds, her fair complexion and placid features set off by the pale tint of the silk and lace, it was no longer the same face.

The sisters looked at one another, and the secret of Mary's success in her trade was divined. Working to

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"*Oui, n'est elle pas jolie?*"

"*Mais, un peu trop de pâleur.*"

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"*C'est bien singulier!*" so both exclaimed at once.

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The beauty had begun to express her satisfaction when a lash of the restless whip was followed by an unearthly howl; the married lady screamed in concert, and throwing aside the cherished finery, sprang towards the couch.

"*Cette chère Lolotte!* what have you done, Claude? you cruel creature, you careless girl, *ma pauvre, ma mie, ma petite bonne!* oh!" and she fondled and bent over and kissed a little mass of white flossy caninity, which Mary had taken, as it lay on the couch, for a swansdown tippet; but which was now answering the endearments of its infatuated mistress by yappish howls of feminine asperity, and shaking like a blanc-mange.

"I never touched the brute!" exclaimed the younger lady. "It was only because she heard the whip, and her conscience told her what she deserved."

"Cruel!" repeated the beauty, her soft eyes filling with tears, as she rocked to and fro, and clasped to her fair bosom and lavished caresses on the little brute.

"You do not like her, I know, Claude, you have no sympathy, no affection—*ma pauvre chienne!*"

"I've a good mind to translate *that* into plain English for you," said the nettled girl, "I suppose that would shock you, as if the meaning was n't the same in one language as the other! I *would*, but that I see Charles coming across the lawn and Sir Van with him. I say, Linda, *do* put down the brute, and settle about that bonnet."

She stood a few minutes at the window watching the approaching figures.

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She opened the window, but her sister interposed to prevent her going, and the young lady contented herself with a bow and a wave of her whip to the gentlemen as they passed out of sight.

The dog being pacified, its mistress returned to the bonnets. She laid aside a couple of morning caps which the widow produced, and which had the good fortune to please her fastidious taste.

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"Are you indeed, ma'am?" she said timidly.

"Yes—we go abroad in the autumn. O Linda, look here! here's a doll of a thing; I do believe it would fit Adela, and just what you were wishing for, black and white in squares, quilted—see!"

From the depths of milliner fairy-land she pulled out, not too gently, a child's hood and mantle, very tastefully made, and of uncommon pattern. Mary explained she had made it from one she had transiently seen on the important little person of some great man's son, when he with his suite halted for a few hours in passing through the village.

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How little we know, when we measure one state against that of another, how in the dark we weigh and decide and accept, and murmur at fate; how in the dark!

She started from her brief reverie as Mrs. Meryt spoke.

"Yes, I rang for nurse; tell her to bring Miss Adela."

Nurse came quick upon the summons; and upon Miss Adela, a little creature of some ten months, the hood and mantle were tried, and pronounced to be, with a little alteration (that ladies dearly love), just the thing, or, as Mrs. Meryt pronounced it, "*à ravir.*"

The infant was fair and pretty, for a baby, and, wonderful acquirement, maintained a well-bred silence during the interview. Mary's heart yearned towards it, and again she thought of a certain small deal box, alas! alas! and she almost asked herself, Why should it be that great ladies, who had all else, should be spared the trials of? &c. &c.

"Not down there, nurse, not there," fretfully cried the sylph, as the nurse, hastening on an errand for something or other from baby's wardrobe that was to be shown to the milliner, attempted to deposit her charge on the couch. "You will disturb Lolotte, *cette chère petite.* I would not have her disturbed; she caught a cold through that dressing-room window being open last night too."

Mary's arms had received the child, the pretty mother just put her finger to its cheek, holding back her lace sleeve the while. The nurse had just returned, and was resuming her duties, when there was a slight scuffle in the hall.

"I will see amma!" cried a small voice, "baby is don in to amma, an to will I; et me! et me! else I *will* bite loo!"

Another scuffle, a suppressed exclamation, and a bounce at the door intimated that the threat had been carried into effect, and, as the nurse opened the door, the young rebel appeared, in the shape of a dark-eyed little maid, of about two years old, who stood for a moment in the door-way flushed with the struggle, then rushed impetuously to her mother, crying,

"Amma, I want loo, I *would* tum."

"Take her away, nurse; Miss Lea, where are you? take her away!" called the beauty, sinking back upon her sofa, while the child clutched at her dress, and strove to climb her knee, and Claudia laughed.

Entered on the scene the pale young lady, clad in sad-coloured stuff, whom Mary had seen upon the lawn. She was ruffled and torn, and one hand was hastily wrapped in her handkerchief.

"Why do you let Miss Sydney behave so!" cried the young mamma with more asperity than one would have supposed her to be capable of. "What *is* the use of you, if you cannot keep her away from tormenting me! Go away, miss, when I bid you," she added, unloosing the child's fingers from the dress.

"Baby tum in, and tho will I. I will *bite* loo!" the child added, with flashing eyes turned upon her governess, who was venturing meekly to interpose, but who retreated in visible terror at the threat.

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"A book it is, under the sofa very likely; oh, here! Lolotte has got it, and, oh! she has nibbled half the leaves out—*méchante chienne!*" and she patted the dog fondly.

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"Have you brought my flowers, Charles?" was the wife's first greeting. "I *cannot* do without them."

He embraced her very fondly as soon as the door closed on the widow, who was to wait.

Charles Meryt was a good man, a man of true impulses and earnest purpose; he had been married nearly three years to the exquisite piece of heartless inanity which he now sat beside, and had not yet shook off the spell which possessed him to call her his own.

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He toiled hard, mentally and bodily, indeed, harder every year, for his wife's increased expenditure and caprices; for the fast coming family, whose care, delegated to others, dipped heavily into his purse. Yet he never felt it irksome, nor deemed that she should share any of his many cares and anxieties. He saw her still the loveliest and gentlest of creatures; he heard her pretty platitudes and soft aphorisms, her empty quotations, and her meek endurance of all the vexations she declared oppressed her.

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On one point only had Mr. Meryt of late found the shadow of a shade on which to remark in his wife. He was very fond of his children, and would have had them more about him; indeed, he had little idea that their mother was so wholly neglectful of their welfare, and, according to her own showing, she never failed in a duty.

"Have the little ones been with you, love, to-day?" was his second question.

"Oh, yes, for some time, and baby grows so; but Sydney gets such a tyrant. I do not think Miss Lea is at all efficient, *mon ami*."

"Poor Miss Lea! I wish she were, for she has no home, and might be comfortable with us," said the good man; "you must advise her, my own darling, and I am sure she will attend."

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"There is the second bell; you must dress, love—where is Claude?"

"Don't you hear her laughing with Sir Van—they are well matched."

The lady soliloquised in her dressing-room—

"I shall get rid of her; I will not rest till I do, and I am sure this woman will be glad to have charge of Sydney—she said she was fond of children. I shall tell Charles I would rather have the care of *la petite* myself till she is older, and so I shall manage to save that to myself, for Charles will never think of the difference in the wages."

So lovely! so selfish!—are they inconsistent? Does the gardener never spoil his best flower, the mother her child, the world its darling, by over petting?

These two, different in character as in features, had yet that common sub-strata of selfishness. Each to itself was all, and nought beyond, though each so variously asserted.

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How little we know, when we measure one state against that of another, how in the dark we weigh and decide and accept, and murmur at fate; how in the dark!

She started from her brief reverie as Mrs. Meryt spoke.

"Yes, I rang for nurse; tell her to bring Miss Adela."

Nurse came quick upon the summons; and upon Miss Adela, a little creature of some ten months, the hood and mantle were tried, and pronounced to be, with a little alteration (that ladies dearly love), just the thing, or, as Mrs. Meryt pronounced it, "*à ravir.*"

The infant was fair and pretty, for a baby, and, wonderful acquirement, maintained a well-bred silence during the interview. Mary's heart yearned towards it, and again she thought of a certain small deal box, alas! alas! and she almost asked herself, Why should it be that great ladies, who had all else, should be spared the trials of? &c. &c.

"Not down there, nurse, not there," fretfully cried the sylph, as the nurse, hastening on an errand for something or other from baby's wardrobe that was to be shown to the milliner, attempted to deposit her charge on the couch. "You will disturb Lolotte, *cette chère petite.* I would not have her disturbed; she caught a cold through that dressing-room window being open last night too."

Mary's arms had received the child, the pretty mother just put her finger to its cheek, holding back her lace sleeve the while. The nurse had just returned, and was resuming her duties, when there was a slight scuffle in the hall.

"I will see amma!" cried a small voice, "baby is don in to amma, an to will I; et me! et me! else I *will* bite loo!"

Another scuffle, a suppressed exclamation, and a bounce at the door intimated that the threat had been carried into effect, and, as the nurse opened the door, the young rebel appeared, in the shape of a dark-eyed little maid, of about two years old, who stood for a moment in the door-way flushed with the struggle, then rushed impetuously to her mother, crying,

"Amma, I want loo, I *would* tum."

"Take her away, nurse; Miss Lea, where are you? take her away!" called the beauty, sinking back upon her sofa, while the child clutched at her dress, and strove to climb her knee, and Claudia laughed.

Entered on the scene the pale young lady, clad in sad-coloured stuff, whom Mary had seen upon the lawn. She was ruffled and torn, and one hand was hastily wrapped in her handkerchief.

"Why do you let Miss Sydney behave so!" cried the young mamma with more asperity than one would have supposed her to be capable of. "What *is* the use of you, if you cannot keep her away from tormenting me! Go away, miss, when I bid you," she added, unloosing the child's fingers from the dress.

"Baby tum in, and tho will I. I will *bite* loo!" the child added, with flashing eyes turned upon her governess, who was venturing meekly to interpose, but who retreated in visible terror at the threat.

The younger lady now approached, and endeavoured to draw off the small assailant.

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upon the world, their weaknesses fostered, their foibles unreproved, their good qualities unstrengthened. Dependent, feeble, affected, mean, the one: the other bold, unwomanly, and reckless: wholly selfish and heartless both. The one, by an assumption of delicacy, and divine forbearance, and morality—the other, by that of candour and honesty equally false—seeking to veil their relative defects.

That so much naturally lovely should be so spoiled! But, such as they are, it is with these our young widow sets sail once more on the tide of life. Literally too, for in a few months they are to depart for France, Paris, Germany, the Rhine. "*Que sçais je? pour Rome peut-être*," as the fair lady says, smiling out her directions to Mary Selden, who thinks her the sweetest, nicest of ladies, though she did beat her down in the price of the bonnets and caps; and, as Mary has heard, is giving her four pounds less than her last maid had.

It is a certainty, and she is so sick of the beer-shop and its concomitants. Her mother will not break her heart, she only wishes Mary well, and it is "all of a piece, her ingratitude," &c. &c., and the buxom Jane consoles her with seething comfort from the bar.

But there was an attraction, almost unconsciously to herself, for Mary, in those baby eyes—those tiny hands. How often, as she went up to her bed at night, she would pause to chat with nurse, and peep at the little cot, that always seemed somehow to fade into a deal box, as she went on up the stairs.

"Oh, Jack! my poor dear Jack! if you had but lived!"

Before they left England Mrs. Meryt came to the conclusion, all things considered, that perhaps it might be as well to keep Miss Lea, and when nurse must give up the care of *that* baby—then the beauty sighed—why—Mary might as well take to it.

"She is fond of it, and she will still have time for the millinery, and if you think you can do without a maid, Claude, *ma chère*."

"Oh, *do?* yes; but you are not to have all the benefit of the saving, Miss Linda," was the reply of the amiable sister.

CHAPTER VII.

IN MY LADY'S CHAMBER.

My readers will have perceived that, in mentioning the birth of the younger Power—that comparatively insignificant personage of my history—I anticipated matters a little; but in my last chapter having seen the widow fairly started in life, we are now at liberty to resume our narrative at a still further lapse of time, during which little of note has occurred, the boys growing up chiefly at Deansholme, sometimes in London, once, for a brief space, on the Continent; and progressing much in the same ratio as other lads of the same station, and placed in like circumstances—one, perhaps, not much the more for the infinite care and attention everywhere his portion; the other certainly not much the less for the comparative ease with which he is permitted to imbibe, rather than urged to plunge into, the sacred founts of knowledge and wisdom.

But the course of the two brothers had been gradually growing wider and wider apart. The difference of years, which in early childhood do not disqualify as playmates, and again in manhood are less calculated, in youth constitute a barrier to free intercourse. Twenty and twenty-seven will do, but seventeen and ten scarcely consort agreeably; and these are the respective ages at which the Earl's sons have arrived when this summer morning we look in upon the Abbey, with its stately turrets, its gothic arches, and its painted windows, that the morning sun is reflecting in a thousand dyes upon the wide stone floor of the old hall; its rookeries, ancient even when the Abbey was young; its noble park and waters, fields, woods, and rich pastures, that are all alive with summer life, and glad in the promise of plenteousness and peace.

But it is to the stables we are just now more particularly attracted, that are a little domain in themselves, and kept with that peculiar perfection of appointment which it is the Earl's especial ambition should be the feature of everything identical with himself or his belongings.

It is early morning with great people, though the sun is high, and the only domestics to be seen stirring yet are these now talking, as the one paces up and down a couple of high-bred horses, the other, an in-door servant by his dress, has his hands in his pocket, and is taking it easy, as the phrase goes.

"Well, there 's no accounting for tastes, I know," says the groom, a very young man, "but give me the eldest. No, it ain't that the other is but a boy; you may tell which way the wind blows by a feather, and the man 's seen a deal in the boy."

"I can only say, in my 'pinion Mr. Arthur's far more becoming to what should be a lord, in my 'pinion, than is Mr. Aden, with all his learning and travels, and his haughty ways—"

"*Haughty!* Mr. Aden's ways haughty!" exclaimed the other; "why, Dixon, you must be making game now, and no mistake. Why, a young gentleman more affable, nor kinder, nor better speaking to a poor man I never did come across, and never shall—what 's more, never shall."

"Ah, I was n't speaking of poor people, you see; it 's his ways with *us*, you know, in the house that I hallude to—"

"Well, I 'll speak for *my*self, and this I do say, that if it had n't been for Mr. Power, I never would stand where I do now. A good master is the Earl—a good and a liberal master; but he 's hot, Mr. Dixon, he 's hot, as we all know, and when I was new to the place, and easy put out, my word! I 'd ha' been sent flying at a moment's warning more 'n once, but Mr. Power put in a word for me, and even begged me of his father, for that I should be his own man; and with his own lips have many a time set me right and give me courage; ah!—"

"He 's fond of his horses; maybe that has something to do with it," said the footman; "but this I will say, and I do repeat, that all the years I have had the honour of serving the family, Mr. Power have never been the gentleman to say an obliging word, nor act a liberal way towards me. Why, it were but the very last time I saw him in London, before he left for college, he were dining alone with a young chum of his own, *tate-e-tate*, and if he did n't turn round, and, says he, 'We can dis-

pense with your services,' he says, 'Dixon,' and if he did n't pack me off, and he must have got up to help himself more than once at the sideboard, for he never rung till the table was to be cleared. I do n't call that a gentlemanly hact, whatever you may think, Mr. Bant."

"Maybe the young chaps was a talking their love affairs?"

"No, they talked of nothing particular at all out of common—that is to say, I mean, you know," said the man of plush, getting confused, "you see, they were laughing and going on not any way secret."

"Well, perhaps he does n't care for gimcracks and fal-lals; *I* should n't, if I was him, I know."

The favoured being who accompanied the family to London looked for a minute on his fellow-servant with ineffable scorn, but the lack of words in which to repudiate the imputation of gimcrack or fal-lal kept him silent. The other went on.

"I know when my poor mother laid a dying, and me and my sister, with never a creature to give us comfort, nor a thing to turn our hands to, and Mr. Power found us out and came; he were but a boy too, then. Well, well, I ain't forgot. I do n't want to say nothing again Mr. Arthur—Lord forbid; but it 'll be long, I 'm thinking, before he would trouble his head to look for grief and wretchedness in a lone old cottage off the estate."

"Ah! now that shows what a poor judge of human natur you are, Bennet—a poor judge. Now Mr. Arthur—that there young gentleman—never fails of Christmas or Easter, or any tide that may be, and of the Earl, his pa's birthday, and of his own, he never fails to come down handsome to all round; when there 's Mr. Power—why, Bennet, you 'll scarcely believe it, but—it 'll go no further, of course—but we do n't know the colour of his money, not a man nor a woman of us in the house. There!"

Bant looked down and said something to himself in a low voice, shook his head, and seemed in silence to be recalling some pleasant recollection. Presently he looked up and said—

"You see, Mr. Dixon, though, as I say, I have n't a word again Mr. Arthur, who is pleasant and free with me as a boy, still, mind you, it is known that where *he* can get of my Lady anything he asks for, the Earl has kept rayther a tight hand with young Mr. Power; and it is n't overmuch, I expect, he has left, what with his books and his charities."

"Charity begins at home," argued the footman—meaning, of course, at himself; "but you 're right so far as this, that it is wonderful the influence, as you may say, which that boy has with his ma', he can turn her round his finger, as you may say, though she ain't easy to manage—my word for it."

"He 's the youngest, you see, and a pretty boy to look at."

"Well, it 's figure generally takes with the women, I find," said sententiously the six foot five man, straightening his back, "and Mr. Power is a fine cut of a man, that I will say; but any how, like the child as she may, my lady 's hard enough with him sometimes; when it was talked of his having the tutor at home, or going to school, my Lord was for the school, and so was the boy but no, my Lady stuck to the tutor plan, and the tutor he 's got. Ay, I've heard her lecture him myself, and ask him what he would think if his papa had done so and so, and of him being an honour to the name, as if more *he* was the heir than the Honourable Aden Power himself."

"Ay, he never will be that, I should say," laughed the other; "my young master's not the man to die a bachelor."

"Well, I would n't say nay, for one; I 'd rather Mr. Arthur could stand in the other's place, though I wish him no ill, but I would like to see a little life in the old place; it 's gloomy enough now, and Mr. Aden ain't the one to make it livelier; he 's the devil's own will when he likes, and the Earl finds enough to hold his own, I know, at times."

"Mr. Aden stands up for the poor man; that way can't please the Earl. Do you remember when there was that row about them poachers?"

"Ah! I shall believe to my dying day that Mr. Power had a hand in getting them off," said the lacquey.

"And the old chap that was bundled out of his farm because his son voted for the wrong man."

"How you put it!" cried the more cultivated disciple of livery.

"Well, the plain truth now—how *does* it stand, neither more nor less; but, I say, it was nigh on to a quarrel with Mr. Power and my Lord then; he 's pensioned the old fellow, though, ever since, and I wonder does the Earl know it?"

"Oh, ay, my Lord winks at half the things he do n't want to see."

"He 's greatly proud of him, too, for all that," said the groom, "and no wonder."

"Yes, and that's what I say," continued Dixon, "him with all the honours of the house upon him, as one may say, and my Lady slighting him—"

"But *do* she slight him? It 's not her way to make much of a fuss with nobody."

Dixon shook his head as though he could say, if he would, strange things.

"Do you remember about them two ponies?" he asked.

"I should say so; how my Lady insisted upon Mr. Arthur having the best, and when the good-natured little chap would have given in to his brother, she would not have it so. I mind hearing a bit of a lecture, as I rode behind 'em that day. She was a telling the eldest how he should be content with being heir, and that to everything, and not try to get every advantage. Poor chap, I do n't believe it was in him to do it."

"Do you rec'lect the time they were both pulled out of the ice?"

"Oh! my word, that was a go!—eh! and I *did* notice at the time how she flew to the youngest and laid hold of his head and put it on her bosom, and sat so for a good three or four minutes before ever she got up to go to young Mr. Power, though *he* was the worst of the two."

"But when they sent off to the Earl at Chawley, where he was—'My horse,' he says, 'quick! my son, O my dear Aden,' he says, just them words."

"Did he now?"

"Ay, there's no accounting for these things," said

the philosopher in silken hose. "I 've heard my sister say, that my Lady could n't nurse Mr. Arthur herself, though he tried hard for it,—the doctors would n't let her, but she did suckle the first, spite of 'em all."

"That should work the other way, one would think, yawned the footman; "but maybe it will be all the other way now; we've seen nothing of him for nigh a twelvemonth, you know, and the wind may be in his favour. I say, this early rising do n't suit me. When do you get breakfast?"

"We can have it at my place here as soon as you like, and I can as well go in now as not. Mr. Power can't be here for a couple of hours yet, can he?"

"No, not for four or five."

"I am that longing to see him," said the young man, whose true friend in need the young honourable had been. He took the horses in, and then led the way to his own quarters, where a smoking breakfast was already prepared for himself and his guest of the morning, a cousin distantly removed, and a servitor, as we have seen, in the house of Honiton.

Early rising did not agree with his plush-ship; what if he had known that she, the noble mistress, whom, as is their wont, the servants had so freely canvassed, that she had arisen even earlier, even as the dawn crept to the hill-tops to smile down again on the fair woods of Deansholme, and begin that day which was to welcome home their heir.

From a restless couch, from a broken feverish slumber, filled with weird dreams, she had started, and since had paced to and fro the wide extent of her lofty bedchamber, had stood amid its rich belongings, its wealth of luxury, with a despair, a misery at her heart, from which the only refuge seemed in death.

"Not even there!" she said aloud, beginning the restless walk again to and fro, with bare white feet upon the purple velvet pile, her dark hair flowing down her back over the white quilted satin gown she had cast on her shoulders.

"Could I leave them,—if I died with that lie, to live out, to perpetuate—oh! that I should have worked for this, for *this!* who could have dreamed it! who foretold! Was it a crime, and is this my punishment? It was not to please myself; his pride, *not* mine, not *mine!*"

But as if an asp had stung her, she hurried her walk, and shook her clenched hand, and waved it from her, deprecating the argument, as some one else had urged it.

"It is, it is a punishment,—my child, my *own* child, a punishment, a curse. I must have sinned that it could ever be so, and not to suckle him, not to feed him, my own, as I had nursed that other, that beggar's unclean brat! O God, have mercy on me! how will it end! how will it end!"

She started, for a sound fell on her ear, and she stopped mid-way in her wild-beast walk to listen.

"It is them! he is here again, and I must act out my scheme, the part I have set myself."

From her window she looked upon the court below, saw the Earl and his servants ride into it, heard the joyful burst of welcome pour from every throat, and spread from point to point. Then his voice, loud and clear and manly, calling for old favourites, summoning young Bennet. She saw him grown taller, handsomer, healthier; she saw his bright eyes turn upwards towards her window, and his lips form the word mamma, as he would have sprang off, but the Earl checked him. Then came young Arthur, hastily dressed and full of glee, to welcome his father and his elder brother. The first returned it carelessly, the latter with all the patronising of a favoured mortal; and which the pretty boy accepted as his due only. She saw it all, and she *hated* him.

"*That* the puling white-faced brat I took to fill his place, my son's, to set his foot upon my darling's neck, and put the yoke upon him!" she ground the words between her teeth; "was it this I schemed for, and is there *no* help, none?" She was silent for a minute, then said slowly, "None! but in *his* death."

The Countess sank upon her knees by the bedside, and hid her face in her hands.

Isaac called upon the Lord in *his* affliction, but the patriarch was blind and stricken in years.

[*To be continued.*]

BOULOGNE.

THE blue sea rippling to our feet—
Scarce breaking on the rock,
Where stretches out the sea to meet
That stern and ancient fort.
Around it oft the breakers dash,
Like horses with arch'd necks,
Tossing their white manes as they splash,
And fall in watery flecks,
Making all neighbouring echoes ring;
For, swerling down again,
The rounded pebbles back they fling,
Like to an endless chain.

A softened silvery haze
Now lies upon the sand,
As yonder gentle music plays,
Which floats unto the land;
It is the monotonous call
Of their unceasing voice,
Murmuring, as they rise and fall,
Rejoice—ever rejoice.

The distance, soft with summer heat,
The silence brooding o'er the land,
Makes even the glad heart repeat
The cadence falling on the sand
Of the mighty sea's great voice,
Rejoice—evermore rejoice.

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THE qualities of your friends will be those of your enemies—cold friends, cold enemies; half-friends, half-enemies; fervid friends, fervid enemies.

WHERE there is a great amount of character, there will be a great amount of misunderstood action, commonly called eccentricity.

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A SEA VIEW.

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THE engraving we here give the reader is done by Mr. G. Thomas, from a painting by Mr. J. Carmichael, the well-known landscape painter, whose name was especially before the public by his paintings from the scenes which took place during the Crimean War. Mr. J. Carmichael takes a position amongst the artists of our time—in his class second to none, and we are not surprised at it. His subjects are popular, and the handling is that of a master. Who does not love "the sea, the sea, the open sea?" and who, consequently, does not love sea pieces, whether they represent it in

> "Calm, or gale, or storm,
> Iceing the pole, or in the torrid clime,
> Dark, heaving, boundless, endless, and sublime."

To this universal taste of ours—we mean Englishmen, not foreigners—Mr. Carmichael appeals, and hence his popularity. This picture may be considered a fair specimen of his powers.

MR. SPEAKER.

THE student of etymology in general, and Horne Tooke in particular, will not be surprised to learn that the Speaker of the House of Commons is, in reality, almost the only member who never speaks. Everywhere around you oratory drops like dew, and very heavy dew, from all parts of the House, with the exception of that one particular spot—the oasis in the desert—where stands the richly carved and ornamented Speaker's chair, and where the Speaker sits. You hear him name the different actors on the busy scene. If honourable members cluster too thickly at the bar—if old fogies or young bucks, instead of the quiet tones in which you should discuss the last new tie, or the points of a woman or a horse, speak in tones so loud as actually to drown the voice of Mr. Humdrum, who is in possession of the chair, then "Order! Order!" is cried by the Speaker, deeply, loudly, grandly, and for a time the tumult subsides. Or if a bill is to be put, you again hear the Speaker's voice, thus, "The Middlesex Grand Junction Railway bill, that it be read again this day six months; as many as are of that opinion say Aye, on the contrary, No—the Noes have it." When you have heard thus much, you have, generally, heard all that the Speaker has got to say. Silent, watchful, he sits all night in his chair of state. If the sight of a good man struggling with adversity—a sight which philosophers have pretty often an opportunity of witnessing—be a sight dear to them, what must those excellent personages think of the Speaker of the House of Commons, in a stormy debate or a row—the latter, of course, principally an entertainment got up and conducted for the amusement of the house by the Irish members? And really an ordinary mortal at such a time may feel pleasure in witnessing the conduct of the Speaker, in attempting to keep order under difficulties. Scarcely is the house awed by his majestic appearance, or his vehement tones; often the confusion lasts some time. In ordinary seasons, while the debate drags on smoothly, the Speaker hardly seems to belong to the house at all, as calm, dignified, silent, he sits apart—a witness of the scene, but rarely an actor in it.

"The first Speakers of the House of Commons were chosen," says Mr. Townshend in his History of the House of Commons, "from belted knights and commoners of distinction, but in accordance with the previous nomination of the king. Sir Thomas Hungerford, 51 Henry III., in the year 1376, is the first named as Speaker in the parliament roll, and termed *parleur*, or mouth of the house. But as the ancient parliament rolls recorded only the acts that passed between both houses, and the laws that were made, omitting all matters of form and ceremony, it may be conjectured that the antiquity of the office is coeval with the sitting of the commons apart from the lords. In the forty-fourth year of Henry III.'s reign, their refusal to suffer the recall of Adomar the Bishop of Winchester elect, from banishment, is signed, "Petrus de Mounteforti Vice Communitatis." In the olden time, when the commons were of little importance, the post of Speaker was not always one of honour alone. Sir Peter de la Mere was committed close prisoner to Nottingham castle for having spoken too freely of the royal favourite Alice Pierce. The poor Speaker was browbeaten, contradicted, and buffetted at the royal will. One was committed to the Fleet, and ultimately beheaded, though the whole house petitioned to have him restored, urging his privilege "by common custom time out of memory of man, and even afore these times used in every of the parliaments of the king's noble progenitors."

We cannot be much surprised then if we find that, in the time of Richard II., a custom grew up on the part of the Speaker elect of praying to be excused from office. Sometimes the addresses of these gentlemen were of the most fulsome character. Richard Rich compared Henry VIII. upon one occasion, "for justice and prudence to Solomon, for strength and fortitude to Samson, for beauty and comeliness to Absalom." Sir Edward Coke, the second great Speaker—that far nobler man Sir Thomas More having been the first—in his address to Queen Elizabeth, said, "Although as in the heavens a star is but *opacum corpus* until it receive light from the sun, so stand I *corpus opacum* until your Highness's bright shining wisdom hath looked upon me and allured me. In this house are many grave, many learned, many deep, wise men, and those of ripe judgments; but I am untimely fruit not yet ripe, but a bud scarcely blossomed, so as I fear me your Majesty will say amongst so many fair fruit ye have plucked a shaken leaf." In the same reign we have another illustration of the mode in which the house conducted its affairs. The house having met for the choice of a Speaker, the Comptroller of the Household, Sir William Knoles, said, "I will deliver my opinion unto you, who is most fit for this place, being a member of this house, and those good abilities which I know to be in him (here he made a little pause and *the house hawked and spat*, and after silence made he proceeded)—unto this place of dignity and calling, in my opinion (here he stayed a little), Mr. Sergeant Yelverton (looking upon him) is the fittest man to be preferred (after which words Mr. Yelverton

blushed and put off his hat, and after sat bareheaded); for I know him to be a man wise and learned, secret and circumspect, religious and faithful, no way disable, but every way able, to supply this place." He then sat down, hoping for a general consent. The whole house cried, "Aye, aye, aye, let him be;" and the master-comptroller made a low reverence, and sat down. Up then rose modest, blushing Sergeant Yelverton. He could not account for the choice—he lacked merit, ability, and wealth. He was a poor man with a large family. Nor was he of a sufficiently portly presence. "He that supplieth this place," said the sergeant, "ought to be a man big and comely, stately and well spoken, his voice great, his carraige majestical, his nature haughty, and his purse plentiful and heavy; but, contrarily, the stature of my body is small, myself not so well spoken, my voice low, my carriage lawyer-like and of the common fashion, my nature soft and bashful, my purse thin, light, and never yet plentiful." This modesty, real or affected, of course enraptured the house, and Sergeant Yelverton was elected *nem. con.* The Speaker is nominated by the government; and if party feeling runs high, it is generally in the choice of a Speaker that the first trial of strength takes place. The most recent instance of this sort took place in the year 1835, when, on the death of Earl Spencer, and the consequent elevation of Lord Althorp, Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons, to the peerage, King William IV. rather unceremoniously dismissed his whig ministers. Sir Robert Peel, who was appointed Premier while on a tour in Italy, had so strong an opposition to contend with, that he dissolved the parliament, and the first of the defeats, which shortly afterwards led to his retirement, was upon the election of Mr. Abercrombie as Speaker, in opposition to Mr. Goulburn, the ministerial candidate. Generally Mr. Speaker is an old member of the House. Men are not supposed to be born Speakers. It is calculated it takes a Speaker three or four years to cry "Order, order," properly.

Mr. Speaker has a hard time of it while the house is sitting, but he receives a salary of £6000 a year, and has a furnished residence in the new Palace of Westminster. When he retires from the Speakership he is usually rewarded by a peerage and a pension of £4000 for two lives. He must have great courtesy and self-possession. He must be well informed as to the usages of parliament and points of order. "The model Speaker," says a writer in the *London Review*, "is a moderate and consistent politician who has been twenty or thirty years in the house without making a single enemy, and who has given his attention to points of order and the rules of debate, was to be acknowledged as an authority on such subjects before he is called to the chair. He must be a fair and fluent speaker, because although in modern times his duty is rather to preside over the deliberations of the house than to deliver speeches in its behalf, yet occasions frequently arise when he is called upon to address the house on questions of order. More rarely he has to express the thanks or approbation of the commons to distinguished members of both houses, and to reprimand delinquents who are brought to the bar. He must be of affable manners, for young members usually come to him for advice when they are in difficulty in regard to the forms of the house. He should also be endowed with companionable and conversational qualities, for it is part of his duty to entertain the members at dinner in due succession and at stated periods, and even to hold *levées* like a crowned head. He has to read to the sovereign petitions or addresses from the commons at the Palace or in the House of Lords; to manage, in the name of the house, where counsel, prisoners, or witnesses are at the bar; to reprimand persons who have incurred the displeasure of the house; to issue warrants of committal or release for breaches of privilege; to communicate with any parties when so instructed by the house; to exercise vigilance in reference to private bills, especially with a view to protect property in general, or the rights of individuals, from undue encroachment or injury; to control and regulate the subordinate officers of the house; to adjourn the house at four o'clock if forty members be not present; to appoint tellers on divisions. The Speaker must refrain from debating, unless in committee of the whole house. As chairman of the house, his duties are the same as those of any other president of a deliberative assembly. When parliament is about to be prorogued, it is customary for the Speaker to address to the sovereign, in the House of Lords, a speech recapitulating the proceedings of the session. It is hardly necessary to add, that during the time the Speaker is in the chair, he wears a gown and wig, and that the mace lies upon the table, but is immediately removed if the Speaker leaves the chair and the house goes into committee. When the Noes and Ayes are equal, we must also remember that the Speaker has the casting vote. We imagine few men are more glad to find the session over than the Speaker. It is true, at the latter end of a session the house is generally in committee, but still the Speaker is required to be on the spot, to resume ordinary business when the committee is over. Still, however, the amount of work does not generally do him much harm, as it is only this last session that it seems to have ever entered the imaginations of members of parliament that the Speaker could be ill, and on that account unable to discharge his official duties. Generally the Speakers have been remarkable for good health. However, Sir H. Inglis evidently believed that a Speaker may be laid up as an ordinary man is, and thought it but right and proper that for such a contingency the house should be prepared. It was rather singular that it should be left till his time to settle such a point. There are instances in which extraordinary care has been taken of the Speaker's health. Sir Fletcher Norton having given great offence to ministers by his conduct in the session of 1780, Lord Germaine, pathetically lamenting the precarious state of Sir Fletcher's health, moved that Mr. Cornwall be chosen Speaker instead. Sir Fletcher assured the house that his health was quite recovered; his friends did the same. All was in vain, and the nominee of the ministers was appointed in his stead. But such cases are very rare, and now the house has wisely resolved, that in case of the Speaker's absence through illness, the chair should be taken by the chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means. As it may interest our readers to learn the form observed when the Speaker elect is introduced to Majesty upon the oc-

casion of his election, we add it here. When the Speaker has been chosen, he appears before Majesty with the following address:

"MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN,

The knights, citizens, and burgesses of your House of Commons, in obedience to your royal commands, have proceeded to the choice of a Speaker. They have among them many worthy persons eminently qualified for so great a trust, yet, with too favourable an eye, have cast upon me, who am really conscious to myself of many infirmities rendering me much unfit for so great an employment. And although my endeavours of excusing myself before them have not been successful, yet they have been so indulgent as to permit me to continue my endeavours therein before your Majesty's most piercing and discerning judgment.

"The veneration due to Majesty, which lodgeth in every loyal breast, makes it not an easy matter to speak before your Majesty at any time or in any capacity. But to speak before your Majesty in your exaltation, thus gloriously supported and attended, and that as Speaker of your House of Commons, requires greater abilities than I can pretend to own.

"I am not also without fear that the public affairs, wherein your Majesty and your kingdom, at this juncture of time, are so highly concerned, may receive detriment through my weakness.

"I, therefore, with a plain humble heart, prostrate at your royal feet, beseech that you will command them to recall what they have done, and to proceed to another election."

The Lord Chancellor, by direction of his or her Majesty, having assured the Speaker elect that "he is in every way qualified and fitted for the appointment," the latter personage then prays on behalf of the Commons:

1. That, for our better attendance on the public service, we and our servants may be free in our persons and estates from arrests and other disturbances.

2. That in our debates liberty and freedom of speech be allowed to us.

3. That, as occasions shall require, your Majesty, upon our humble suit, and at such times as your Majesty shall judge seasonable, will vouchsafe us access to your royal person.

4. That all our proceedings may receive a favourable construction.

To this second address, of course Majesty replies in an equally agreeable manner, and so the matter ends. This form has been in use since the time of Charles II.

In the case of disorder the Speaker sometimes threatens to name names,—"And what will be the consequence?" asked that squinting demagogue, Jack Wilkes. "The Lord in heaven only knows!" was the somewhat profane reply. Chairmen and Speakers have at times availed themselves of the power they possessed for party purposes. Clarendon confesses that as chairman of the committee on the bill for turning the bishops out of the Lords, he managed so to muddle matters and confuse the house, that eventually the measure fell to the ground. That haughty Speaker, Sir Edward Seymour, was a sad sinner in this respect. Burnet tells us, when a question was to be put, before the court party were prepared to carry or reject it, as the case might be, he would purposely blunder and put the question wrong, till the court party had mustered in sufficient strength to attain their object. Even the tellers on a division have also played strange tricks. On one occasion, one of the tellers, says Burnet, was in a fit of the vapours, and a very fat lord coming up, his brother teller counted him as two. The absent-minded teller took no notice of the blunder, and thus the bill passed by a majority of one! We don't hear of such tricks now-a-days. Indeed, wonderful is Mr. Speaker.

THE WHALEMAN'S STORY.

AN EXCITING RACE.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

THE following story was told me by Captain Brayman, an old sailor of forty years' standing:—

"In the summer of '25," the captain began, "I returned from the Pacific with a full cargo of sperm oil, enough, in fact, to make all my owners rich, for in those days they had n't invented 'gas,' and whiskey, and turpentine, and 'fluid,' and them new-fangled lights. 'Ile was ile,' as the Nantucket folks used to say, and the whaling business was n't overdone, as it has been since.

"Well, I reckoned on a good cruise on shore for a few weeks, before I should make another voyage. But I was mistaken, for hardly had we let go the anchor, when the agent came on board, and said he,

"'Captain Brayman, I 'm glad to see you. We 've got a fine new ship all ready for you; we 've only been waiting for your return to take charge of her. There she is, sir, as fine a vessel as was ever fitted out of this harbour,' and he pointed to a large, noble-looking craft as ever floated on them waters.

"The fact is, the ship just filled my eye, and in less than a week I was sailing out of the harbour again, on board the A No. 1 coppered and copper-fastened ship Samson, of Nantucket, once more bound on a whaling cruise in the South Seas. That was the best voyage I ever made, for she was the luckiest ship I ever commanded.

"But to my story.

"We had doubled the Horn, and touched at Callao for supplies, and when about ten days to the westward of that port, while running free before the south-east trades, the lookout from aloft shouted 'Sail-ho!'

"'Where away?' I asked.

"'Off the weather bow, sir, and yonder 's another, directly ahead.'

"'What do they look like?'

"'They 're blubber hunters, sir, and the fellow ahead 's trying out,' was the answer.

"'Signal them, Mr. Coffin,' said I to the first officer. 'Maybe they 're some of our Nantucket or New Bedford boys; if so, we 've letters for them.'

"The order was obeyed, but the strangers proved to be, one an Englishman, and the other a Frenchman.

"'Keep a bright look-out there aloft, do you hear? Do n't let them fellows sight the first spouter!'

"'Aye, aye, sir.'

"This was early in the morning, just as the sun was

waking up from his watery bed. We had gained upon the ship ahead, while the chap on our weather bow had changed his course a little, and was bearing down upon us, evidently with a desire to communicate.

"Just as I came up from breakfast the man aloft again hailed, but this time it was the welcome and exciting cry of—

"'*There she blows!*'

"Scarcely had the sound reached the deck than Coffin and myself were in the rigging, and there, off our starboard bow, about equal distance from the three ships, a large, bald-headed bull-whale had just shown himself. The two strangers had also sighted the fish at the same moment, and their boats were in the water as soon as ours.

"The breeze was light, and before the ships had been brought to all was ready for the chase. I knew there was fun ahead, and, fortunately for me, it was my turn in the leading boat.

"'Now, boys!' I shouted, 'away with a will; don't let John Bull or Johnny Crapo get the start of us! Away my hearties!'

"The men laid themselves to the work with all their might, and away we flew in pursuit of the whale. I thought I had the best boat's crew that ever sprung ash timber, and indeed I had; but the boats of the Englishman were rapidly coming up to the whale, which at that time was going slowly through the water, right away from us, and obligingly across the course of the Englishmen, while the Frenchmen, straining every muscle, and shouting with excitement, were not far behind.

"'Pull, my hearties, pull! Never let it be said that John Bull ever took a blubber horse from a Yankee crew! Spring to your oars!' I yelled.

"And giving one hearty 'hurra!' the men redoubled their exertions, till the light boats leaped from wave to wave like a school of flying fish. Our own three boats were side by side, and kept this position all the while. But the Englishman's leading boat carried two more oars than ourselves, besides being of a lighter build, and in spite of us was going on the whale.

"It was a beautiful sight—nine well-manned boats skimming, with the speed of sea-gulls, over the crested waves, and all converging to the same point—while every soul on board of them was wild with the excitement of the race.

"On we flew, the Englishman having decidedly the advantage, for, as I said before, the whale was crossing his track, and was now almost within casting distance. The boat steerer had dropped his oar, and catching his harpoon, stood ready for a throw.

"'Pull—pull, my men!' I shouted, 'for the honour of old Nantucket! for God's sake do n't let that fellow get the first fast!' and, springing to my feet, I poised the iron over my head, but too late for a throw. The Englishman's harpoon whizzed through the air, only, however, to graze the enormous flukes of the great monster, as they disappeared beneath the waves.

"He had sounded, and the next instant we flew over the spot where he had gone down, and crossing each other's wake and course, became closely mingled together—Yankees, Englishmen, and Frenchmen, all within arm's-length of each other. And then such a chorus of 'hurras!' and 'vivas!' as rose from them nine boats' crews was never heard before. The sound reached the crews remaining on board the ships, and

"'Hurrah! hurrah! vivas!' was answered back again to us on the heaving waters.

"'We missed him that time, my Yankee friend!' shouted the English boat-steerer to me; 'but blast my hi if that 'ere blubber 'orse breaks water agin he 's hours.'

"'It may be so, neighbor,' I replied, 'but I doubt it mightily. The British harpoon haint been forged yet that 'll take the wind out of a Nantucket iron, I guess.'

"And thus, keeping up a good-natured badinage, we lay side and side, waiting for the re-appearance of the whale, who, we knew, must finish his spouting before making his final soundings.

"I had n't then been a whaler for rising of ten years not to know enough of the habits of the sperm whale to tell how long he would be down to a minute. So we lay on our oars, all the time keeping our eye on the other boats, to prevent their getting a foot the start of us, while, with the others, we watched patiently for the re-appearance of our game.

"At length, after an hour and ten minutes had passed, and all hands were sweeping the sea with their eyes, in eager expectation of the whale's breaking cover, he appeared once more, spouting the brine in fine style, about half a mile to the leeward, and away we all dashed again in hot pursuit, the English boats having again the advantage, as they had ranged in a line on our starboard side, which brought us astern of them on the start.

"The sea hissed on our cutwaters as if they were red-hot iron, and some of the boats appeared to be actually lifted quite clean from the water, from the power of the rowers; and, in spite of the extra oars of the Englishmen, we had the satisfaction of seeing that we were at least their equal in speed.

"In the mean time, while John Bull and Jonathan were laying ourselves out to our best advantage, Mons. Crapo was by no means idle. His light boats were propelled in gallant style, and flew over the waves beam and beam with ours.

"Bull, however, had the lead, and with his characteristic bull-dog determination, meant to keep it. The same boat that had thrown the iron overboard was about two lengths ahead of the others, and almost within darting distance—in two more strokes, in fact, she would have been upon the whale, but just at that moment, to my excessive delight, I will acknowledge it, up went his great flukes again, and the giant of the ocean once more disappeared from sight.

"Another hour and ten minutes we lay upon our oars, and watched for his return; and when again he came to the surface he was still farther off than at first, but nearer our own ship.

"While the whale was making this last soundings, the English boats had drifted more to leeward than ours, while the Frenchman, keeping his boats together, retained about the same relative position with us. This again brought the Englishmen between us and the chase.

"'Now, my hearties!' I shouted to my men; 'once more, my hearties! It's this time or never! Run them fellows under, or splinter the tough ash!'

"'Aye, aye, captain!' they all answered. 'That fish is ours!' and once more the boats flew over the brine.

"Still ahead, the English boats were rapidly gaining, when the whale appearing to be 'gallied,' threw up great puffs of water, and raising his enormous hulk of a head upon the surface, increased his speed and was flying along quite as fast as the boats. But suddenly, as if alarmed at the foremost boat, he changed his course, and making the white bubble roll like drifting snow from his glistening back, down he came 'on the wind,' now making ours the leading boats.

"As if satisfied that, by this manœuvre, he had eluded his pursuers, the great monster slackened his speed, and was soon moving as leisurely as at first.

"Without losing a moment, we were headed for him, as were also the other boats; but Jonathan now led the van; and straining our muscles to their utmost tension, dashed in a line towards the fish. In another moment we would have been fast. But just then the whale, who was an old customer, and seemed to be gifted with extraordinary cunning, once more changed his tack, and running again 'off the wind,' gave the other six boats slightly the advantage.

"Once more the chase became exciting, the whale running just fast enough to keep out of danger. I knew this state of the chase could not last much longer; and once more encouraged the crews of my boats to do their utmost. Nobly the boys responded, and now without uttering a word, they made the briny spray fly from their oars. Away we flew again, the Englishman's boats leading.

"Again the whale slackened his speed, and once more we gained rapidly upon him. From some cause, I never knew what, except that the men were wearying of the long pull, the English boats did not fly over the water with the rapidity they had maintained up to this moment; and we now began to overhaul them. We had reached within a boat's length of them, when once more urged on by their boat-steerers, they lay to their oars, and came up to the whale, and the foremost harpooner, leaping to his feet, cast the barbed iron into the air with all the force he could muster. In another second it would have been buried deeply into the thick blubber, but just then I heard a rushing, whizzing sound over my head, and then the glaring of an iron flashed by me, followed by the swift passage of a line, and I saw the Englishman's harpoon fall harmless into the sea.

"Gib. Richmond, the steerer of my second boat, than whom no man living had a quicker eye or truer aim, as well as strength of arm, seeing the desperate state of the game, had cast his iron over the heads of all of us, and across the line of the Englishman's harpoon, thus turning the instrument from its direct course.

"At the same instant the brave fellow, with the utmost coolness and presence of mind, shouted to me:

"'Now let him have it, Captain Brayman!'

"Quick as thought I acted on the suggestion and snatched up my own iron, and springing upon a thwart, hurled it with all my might—right over the heads of the Englishmen—through the black, glistening hide of the huge monster. *My iron was fast!*

"'Stern all!' I cried, as the immense creature almost flew out of the water from the sting of the barb, and throwing tuns of water about him, filled the English boats, and threatened in his angry struggles to dash them into splinters.

"'Stern all!' and heaving away, the line flew like lightning from the tub, making the gunwale smoke with the intense friction.

"Once more a wild 'huzza!' accompanied with cheering 'vivas!' rang out over the waters, and was echoed by the Samson's people, who had witnessed the whole affair; but not a sound was heard from the English boats. They were too intent upon getting out of the vicinity of the floundering monster, when, crest-fallen and uttering contemptuous growlings against the 'bloody Yankees,' they returned sullenly to their ship, which, seeing them on board, bore away on her course.

"Not such, however, was the conduct of the Frenchmen. They good-naturedly staid with us, and assisted with their irons, till Mr. Richmond, with his lance, gave the whale his death-stab, when the mighty leviathan, with his life blood spouting red and hot from his great nostril, went into his 'flurry.'

A RAINY DAY IN EGYPT.

If I recollect aright our grandfathers and grandmothers used to quote to us from the geographies of their school-days to the effect that rain never fell in Egypt; and casting up their spectacled eyes and lifting up their hands they would forthwith fall into a reverie of profound amazement at the astounding fact of one of the most fruitful countries in the world being dependent for irrigation and for the moisture indispensable for germinating seeds upon the annual inundations of a mighty river. Of course we came here possessed of some such indistinct notions, and if anything could strengthen the suspicion, the heat of yesterday, the glare, the intense changing sky, the painfully brilliant reflection of the ocean, and the utter absence of any breath of air, all these contributed to confirm us in the opinion that not all the Gehazis in the universe, though they watched from dawn till dark, and all through the brilliant star-light nights, from the summit of the tallest pyramid, could ever convey to us the gratifying intelligence that a cloud as big as a hand was swelling with the promise of a shower.

What is it then that makes us start up in bed from one of the profoundest slumbers we have yet enjoyed in Egypt? a slumber which unconsciously and soothingly stole upon us as the suffocating sultriness of the night was suddenly succeeded by a delicious cool atmosphere. What is it, I say, that in the twinkling of an eye makes us hop out of bed and search industriously for the matches? Simply that the landlord has neglected the roof most shamefully, and right over our bed is a leak through which the water pours as from a spout. Rain in Egypt, eh! whatever may be the case in the upper provinces there's no mistake about the weather here now; witness the wretched, miserable, swampy condition we are in. Fortunately however the night is well spent and the morning close at hand,

and the other rooms are water-proof. So with a blazing mangat or brazier of charcoal with warm coffee and warm apparel, for of a truth the weather is cold and chilly, we make ourselves cosy by the window-side and watch the day break apace. Our handmaid Marian, who is wonderful in invention, has, with the assistance of her mother, stopped the leak after a most scientific yet simple process. Climbing up to the roof despite the slippery and perilous state of the ricketty old ladder, she has carried up with her a huge copper cauldron, and meanwhile the mother from below keeps poking a tall bamboo through the leak to indicate the whereabouts. Over the place the cauldron is reversed and forthwith a cure is effected.

Rain! rain! rain! not a moment's cessation, and not a breath of wind hardly to give it a slant in any direction! the skies and the atmosphere around are all of a leaden, sombre hue and the streets look desolate and forlorn. Not being provided with sewers, the immense body of water that has fallen is flowing away, one filthy stream, towards the lower land near the seaside and carrying along with it the accumulated filth of the past year, a merciful provision without which Egypt would yet be the hottest of plague and pestilence. As the day advances and the rain still pitilessly pours without ceasing the street assumes a more limpid appearance, and is almost of a gamboge tinge. This is occasioned by all the accumulation of dust and sand having been swept away, and the natural soil, a hard clayey one, being brought to the surface; and this metamorphose, though seldom of long duration, occasions whilst it lasts a considerable amount of inconvenience and mischief, the whole surface of the streets being little better than a shoale on an ice pond. It is watching the results of this from our stronghold and shelter which enables us to pass away the otherwise intolerably dull forenoon in a most agreeable manner. There is a fund of entertainment going on below, and no pantomime was ever more grotesque than that now acting under our window. Rain or blow, fine weather or foul, business must be attended and people must eat and drink. Shopkeepers, therefore, though later than usual, open for the day, and the traffic is going forward much the same as usual long before noon. But the figures and the costumes that pass in review before us are something beyond the power of description; the variety of shapes and substances adopted to protect from the penetrating rain are marvellous in the extreme. Here comes something like a dancing bear, with a huge cudgel held firmly in one hand, and what on closer inspection proves to be his boots and stockings in the other. Every now and then the bear seems upon the point of favouring us with a dance, as it suddenly throws its arms and legs about and slides from one side to another with amazing agility: holding in like grim death to the stout iron-pointed club, which finally brings him up in his involuntary caperings. This is a highly respectable old Greek buckhal or grocer, who is enveloped in a heavy Cyprus capot and is bare-legged to the knees. He is a wary and cautious old gentleman, having been often villanously treated by these streets in wet weather, yet, notwithstanding all his precautions, some treacherous pebble upon which he has inadvertently placed the staff of his support causes it to slip forward, and away go buckhal, capot, and all, sliding with immense velocity right into the very centre of a group of market women, who are all instantly capsized. Some, who can afford nothing better, have extemporized a cloak out of an old mat; some out of an empty rice bag; many are enveloped in the rug they sleep upon at night; and there are one or two poor women who have completely hid their heads in cauldrons like the one used for stopping the leak. There are umbrellas of all sizes, shapes, and hues, red being the favourite with natives, white with Europeans. At all times the costumes of the throng are multifarious, but of a wet day it is hard to form any conception of what really constitutes the clothing of the mass. As regards Europeans, the generality of them make their appearance in huge boots that reach up to the hips, and which threaten, when a tumble occurs, to break the leg sharp off at the thigh. Those who can only boast of thin boots seek refuge on donkey-back, and hire men to guide the donkey through the slough of despair. The natives and levantines trust to bare feet in preference to any chausseur, and they grope their way about with their toes with as great facility as a monkey does on the branches of a tall tree. Carefully and cautiously every one picks his way along, and for the most part aided by a staff of some description: nevertheless, casualties are perpetually occurring, and an accident to one usually entails catastrophe to others. Yonder poor village girl with a basket full of eggs upon her head, precarious stock for such vile weather, positively trembles with agitation and fear lest her fragile cargo be lost without a moment's warning; carefully she feels with her naked right foot for something solid and firm to rest the weight of her body upon before she ventures to move the other leg; and yet with all these precautions the carelessness of a lout of a countryman, a clodhopper, who splashes through the mud with all the apparent relish of a buffalo or of the leonist race, suddenly loses footing, and coming with full impetus against the poor vendor of eggs, sends her and her ware literally spinning against the street; the contents of the basket flying out with full force and over the beard and garments of a sedate old moslem linen-draper, who at the moment is carefully examining on his lap (he being squatted in his shop) the pattern of some very gay painted muslins. Who shall tell the wreck that ensues? Not one egg remains unbroken! Not one atom of the enraged linen-draper's face, beard, and muslin, but is literally besmeared with egg and eggshells: the frightened girl, who has lost all and injured herself considerably into the bargain by the fall, is so much alarmed by the violent outburst of wrath on the part of the old man, that at all risks she regains her feet and slides out of the way of wrath and chastisement as speedily as she can.

Foppishly-dressed strangers, who have evidently never visited Egypt during the rainy season, venture forth sight-seeing or on shopping errands; their smart waterproof overalls, and their French shooting boots, and neat glazed hat are remarkably pleasing to look upon; and yet, strange how malicious human nature must be sometimes, we are much more gratified upon beholding this fop, who has been daintily picking his way aided by a gold-knobbed cane, suddenly throw

himself into paroxysms of alarm, and then with a stifled scream slide into the midst of destruction—a prostrate mud-besmeared guy and the laughing-stock of even those who are yet suffering from aching elbows and backs. Wary old priests; Hebrews of cunning and understanding; natives of a life's experience; and the stranger within the gates, all, alas! all alike fall victims to the perfidy of the slippery soil. And still the sky is leaden-coloured and the rain pours pitilessly, and bearded shopkeepers in their little shops hover over little braziers of charcoal and smoke desperately to keep the damp and the chill at bay. If anything adds to the grotesque wretchedness of the scene it is the incomparably miserable conditions of the cocks and hens, that will persist in standing right out in the rain although there is ample shelter for them at hand underneath any of the hundred shops hard by. To have looked upon these fowls in the bright sunshine yesterday, especially yonder wretched damp thing that strutted and crowed in all the vain-glory and pride of being cock of the walk, had we had an eye to gastronomic purposes we should have fixed upon them as fit subjects, good fat hens, &c., for a roast. In reality they are nothing but skin and bone.

But the most serious calamities that happen of a wet day are those which befall poor beasts of burthen, especially camels. Here comes a train of camels heavily laden with stones for building purposes; the foremost one is the oldest and most experienced and is therefore chosen to lead the van, the camel-driver however keeps close to his head and warns the camel at every step it takes of the danger it is incurring: "*Wuk kah! wuk kah! yr habbeeb!* [You'll fall! you'll fall! my friend!] and the camel perfectly understands what is said, and warily places its huge hoof, feeling for a place of safe footing, and in this way will sagaciously cross from one side of the street to the other perhaps two or three times before it feels bold enough to plunge into the danger. Footmark for footmark the others will follow in its track, and to every warning of the camel-driver the camel returns a peculiarly gurgling grunt, which seems to indicate that the poor brute is anything but satisfied with the dangers that surround it. So also with horses, mules, and donkeys, they are all warned and guarded by the voices of their riders, and the donkeys come in for a considerable amount of abuse. *Oh ass! son of an ass! would you put your foot there where you are going and so break your leg? would you ruin the master that has fed you with barley and cared for you so many years.* And the ass replies to this remonstrance by cocking back his ears and looking exceeding vicious. If for another's sake, for his own he resists the temptation of being obstinate, and searches for a surer footing and crosses the slough in security.

Suddenly we feel the house shook as though by an earthquake, and forthwith a tremendous uproar ensues in the streets. Men are crying out to each other and suggesting all kinds of remedies. An unfortunate camel, heavy laden with stones, has lost its footing and fallen heavily to the ground, breaking its forelegs by the fall. There is no remedy but to shoot the poor brute on the spot and so put it out of its misery. Sometimes a thoughtless donkey laden heavily with fire-wood performs a somersault in the air, and all that is visible of the fallen animal from amidst a forest of firewood are its four legs kicking violently in the air. Such are the mishaps of a rainy day in Egypt.

STAND TOGETHER! HOLD TOGETHER!

A SONG FOR ALL TRUE AMERICANS.

STAND together! hold together!
We are now earth's awe and wonder;
We are weakness, if we sunder.
Through all time, oh answer, whether
You 'll not march in glory under
The old banner? hear it thunder?
Stand together! hold together!
Peace, my children! stand together!

Stand together! hold together!
Strong and mighty while united,
Wrongs by us might all be righted.
Hark! our fathers' blood asks whether
Thus their deeds shall be requited?
Hark! their glory cries, affrighted,
"Stand together! hold together!
Peace, our children! stand together!"

Stand together! hold together!
See, how despots mock the breaking
Of the power that theirs was shaking!
That made nations ask them whether
They might not their thirst be slaking
With the freedom ours was taking.
Stand together! hold together!
Close your ranks, and stand together!

Stand together! hold together!
All our fathers' hopes deceiving,
Shall we to our sons be leaving
Shame and weakness? Answer whether
All their future shall be grieving?
For this sin there 's no retrieving.
Stand together! hold together!
Brothers, rally! stand together!

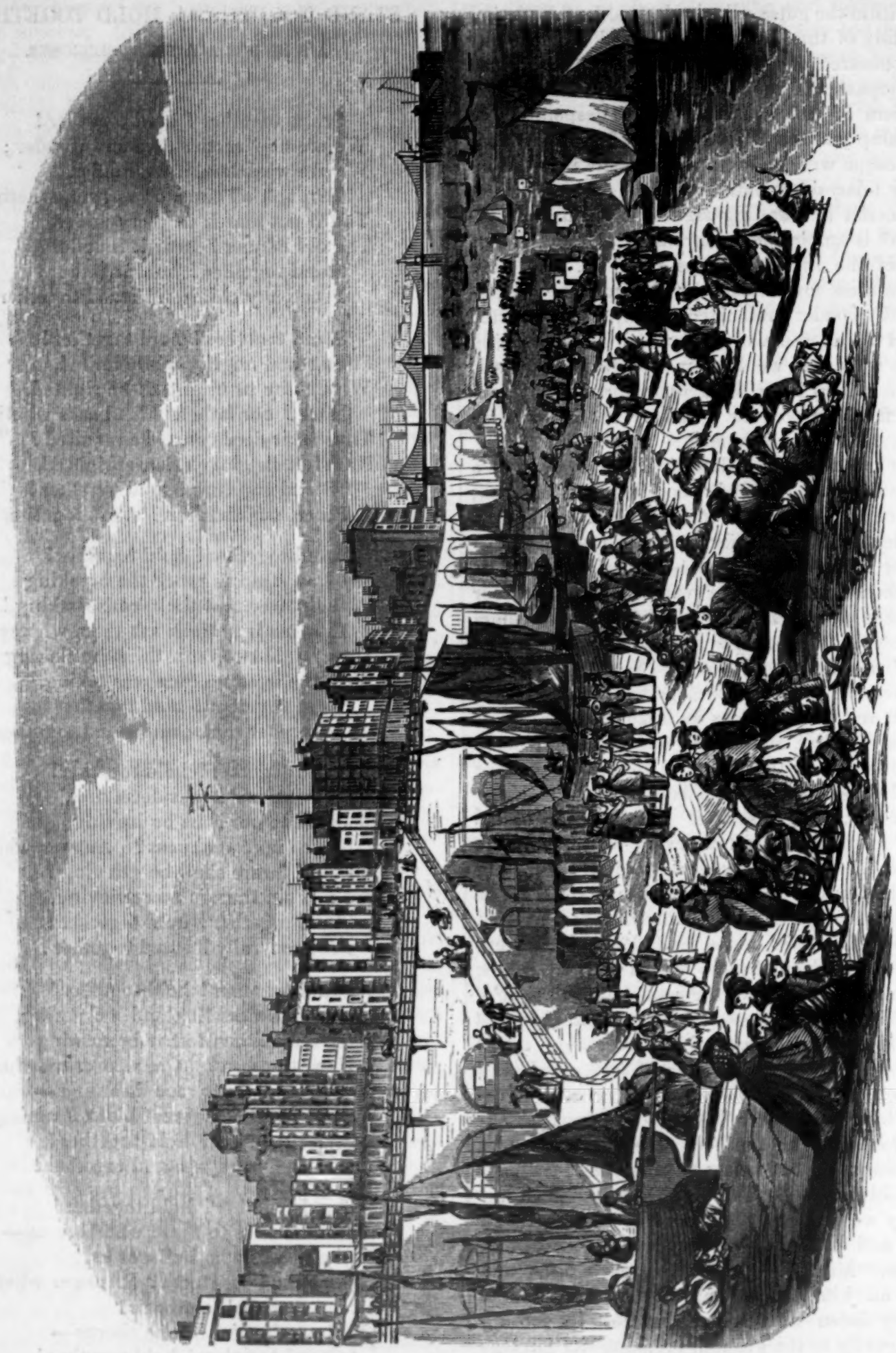
Stand together! hold together!
In our greatness England 's claiming
Part. Shall men to her be naming
Us with scorn? Oh, answer whether
We must part, our race defaming—
We must sink, our great blood shaming!
Stand together! hold together!
Now and always, stand together!

Stand together! hold together!
Who 'll be false to those who bore us—
To the heroes who built for us
Our proud greatness? Answer whether
All for ever shall abhor us?
"No," we thunder in one chorus—
"Stand together! hold together!
Still we 'll stand—we 'll hold together!"

W. C. BENNETT
(*An American in heart*).

BRIGHTON AS IT IS.*

WHO does not love Brighton—that magnificent city by the sea—little more than an hour's ride from the Stock Exchange—and the special delight of weary and smoke-dried Londoners? People sneer at Brighton; they tell you that it has no ships on the sea, and no trees on its soil. But where can you have such a promenade as on



its cliffs, or such a lounge as on its pier? It is as essential to London life and health as the parks or Kensington-gardens. Depend upon it the people who sneer at Brighton now, were ready enough to laud it when it was gay with royal pimps and courtiers, and when in its fantastic Pavilion "banqueted the best-wigged Prince

* Brighton As It Is. By a Graduate of the University of London. Brighton: George Smart.

in Christendom." An Under-graduate of the University of London has witten a pleasant, useful little book concerning Brighton, which we have great pleasure in introducing and recommending to the notice of our readers.

Of the ancient history of Brighton little can be said that has not been said before. We all know that Brighthelmstone was an insignificant fishing villiage; that Charles II. escaped from thence to France after the battle of Worcester; and that under the patronage of George IV. it became the delight of fashion. And from personal observation, most of us are aware that it is situated on an extensive bay, formed by Beachy Head to the east, and Selsey Bill to the west, and that along its sea line there is a gay and magnificent frontage more than three miles in length. When the next census is taken it is estimated Brighton will be found to contain a resident population of upwards of 80,000. Our author seems to be unaware that this immense population has not all the sanitary advantages requisite, and that Mr. Acton, the eminent London surgeon, shows that the drainage is defective, that diphtheria and other diseases of an equally fatal character abound in consequence, and that unless the inhabitants of Brighton exert themselves, the good name which their town has enjoyed since a century ago as a place of hygienic resort will be lost for ever.

Much, according to our author, requires to be done for the social improvement of the place. Close to the theatre, we are told, there is a gin-palace, with the usual appendages of plate glass and flaring gas lights, where prostitutes resort in order to ply their sinful calling when the theatre dismisses men. There is the Canterbury Hall, a place of singing and drinking, much like the establishment of the same name in London. Then there are dancing-rooms of a lower grade still. After this we are not surprised to learn that the Athenæum, which was established in order to supply professional men, tradesmen, and the general population of Brighton with the means of moral and intellectual advancement, is in a declining state. In the way of education much yet remains to be done. By a calculation based upon the general census returns, we discover that there were 6,443 children over five and under fifteen years of age, who did not attend any school. We learn, also, that in spite of the many thousands brought down by excursion trains, the churches and chapels are well attended; but there is great need of further accommodation. Our author tells us there is a decrease of pauperism, but four hundred criminals are incarcerated every year, some of them several times over. Much of this criminality he traces, very properly, to beer-shops and public-houses. "The chaplain of Lewes Gaol says that the aggravated and brutal assaults on wives and their families are the fruits of intemperance. In Brighton there are 233 public-houses and 207 beer-shops, which, on the most moderate calculation, must cost the inhabitants about £200,000 annually to support, and many of the public-houses are of the most disreputable character; and there is reason to believe that gambling is very frequent in places which would be denominated respectable. It is well known to the police that there are at least seven public-houses and ten beer-shops which are notorious resorts for thieves and prostitutes of the lowest grade, and in the Government returns twenty more are described as suspected houses; but a very careful investigation induces us to believe that the number of these houses are much greater, and though drunken and disorderly conduct prevails in many, we had almost said most of them, the paucity of crime to us indicates either culpable neglect or unaccountable ignorance on the part of the police authorities." To meet the evil of drunkenness, we are glad to find that Brighton has several Temperance associations, all of them recently established and consisting entirely of ladies; and it is calculated that in all there are about two thousand teetotallers. Our author adds, "Though the efforts of these societies are very laudable in the very highest degree, it cannot be dissembled that such an organisation is sadly too feeble to cope with the extensively ramified vice of intemperance." We fail exactly to perceive the full meaning of this. It seems to us a little open to censure. We know no better way of coping with the extensively ramified vice of intemperance than by instituting total abstinence societies. At any rate, our author shows no more excellent way; till he does we must persist in believing that teetotalism is a cure for drinking in its most widely ramified form, and for that twin-sister evil, prostitution—which prevails, according to our author, in Brighton to an alarming extent. However, we would review our author in no spirit of fault-finding. He has given us a little book valuable on account of the information it gives us as to Brighton, and valuable besides for the testimony it bears to the evils of intemperance, and to the need of total abstinence as the easiest, the most effectual, and, in many cases, the only cure. In most sea-ports and watering-places, drinking to excess is the fruitful source of ill.

Brighton is said, by those who have studied the subject, to have three distinct climates. Towards the east the air is dry and bracing, free from those saline particles which impregnate the atmosphere of the lower parts of the town. Towards the west the air is considerably milder, and being much exposed to the action of the south-westerly winds, is more humid. "The air of the central part of the town," says Dr. Wigan, "differs but little from any inland town in a low situation, and possesses more of that quality called bracing. The most salubrious portion of the town is considered, by the same authority, to be that which is contained between Western Road on the south, the parish of Hove on the west, and the road from Hove through Clifton Street to the Workhouse on the north, and the eastern extremity of Western Road on the east. The most unhealthy portion of Brighton is the central district, which is occasionally subject to fogs. The season at Brighton occurs more than once in the year; it is filled with visitors from about the middle of June till the end of December. In former times what is called the season used to commence about the beginning of June, and terminate about the end of August. Now, however, persons of rank generally arrive about the beginning of November, and remain till about the middle of December. During the months of February, March, and April, Brighton is comparatively dull, and, for the most part, destitute of visitors. In the season the grand drive and promenade, extending from the Hove to Kemp Town,

presents a most aristocratic appearance, and on Sundays, commencing with Easter Sunday, and continued through the summer, the Brighton and South Coast Railway, by means of low fare, inundates the town with Cockneys, all panting for a sight of "the sea, the sea, the open sea." Last season the visitors thus introduced to town on Sundays and Mondays amounted to 145,455 persons. According to all accounts these visitors are not of the most refined character, and, towards evening, when they wend their way back to the station under the combined influences of sea air and Brighton ales, seem rather more exhilarated than is consistent with sobriety and health. On a Sunday, while these excursions last, Brighton Road is a sort of Cockney fair. The visitors do not stop in the town, but away they rush to the shingle, and there plant themselves all the entire day. Many bathe; many are tempted out in pleasure boats; some few go to church or chapel, and then dine as quietly and soberly as they would with their families at home. The late Sir Andrew Agnew would find, were he to revisit earth, Brighton unendurable on a Sunday; but perhaps it is that which makes Brighton so attractive to the Jews. Here they reside in great numbers. The Goldsmids have much property here, and on the strength of that one of them at the last election became an unsuccessful candidate for the representation of Brighton. Brighton, however, preferred a better known man, Mr. James White, at one time M.P. for Plymouth, and now Brighton has the credit of being represented in Parliament by two of the most advanced liberals in the country. Truly the times have altered since good Mr. Jay, of Bath, preached at Brighton, and saw Charles James Fox and the Prince of Wales lounging there. Mr. Jay's son tells us "The Prince, who Mr. Jay thought was the finest man he had ever seen, although picking up the pebbles, and endeavouring to perform the schoolboy trick of 'duck and drake' upon the water, appeared to be listening with much attention to the great statesman's conversation. *Mr. Jay, by no means an inquisitive man, said, in relating this occurrence, that he was very anxious at the time to know what the conversation was about, but he presumed that it had some connection with politics, which then ran very high!!*" Evidently the worthy pastor, in this supposition, was a little green. Wine, and women, and play were rather more likely subjects of discourse. Perhaps it was as well that the worthy Mr. Jay did not have his curiosity gratified, and did not learn what the conversation was about.

In Brighton Churchyard do not repose many eminent individuals. Near the south-east entrance to the church is a slab of black marble, erected to the memory of Captain Nicholas Tattersal, "through whose prudence (so runs the inscription), valour, and loyalty, Charles II., King of England, after he had escaped the sword of his merciless rebels, and his forces received a fatal overthrow at Worcester, Sept. 3, 1651, was faithfully preserved and conveyed to France." Not far off is another tomb—

"In memory of
PHŒBE HESSELL,
Who was born at Stepney in the year 1713.
She served for many years
as a Private Soldier in the 5th Regiment of Foot,
in different parts of Europe,
and in the year 1745 fought under the command
of the Duke of Cumberland
at the Battle of Fontenoy,
where she received a bayonet wound
in her arm.
Her long life, which commenced in the
reign of Queen Anne, extended to George the IV.,
by whose munificence she received
comfort and support in her latter years.
She died at Brighton, where she had long resided,
Dec. 12, 1821,
Aged 108 years,
and lies buried here."

Close by are the remains of the celebrated Martha Grenn, who used to bathe George IV. when young, and was a fine specimen of the old Brighton fisherwomen. She died at the advanced age of 88. Of the eminent persons connected with Brighton the Iron Duke was one; some of the years of his life were passed at a Brighton school. Nor would we forget to mention here the Rev. Mr. Sortain, the popular dissenting preacher, and the Rev. Mr. Robinson, a churchman of broad and liberal views, whose sun went down while it was yet day.

We ought not to omit reference to the Devil's Dyke; certainly the drive to it is the most beautiful in the vicinity of Brighton, and it may be considered as one of the lions of the place. The dyke itself is a deep winding chasm between the general mass of the South Downs. The sides of this chasm are steep and precipitous. The Devil's Dyke, it is said, owes its formation to the arch-enemy of mankind. He, we are told, beholding with no favourable eye the numerous churches in the Weald, resolved to open a channel to admit the sea, and thus inundate the whole tract and destroy its inhabitants. Happily, however, his diabolical intentions were frustrated by the prompt courage of an elderly woman, who being disturbed in her slumbers by the operations of the infernal agent, peeped out of the window and soon recognised him; with admirable forethought she held her lighted candle from the window, which the poor stupid devil mistook for the rising sun, and fled, and thus the churches and the people were saved. The more general belief is that the spot formed at one time a Roman encampment, and a more impregnable position could not have been well chosen. Of old it used to be called the Poor Man's Wall, a name which perhaps arose from the shelter it afforded shepherds in the bleak winds of winter. Whatever the origin of the Dyke, the view from the top is grand and picturesque, extending over the whole Weald of Sussex, and embracing part of the adjoining counties of Hants, Surrey, and Kent. Dr. Johnson said "he hated Brighton Downs, because it was a country so truly desolate that if one had a mind to hang one's self for desperation at being obliged to live there, it would be difficult to find a tree on which to fasten a rope." Well, you would not think so as you stand gazing from the Devil's Dyke. At Stanmore Park, the seat of the Earl of Chichester, three or four miles out of Brighton, the visitor will find plenty of trees.

WHEN colours are costly, prudes can't afford to blush for their erring sisters.

VOICES OF THE SPRING.

THE reign of the snowdrop is over. Herald of the coming flower-armies,—if you will permit me to cast aside my regal metaphor so abruptly,—she has glided in her angel gait across the blossomless garden and now she is gone. With none of her mystical, lonely beauty the many-coloured crocuses have followed her, and now they too have passed away; while perfumed zephyrs, balmy winds, tuneful birds, budding trees, opening flowers, tinted skies, and all the great symbol-language of Nature, are announcing that the icy manacles of Winter are broken, and that the released captive, Spring, is tripping down with tinkling steps to cast her wreaths and smiles everywhere around.

Spring is coming. The azure brow of heaven is no longer defaced by those stony, sombre clouds that have been our only sky for months past. Last night I saw the sun as he trod the gold and purple mazes of the evening west. He had lost that sulky, lurid aspect wherewith he used to scowl upon the barren lands in winter time, and now he beamed genial glances of approval on the reviving earth. The world seemed to enjoy his approbation, for I am sure that the evening birds thrilled out their farewell melodies more sweetly, and that the quiet stream glistened back more of his rich lustre from her glassy bosom than before. The dawns have a better beauty too. Some while ago you could not tell when the sun was rising into the east, so deep and heavy were the clouds which robed the sky, but now the case is beautifully altered. Watch the sky at dawn one of these mornings. First you will see a faint ray of light shooting up into the darkness like a silver arrow, and then a gradual blanching of the horizon, and then a fuller gush of light which spreads gently up the sky like a flowing tide, covering the paling stars just as the returning sea covers the pebbles that lie upon the beach. So the dawn goes on, until at last, amid the rustling of fresh breezes, and the gleaming of richly painted clouds, the flaming chariot of the sun rolls up into the heavens, and the wide lands see the beauty of another day.

Spring is coming. Every patch of grass, just now, is spangled with a thousand gems, more beautiful far than those cold things which superficial men call ornaments. The forests and groves too are attired in a new garment of leaves, among which the gleeful birds blink and chirrup as though they were crazy with joy because the morose Winter had been driven away at last. Oh, these birds, these birds, how they do chatter and sing! There is one carolling in some of the trees close at hand, he is hidden by foliage, and I cannot tell where or what he is, but his voice is as melodious as an angel's. This half-hour back he has been pouring forth his extempore music, which to my mind makes Mozart and Handel mere organ-grinders, and yet he is not in the least weary! With Shelley I am almost ready to ask "what sweet thoughts are thine?" if perchance the feathered one, with his half-inch head, might teach me—what philosophy and ethics and science have never taught—how to be happy for a few consecutive seconds. Nor is he alone in his joy. Hundreds near and far are piling the passing air with harmony, and even the very sparrows, who never learned music, gibber and chatter as they hop with their electric legs from twig to twig, evidently carrying such a joy in their tiny hearts as mine, bigger than a whole dozen of their bodies, has never, never known.

Spring is coming. I am standing on the edge of a little brook, and the jocund waters are playing symphonies upon the round gravel, and as they ripple by I see some blue object come floating down. There! I have hooked it in with my cane; it is a violet. Where did it come from? Up stream somewhere there is a quiet grassy bank where the rich herbage reaches down so low that it can flirt with the busy waters, and make some little ripple-laughter now and again; from hence it is that the blue blossom has come. There it grew with a hundred gay companions, there it lived, there it would have died, and there it would have lain in a fragrant grave until the resurrection, next April, but for some chance which tossed it upon the waters of the stream. There are no violets where I am, and it seems a stranger here, far from home, like my poor self and a thousand other orphan wanderers who are scattered over the world. It brings me a message, however, which is satisfactory; that the floral fore-runners of the year's earliest season are crying their John Baptist cries in a thousand places besides the spot whereon I behold those pictures and hear these voices of the gladsome generous Spring.

Spring is coming. I fancy I can see one who, very far away, is ebbing from the shores of time. Her couch is drawn close to the window looking out upon the pleasant garden where she and I often gathered flowers and chased butterflies through the golden lengths of summer days. How white that face where the rose-garden of health once bloomed! How thin that hand that I so often clasped in mine when all the rounded fulness of healthful youth was on it! How dangerously sparkling those blue eyes that once beamed childish love into my own! She is dying, and she knows it. By her side some of the first-born flowers of her last earthly spring are lying; they were plucked early in the morning, and now the sore tinges of corruption are creeping across their loveliness, and they seem in their rapid decay to resemble the mortal flower that is fading, almost as swiftly, close at hand. So young and so beautiful, it is very hard to die. To think of all the flower-clad Springs that will sway their floral sceptres in this earth, when the whole creation shall be just as lovely as now; and then to think that the only office Spring can perform for her is to cast some garlands over her grave.

"Spring is coming!" she may sigh, "is that good news for me?" Yes, fading flower, it is good news in very truth to thee; and to all those who, like thee, are dying amidst the glory of the Spring; and to all those who have died since earth's first Spring was ushered in by the songs of the morning stars and the joyous shouting of the sons of God. Spring is coming! Not such a season as this present, which is a mere ephemeral, but a deathless Spring which shall bloom in a deathless land. Spring is coming! A Spring whose herald voice shall be the tones of the Archangel's trumpet, whose flowers shall be resurrectioned nations, clothed with

incorruptible and immortal beauty. Nor shall these eternal blossoms decorate our poor earth; a brighter destiny awaits them. Under the shadow of the loaded tree of life, or by the enamelled banks between which the living waters flow in crystal stream, their beauties shall glisten; brightness and purity and peace within, and darkness and pollution and decay and death without for ever.

R. Hayes Robinson.

RUSSIAN SERFAGE.

As the great event of the liberation of the serfs in Russia is about to take place, many of our readers will, doubtless, read with interest these remarks on the past and actual state of the question. They are translated chiefly from Nicholas Greebztoff.

Until the reign of Peter the Great there was a decided legal difference between the condition of a slave, called in Russian rabb, or starceniee cholopp, krepoentoi cholopp, and the condition of a serf, who was called kabalnoi cholopp.

The slave, or rabb, was entirely the property of his master, both his person, his goods, and his all; and the master had the full power of selling, giving, alienating, or hiring him, just as he pleased. The master, or lord, therefore, was responsible for his slave, just as for any other of his animals; so that if the slave stole, deteriorated, burnt, or injured the property of another, the owner or lord was held responsible for the indemnity of, or restitution to, the person injured. And, on the other hand, by the law of Kadeemir Monomak, he appropriated everything and all things which the slave found or earned by trade, art, industry, or otherwise.

Prisoners of war and their descendants were subject to this condition of slavery; and, naturally, those who had been purchased as slaves from foreigners, and imported as such to Russia, as well as those who were married to slaves, except they had previously made necessary arrrangements to liberate themselves from that condition.

All these slaves were subject to the personal service of their lord, or to the cultivation of his lands; they often accompanied their owners to war; and might recover or obtain their liberty, if, after having involuntarily been made prisoners by the enemy, they succeeded in escaping and returned.

Serfage, on the contrary, was but a temporary servitude, entered into between master and man voluntarily, or for debts which could not be discharged; and this was sanctioned by legal authority, guaranteed and confirmed by a document called cabalá.

A free man had thus the power of placing any of his children in a condition of serfage for any length of time he liked; for instance, until the death of their master; but, whatever the conditions and the arrangements, they were accurately defined in the cabalá. And the same applies to the parent himself. If a debtor was unable to pay his debts, he was reduced to the condition of a serf for the benefit of his creditors until his debts were paid, calculating the annual *amortissement* at the rate of one and a quarter grivna for a man, three quarters grivna for a woman, and half a grivna for a boy from 10 to 15 years old. There were also debtors who borrowed on personal security; that is, they engaged by a cabalá to serve the creditor for a specified time for the interest of the sum borrowed until the principal should be refunded, or for the gradual liquidation of the debt, both interest and capital as well; but this term rarely extended beyond the life of the creditor.

Sometimes it also happened that poverty, or the necessity of providing himself with a powerful protector, forced, as it were, a free man to adopt the state of serfage; and, lastly, a free man became a serf, but *pro tem.* only, if he undertook the stewardship of the moveable property of a baron, and from his office was called cholopp klioutchom, the serf of the key. The period of his serfage was thus only synchronic with his office, and on resigning to his master the keys, which were the symbols of his office, he resumed the state of a free man.

The proprietor of a serf had therefore not the power either of selling him, bequeathing him, or hiring him out, for he had no power over him, but, at most, during his own lifetime. He had, indeed, the power to punish him for the faults which he committed, but even this power was very restricted; for if he punished him unjustly the laws imposed upon him the penalty of a grivna for false imprisonment, and of twenty grivnas for flogging or knouting him.

From this, as well as from the laws promulgated by the Tsar Alixis, it will be seen that the condition of a serf was neither hard nor rigorous; for a special provision was made prohibiting the children of boyards, who composed the lowest degree of state servants, from changing their condition for that of serfs. The decree of Alixis and the decision of the dourna made it compulsory for the sons of boyards, who, for the purpose of evading the service of the state, had entered the state of serfage, to be free and available for the state; and if these freed men solicited again, after this decree, the favour of being made serfs by any one, it was necessary to bring them to the servitude of the boyard with whom they had made their first compact of servitude before their legal liberation.

In the code of Kadeemir, among other things, it is expressly forbidden the manorial lord to make those peasants who lived upon their lands into serfs; and every kind of cabalás, or contracts made between a Russian peasant and the proprietor of the soil which he cultivated, was declared null and void; and this provision shows that the condition of a peasant was preferable to that of a serf, although the latter was sometime coveted by some individuals of lower privileged classes.

All the servants of the state had the right of acquiring both slaves and serfs, and this right was also extended to Odnodbortgees,* the Gostees,† and all the free class; while the priests, the deacons, and the subdeacons, monastic servants, and manorial peasants had not the privilege of possessing either slaves or serfs, neither for life, nor for a term of years, but simply hired servants, with whom they might make contracts and engagements for one or more years.

* A kind of 40s. householder. † First-class merchants.

Such was the state of things until the time of Peter the Great, that is, the agricultural classes were composed of labourers who lived on crown lands and manorial estates enjoying certain political rights and liberties; serfs, subject to feudal barons for a term of years or for lifetime of their lords; and slaves, belonging to their masters and successors, like beasts of burden. Now, Peter the Great, for the purpose of introducing the obrosck, *i.e.*, the capitation fee, or poll tax, instead of the manorial imposts of the socka, commanded a complete census to be taken of the whole population; and in this first census, the peasants, the serfs, and the slaves of signorial lands were inscribed and iniquitously confounded in the same list. The preekazz effecting this change was sealed in 1704, and it allowed this confusion for the sake of avoiding the difficulties of a precise designation of the category to which each individual belonged; but the consequence was that in a few years it was impossible to make a legal distinction of the categories in which those who had been registered in the schedules of the census from 1718-21 were included; and to crown the evil, a confusion of words had introduced a new element of disorder in the social organisation.

The shades of meaning in the Russian language may be difficult to express in English, and yet, upon the proper understanding of three or four words will be seen the gigantic fraud practised upon the peasants and old-fashioned serfs by the Russian nobles. A slave is called in Russian, cholopp krepostnoï, that is, literally, a firm bondman, derived from krepok, firm, fast, durable. Now, in the decree of the census it was said, "every one shall remain firm (krepok) on the state or land where he has been registered;" which clearly meant that he should dwell there continually, as attached to the soil. Since the name krepostnoï-cholopp was derived from the word krepok, the proprietors argued from thence their right of individual possession over the peasants as well, as if this preekazz had rendered the free peasants and serfs krepoks; and they thus reduced an immense population to a condition of personal and hereditary bondsmen—slaves! This, then, was the origin and progress of that institution of slavery which Russia hopes to see soon abolished, and which, for half a century at least, she has been endeavouring to abolish without too violent shocks and revolutions in the body politic. This institution as it now is, was really caused by the bungling authors of the first census, which was originally intended simply to better organise the process of enlistment, the support of the navy, and the regular troops for the imposition of the obrok was only subsidiary to other and more important purposes.

To trace the efforts which have been made to liberate the Russian serfs would take us through several tempestuous reigns, and many fruitless efforts; suffice it, that before another week is over, the descendants of those millions of slaves whom Catherine presented to her nobles as appanages or birth-day presents or wedding dowries, will be millions of free men. R. H. J.

Bury, Lancashire.

THE EXTINCTION OF SLAVERY.

SLAVERY and the slave trade are subjects to which Englishmen are never cold or indifferent. Foreigners cannot understand our feelings with regard to them; they marvel at our sacrifices to put down slavery; they suspect us of some sinister design, when we recommend them to do the same; yet, in spite of their wonder and suspicion, the old anti-slavery spirit which inspired Clarkson, and Wilberforce, and Brougham, still exists, and burns as ardently in the heart of the nation as ever. Parliament has just had a discussion on the slave trade. Three subjects of pressing importance are before the House:—The Attorney-General is lifting up his voice in behalf of bankruptcy reform; Mr. Locke King asks for the extension of the franchise in counties, and Mr. Baines does ditto for boroughs. The whole House is agitated on the question of church rates, and day by day we turn an increasingly anxious eye to America, and France and Syria in particular, and to the state of our foreign relations in general. Besides, we are not flourishing in business just at this particular time, and are grievous sufferers from the scarcity of corn and cash; yet, in the middle of all these complications, we find Parliament discussing the subject of slavery, and, happily, we are now discussing it in a sensible manner. We have got over our fit of remorse, and are beginning to see that the black man must labour as well as the white. Mr. Cave asked the House of Commons to believe that the true remedy of slavery "is to be found, not in countenancing immigration into countries where slavery exists, but in augmenting the working population where slavery has been abolished, and that the failure has arisen mainly from our having endeavoured to prevent the supply of slaves instead of to check the demand for them." Is not this a step in the right direction? We are not in a position to make war on all the world on behalf of negro rights; as it is, we are often on the verge of quarrelling with France on the subject, and there can be no doubt but that Spain and America directly encourage the slave trade—the one by refusing to acknowledge the right of search, and the other by importing slaves into Cuba. The only thing to be done, then, is to compete with them in the production of cotton and sugar. Our West Indian Islands are in a position to do so as regards soil and climate, and we have the advantage in the shape of machinery and abundance of capital; but our want is labour, and that can only be supplied by emigration. In Africa men are plentiful, and can be imported cheaply. They had better be growing cotton and sugar in Jamaica than murdering by thousands, according to the custom in Dahomey. The Government of Hayti is now giving free passages to these coloured people, guaranteeing the emigrants equal civil rights, exemption from military duty, and free grants of land. This example could easily be followed by our West Indian proprietors, if aided, in some measure, by the authorities. In India and China we have an inexhaustible supply. We have a treaty with China, which enables us to carry to the West not only Chinamen but their families, and, if our laws are observed, and our shipowners and planters are honest, we can obtain them by tens of

thousands, and then we shall be in a position to render slavery unprofitable in Cuba, and to care very little whether the Southern States of America produce slave-grown cotton or not. The *Times* suggests that we are not far from the period when we may see the prosperity of our West Indian colonies restored and the slave trade extinguished without a cruiser or a fort on the coast of Africa, and without the sacrifice of even another million from the British treasury. Heartily shall we rejoice when that period arrives; the sacrifices we have made of treasure and of men may be considered as an ample atonement for the past. It is true we were the principal profiters by the slave trade, but then we were the first to put it down. We made a great deal of money by slavery—but then what a price we paid the West Indian proprietors for the ransom of their slaves! What ardent missionaries of emancipation we have been the wide world over! Surely, as regards the black man, we may fairly be considered free of responsibility. We have more than paid the debt we owe him. Where can be the harm now in our begging him to remember that he comes into this world of ours not merely to sing nigger melodies, or to eat yams in the pleasant sunshine, or to dance by moonlight with dusky Venuses in gorgeous attire — but to work? Friend Quashee ought now to try and make himself a little useful. We can't afford to spend much more money on him — even though he be a man and a brother.

THE DUNGEONS OF NAPLES.*

ITALIAN tyranny is no more. On the fair face of the Peninsula, freedom has lifted up "her beautiful bold brow;" a united Italy has taken the place of the miserable despotisms which so long waged war with human rights. All over the world there is joy and exultation that Francis II. has been driven from Naples to Gaeta, and from Gaeta to an exile's home. How great has been the gain for humanity, let Antonio Nicolo tell us. He is a representative man, he speaks not of himself alone; his history is that of nearly seven hundred others who were with him in captivity at Procida. The 15th of May, 1848, he tells us, is memorable as the date of one of the most unhappy events connected with the kingdom of Naples. On that day seven millions and a half of human beings were plunged into bitter grief and mourning. Ferdinand II., growing tired of the constitution which he had voluntarily accorded, had prepared the machinery to undermine it, and formed the plan for returning to his previous despotism. The capital of the kingdom became a prey to fire, sword, sack, and blood. A furious soldiery filled the streets, and ruthlessly murdered women, children, and old men. The Lazzaroni, excited by the lust of spoil, laid violent hands upon the property of peaceful citizens, and the palace of Gravina, in which liberty had found ardent supporters, was given to the flames. In the midst of these terrible events a small band of generous-hearted men arose as the champions of liberty. Unmoved by fear and disdaining flight, they united to pen a protest against the infamous conduct of Ferdinand II. Scarcely however had they prepared their declaration when they were assailed by the military and barely escaped with their lives. They were compelled to depart, though their hearts were bleeding for the sufferings which they witnessed. Their protest, they saw, would prove utterly vain unsupported by force,—"Our country to our latest breath" was their common cry; with one accord they separated for their respective provinces to rouse the people to arms. Count Ricciardi, Stefano Romeo, and Antonio Plutino landed in the province of Reggio, informed the people of Ferdinand's treachery, described the frightful butchery which they had witnessed in the capital, and arranged a revolution. Our author, a young medical practitioner, became mixed up in it. It failed, and he became a victim. Two thousand warrants of arrest were issued throughout the province. On the 2nd of September, 1850, Nicolo found himself a prisoner in the castle of Reggio, surrounded by dear and valued friends, like himself accused of political crimes. In May, 1851, he was called to undergo an examination, and a month afterwards his trial began. On the 14th of November he was sentenced to nineteen years' imprisonment in irons, and £100 costs. Two months afterwards he was transferred to the dungeon of S. Francisco. "Being condemned to irons, I was placed in the lower story, which was damp, fetid, and crowded with the vilest criminals. Here we were not allowed to enjoy the air more than two hours a-day, and it often happened that we were deprived even of this for three or four days together. At midnight we were awoke by the violent opening and shutting of the iron doors; the windows were kept open all night as well as by day, however inclement the weather; upon any disturbance among the prisoners, musket balls were fired in torrents through all the apertures; every day beds and other objects were turned over and left in confusion in the search for arms which the turnkeys themselves carried in." One morning in July Nicolo found that his punishment was reduced to thirteen years in irons. A fortnight after he was ordered for Nisida, to which place, 400 miles distant, the prisoners were compelled to walk, and in chains, on foot. At Nisida he was chained to a murderer,—his hair was cut short to the roots. The place was filled with criminals; most of them were Camoristi, a class celebrated for their crimes both before imprisonment and while in the galleys. They have a peculiar slang language by which to interchange their ideas and concert their plan of action, maintain a most active correspondence with their fellows in other Bagni, have regular rules, and a tribunal of their own, their own executioners, spies, and regular furnishers of weapons,—sometimes even their patrons are commandants of the Bagno themselves. Their decrees are sent from one place to another that their victims may not escape. They are suffered to wear two long poignards, which in many cases are furnished them by the officers of the Bagno. They keep up their funds by insisting upon an initiatory fee. All the offices of *Panettiere* (distributors of bread), restaurant keepers, fruit vendors, and dealers of every kind, are held by them. They exact entrance money from all prisoners, assign them their places, which they suffer them to change only in

* Ten Years' Imprisonment in the Dungeons of Naples. London: Alfred Bennet.

accordance with their pleasure, and are, in short, complete masters of the lives and properties of their fellow-prisoners.

Let us now take a glance at the dining and sitting room. Nicolo tells us, "I had scarcely put my head in the doorway when a suffocating cloud of smoke nearly blinded me and made my eyes water. I stopped short and begged of my companion to be allowed to go back into the corridor. 'Go in,' he answered, 'the soup bell has rung, and I want to get my place.' My entreaties had no effect, and he was equally unmoved by my promises and evident distress. I was compelled to obey, and entered. But where was I? in a room or factory? I could not decide. At the entrance was a lofty, wide door, blackened by smoke, with a low narrow door in the middle, by which the prisoners came out one by one, stooping to half their height. The place was only spacious enough to accommodate thirty persons conveniently, but now contained sixty or seventy. Walls, black and smoky, like those of a forge, supported the low ceiling; a filthy little lamp was suspended in the centre; six small windows on a level with the floor, three facing the sea and three looking into the corridor, afforded a light which was almost neutralised by the blackness of the walls. The floor was paved with flint-stones, some of which were missing here and there. A large bench ran round the walls, partly bare and partly heaped with rags, which served as bedding. In each corner was an uncovered sink, into which filth of every kind was thrown, and which emitted the most pestiferous odour, more or less horrible according to the nature of the additions which were constantly made to its contents. All the rest of the space was occupied by miserable wood bedsteads, upon which were thrown old straw mattresses or disgusting rags."

Night brought its own peculiar horrors. "I lay quiet, having only taken off my jacket and trousers, and scarcely knew whether I had fallen asleep or not, when I was suddenly aroused by the smarting of a thousand punctures as if my flesh was stung all over by nettles. I turned over and over, stretched myself to my full length, curved my limbs, but nothing I could do diminished the pain; a dreadful intolerable irritation afflicted me from head to foot. While I rubbed or scratched one part of my person, the itching became more violent in another. I was fairly worn out, and knew not to what to attribute my sufferings. Suddenly, in a fit of desperation, I tore off my shirt and buried myself again in my bed-clothes. This was a most unfortunate movement; not a place as large as a pin's head was now free from suffering. I felt as if I were enveloped in a hair cloth; I sat up in bed, called the attendant, who brought me a light, and what did I see?—a whole swarm of insects of various kinds had attacked me. The light made them fly like a routed army, leaving behind however abundant traces of their presence,—my sheet was like a piece of printed calico. All the vermin of the place, attracted by the linen of my bed, had come to give me a welcome, and fallen upon me like a pack of hungry wolves upon a flock of sheep."

In October, 1852, our author was sent with the rest of the political prisoners to Procida. "Upon entering the prison I was placed in a subterranean cell, called the darkened room on account of the celebrated but dim light which illumined it. It was very spacious, and situated twenty yards below the level of the soil. A sepulchral light was reflected from two iron gratings opening into a narrow trench recently made. The pavement was of square stones, almost hidden under a coating of humid filth. The slimy walls emitted a horrid stench. Fetid green water dripped from the centre of the ceiling. Although it contained several persons, it was scarcely possible to distinguish their forms. A column of smoke, after travelling to the top of the place, found an exit through the bars. It was a tomb—*the tomb of expiation*—a place well calculated to inspire horror, and to make me still more bitterly regret the change. My blood froze in my veins as I entered. The room at Nisida seemed a perfect paradise in comparison. There at least it was light and dry; the beautiful coast of Naples could be seen, the ancient Fozzuoli, and various other memorable sites. Oh how true it is, I said to myself, that the worst is always to come!—I shall never live long in this place. As soon as my chest and bed were put aside, I escaped from that pit of despair. I ascended to the upper story of the prison, and met some of my companions, who were in dungeons which, though wretched enough, were not to be complained of in comparison with mine. I told them my position, but they only laughed, and afterwards added that all had to pass through the same ordeal at first, but that it might be arranged by means of money."

On one occasion, under the pretence of searching for suspected documents, the prison was searched by soldiers, gendarmes, and police agents; the boxes of the prisoners were broken open, and every one was more or less robbed; new governors came—each one worse than the preceding one; anarchy reigned among the assassins, but the treatment of the political prisoners was of a totally different nature. Their chains were scrupulously examined every day, and they were threatened with the bastinado for the slightest infraction of the rule—more than one was subjected to criminal seclusion for mere trifles. They were only permitted to go upon the *voglietto* one at a time, and every measure was adopted to fleece them to the very utmost. By one governor they were much annoyed. He used to enter the different rooms of the prison at uncertain hours, accompanied by twelve soldiers, the captain, and his confidential keeper, "for the purpose of seeing that the chains were in proper order. Sometimes he came in the middle of the night with four lanterns, and went from bed to bed to shake the feet of the prisoners. Every person who entered and left the prison was subject to a minute search; the captains trembled, the corporal trembled, the turnkey trembled, we were all ill with excitement." When he left his sovereign to take command of the prison the latter said to him, "To-morrow you will have the command of the Bagno of Procida; six hundred of my most bitter enemies are confined there. I recommend them strongly to your care; chains and the stick are the best remedies for them." On one occasion he had fifty-six flogged; the beating began and lasted eight hours. The cries of the victims were heard over the whole of Procida; the inhabitants were so alarmed and indignant that they rushed to the spot to endeavour to put a stop to the punishment; his daughters threw themselves at his feet to try to mitigate his anger—but to no purpose. He

carelessly smoked his cigar throughout the whole ceremony. At the sight of the prisoners' tears he only said, "Imbecile fools;" when they uttered the customary exclamation of the lower classes "*Maria del Carminè*," when suffering physical anguish,—"Ah, you may appeal to the Madonna, simpleton." He mocked their contortions, and if any of them changed their position at the *cavaletto* he held them still with his own hands. "He was," says our author, "not a tiger—not a hyena; but a nameless indefinable being, the true type of an incarnate devil." We are not surprised to learn that the conduct of this man at last provoked a revolt.

Another visitor there was from the Jesuits, who came to get the political prisoners to confess their guilt, and sue the king for mercy. During his time there was comparative calm in the Bagno; yet a week never passed without a wounded or murdered body being seen carried along the corridors—that a disturbance did not take place, or a robbery did not occur. But in time Ferdinand grew tired of his prisoners, and offered them settlements in the Argentine Republic. Out of five hundred only forty-four were willing to go. Evidently some more attractive bait had to be offered. At noon on the 2nd September, 1858, a *scorridora* arrived at Procida with orders to transport to Nisida, Nicolo and thirteen others. From thence they were put on board a corvette, and taken to an American vessel, for the sake of being sent to New York. On board the corvette they found Poerio, and their other companions at Montesarchia. What became of them when, at Cadiz, they were placed in the David Stuart, an American vessel bound for New York, our readers have not yet forgotten. Every one remembers under what extraordinary circumstances the David Stuart was carried into Queenstown, Ireland, and how warm and generous was the greeting given them in every part of her Majesty's dominions. Of that little band of exiles most have returned to Italy. Signor Nicolo, however, remains in Cork. We thank him for his sad account of the Neapolitan dungeons; we rejoice to think that we have got to the end of such books. As the memorial of what once was, and may now no longer be, we attach much value to his little work.

GODFREY OF BOUILLON.

A RIGHT noble knight, and doer of noble deeds, was Godfrey of Boulogne, of which place his father was Count. The statue we have engraved here is now set up in Brussels, and was first exhibited to the British public in the Great Exhibition of 1851, where it excited much attention and admiration. Godfrey lived in stirring times; in his youth he bore the great standard of the empire in the service of Henry IV. At the battle of Merschery, Oct. 2, 1081, his sword cut off the right hand of the pretender, Rodolph, and he was among the first who scaled the walls of Rome in the subsequent attack on it. His celebrity in arms, his noble descent, and his general high reputation for both morals and valour, procured him the chief command of the projected crusade to Jerusalem, and after surmounting the difficulties of the passage through Asia Minor, and taking Antioch and Laodicea, the crusaders advanced to Jerusalem in May, 1099. Godfrey here encamped his division on Mount Calvary, and after five weeks of severe struggling and suffering the Holy City was carried by storm on July 15. The unanimous voice of the Christian army proclaimed Godfrey first Latin King of Jerusalem, but he rejected the title, and styled himself Defender and Baron of the Holy Sepulchre. Godfrey compiled, with the aid of his best legal pilgrims, a code named "Les Assizes de Jerusalem." He died in 1100. Tasso, in his "Jerusalem Delivered," records his virtues and talents, and still men think that few Christian knights were so chivalrous and worthy of being held in lasting honour as the noble Godfrey of Bouillon.

THE PAPER DUTY.

ON March 13 a numerous and respectable meeting took place at the large room of the Whittington Club, London, to discuss the desirability of abolishing the taxes on knowledge. The subject is a popular one, and was handled in a popular manner. All taxes are unpleasant, and a good case may be made out against any; but this one of the Paper Duty is peculiarly unpleasant, and is collected under peculiarly aggravating circumstances. The people have condemned it—the House of Commons has condemned it—the Chancellor of the Exchequer has condemned it, yet there it is, simply because the Lords, by a stretch of their prerogative, have retained it. Truly it is time that we should be up and stirring.

The Paper Duty is the last of a group of imposts which are aptly designated the Taxes on Knowledge, and the continuance of which under a government, one of whose rallying cries has ever been the diffusion of popular education, is a blot upon their consistency as public men and their honesty as political leaders.

It has been amply demonstrated that the duty on paper, insignificant as a source of public revenue, and almost imperceptible in its influence upon the price of the comparatively costly books used by the upper classes, puts insurmountable barriers in the way of a really cheap and good literature for the masses—that it augments the price of the publications designed for the people to an extent that greatly limits their circulation, and restricts the reading of the poor man within the narrowest bounds; that it brings failure upon the most deserving and enterprising efforts of philanthropic men, who have sought, by turning the appliances of large capitals and vast establishments to the creation of a popular literature, to promote the great object of Whig aspiration—the spread of useful knowledge; and that, by denying the struggling workman the healthful recreation of a cheap press, it has driven him to idleness, or to the sensual excitements of dissipation, in moments he might otherwise have improved for the cultivation of his nobler faculties. That Messrs. Chambers, of Edinburgh, should have been compelled to abandon a cheap and useful publication, which had reached a sale of 80,000 copies weekly, because—thanks to the Paper Duty—it did not pay, and that the same cause should



GODFREY DE BOUILLON.

have arrested so many of the noble enterprises of Mr. Charles Knight, are sufficient proof of the extent to which this impost, perpetuated for the sake of a revenue of £800,000, impedes the growth of reading habits amongst the people, and withholds from them the supply of wholesome mental food. When we mention that one great publishing firm, Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, pay upwards of £10,000 a-year duty on their cheap publications, it is evident the tax is a fearful one on enterprise, to say the very least.

This is, perhaps, the highest ground upon which the friends of popular progress may challenge a professedly liberal Government for the repeal of the Duty on Paper, and the whole bundle of Excise exactions of which it is part. But in its more material fruits the impolicy of this particular impost is equally manifest. It hinders the profitable employment of capital; it prevents the successful development of our mechanical and industrial resources; it indirectly increases the cost of almost every article of consumption which the poor man buys; and it virtually locks up against thousands of our starving people a branch of employment which would be eminently healthful and favourable in all its conditions.

It is unquestionable that to withdraw the interference of the Excise from the manufacture of paper would be to give an immense impulse to its production both for printing purposes and other uses. If other demonstration were not sufficient, the practical demonstration of experience would establish this fact. An experiment has already been made in the direction we are advocating. In the year 1834 a partial reduction of duty was made, and since that period the manufacture of paper has increased 80 per cent. In the year we have named there were 70,605,889 lbs. chargeable to the Excise; in 1846 there were 127,442,480 lbs. Such was the impetus given to the trade by lowering the duty from 3d to 1½d per lb. on certain qualities. What greater results might we not anticipate if this remaining duty were remitted, and the crippling action of the Excise on this branch of industry wholly removed. For let it be understood, that it is not the amount of the duty levied only (though this is considerable when the small value of the material employed is considered) that presses injuriously upon the manufacturer. It is the constant and vexatious meddling of the Excise system with every part of the process, dictating the operations of the mill, and checking, by its injudicious interference, every attempt at improvement in the modes of producing the fabric.

When we speak of an impulse to manufacture, and a consequent increase of employment, it is difficult to estimate how far the meaning of our words applies. How many branches of labour are connected with the working-up of refuse rags, and the singular product into which they are transformed? A multiplication of mills would give additional occupation to a little army of builders, carpenters, wrights, and all the handicrafts who repair the wear and tear of complex machinery. The carriage of many tons of augmented produce would impart new activity to our several systems of transport —the road, the canal, the rail. And after the material is finished and delivered, there are more trades than we care to enumerate to whom it is virtually bread, and to vastly increased numbers of whom the increased use of paper would afford that universal desideratum of modern society, the means of living—stationers, and their assistants, printers and publishers, folders, stitchers, and binders, type-founders, ink-makers, leather-dressers, &c. &c.

The present value of the paper produced annually in this country is £4,000,000, the larger proportion of which, beyond the duty, is distributed in the shape of wages. It is estimated that upwards of 160,000 of the population are directly dependent upon this one branch of industry, whilst the above enumeration of some of the trades associated with it will show how impossible it is even to conjecture the numbers *indirectly* dependent for occupation and bread upon the activity of this trade.

Is not this consideration one of vast import? Is it wise to shut up this source of employment? Is employment so much a drug in our social market, that we can afford to discourage a branch of enterprise that only needs a fair and open field for its development to employ many thousands of men and women upon comfortable wages, who are now burdening the poor-rates, or suffering want because they "cannot get work." There is one feature, moreover, connected with this branch of employment that invests it with peculiar interest and value. Unlike most manufactures, it can be carried on—and best carried on—in rural districts. It will not add to the concentration of living masses in already densely-populated towns. It will do much to meet the necessities of the masses of labourers whom agriculture is constantly rejecting, and at present sending to compete in the labour-markets of the towns.

We have adverted to the indirect influence of this tax in augmenting the cost of most articles of common consumption—everything, in short, which goes out of the shop in a wrapper of paper of any kind. In this point of view the burden is distributed most unequally —the wealthy man, who purchases large quantities of goods at once, and in single parcels, paying little duty compared with the poor man, whose purchases are in minute portions at a time. If a grocer (as is common in an ordinary business) spends £100 per annum on paper to wrap up his tea, sugar, and soap, £40 of that sum will consist of the duty charged by the Excise—that is, he has to pay for his paper £40 more than its real worth, and of course, to make up that sum—which he would otherwise lose—by extra charges upon his wares. Not content with taxing (in addition to direct imposts) our tea, our coffee, and our soap, not even the bits of paper in which our purchases are wrapped are suffered to go free.

To expose all the varied evils which this tax inflicts would be a task far beyond our present space. There is scarcely a point of view in which it can be regarded, in which it is not seen to be a curse and a wrong. It operates with equal unfairness upon capital and industry, upon the intellectual and the material interests of society. Let us not any further endure this nuisance of an Excise impost on paper. Let us remember that in securing its repeal we shall not only do much towards the creation of a popular literature, but shall unfetter an important branch of industry, open up a comparatively untrodden field of labour, and materially lessen the weight of taxation that bears so heavily upon everything the poor man eats, and wears, and handles.

We hail with great satisfaction the movement organized to force this matter upon the attention of the Government, and compel them either to sanction the remission of this impost, or to adduce some better reasons for its continuance than any they have yet put forward.

LITERATURE.

Will Adams, the First Englishman in Japan; a Romantic Biography; by William Dalton. (London: A. W. Bennett, 5, Bishopsgate-street Without.) This is a well-written story, founded on facts, intended to illustrate the connexion between the two countries some two centuries and a half ago. The hero was a real personage. "He was," says Mr. Dalton in his preface, "the *first* Englishman who ever set foot in Japan, in which land he lived for some time a prisoner, then as the friend and confidant of the Emperor (Ziogoon), negotiated a treaty for his country, married a native lady, had children, and lastly, after a twenty years' sojourn, made a will (which was afterwards brought to England), and died. Of the history of this fine old English shipman, and founder of the Dutch and English commerce with Japan, we have but fragments in the shape of letters written by him and some of his contemporaries; but from these we gather the facts that he was born at Gillingham, in Kent, was apprenticed to a shipmaster, one Nicholas Diggines, of Limehouse, near London; and that he married, served as master and pilot in the navy of Queen Bess, again in the service of the worshipful Company of Barbary merchants, and lastly in the Dutch fleet which sailed from the Texel in 1598; and that, after a disastrous voyage, accident threw him, with several shipmates, upon the land of Japan, about April, 1600, in which empire he remained till his death in May, 1620; and this, and much more that has enabled me to give the fortunes of my hero, we have upon authorities which may be found collected and collated in the admirable work of Mr. Thomas Rundal, printed for the Hakluyt Society, and entitled 'Memorials of the Empire of Japan in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries.'" We cannot do better than give, in the author's own words, the plan of the work. "The gaps (he states) between the fragments of authentic knowledge of Will's history I have endeavoured to fill in with pictures of the people and the time—a time, be it remarked, which forms a singularly interesting epoch in the history of the children of the sun-goddess; for just before Will arrived, Japan had buried her Cæsar, Tiego-Sama, who, satiated with minor conquests, had resolved upon subduing the then mighty Chinese empire. Upon Will's *arrival*, a usurper filled the imperial seat, who might be likened to our Henry the Seventh, for, finding the numerous kinglets weakened by long intestine wars, he crushed their power, and curtailed their number. From this sovereign Will, who had ever an eye to the interests of his beloved England, obtained for James the First a free-trade treaty. Again, during the period of Will's sojourn in the land happened the many intrigues of the Spaniards and Portuguese to exclude all other Europeans from commerce with the natives, and began also those plottings of the Romish priests with the heir of the late Ziogoon, which caused the fearful persecutions of the Christians shadowed forth in the narrative, and which terminated in the Japanese St. Bartholomew, the terrible massacre of the Christians at Simabara, and the extirpation of Christianity from the empire." The supposed narrator of the story is Melichor von Santvoort, a Dutchman, who was a contemporary of Will Adams in Japan, and whose own adventures blend with those of the Englishman. The entire story of the dangers, difficulties, intrigues, &c., encountered, with the accompanying pictures of life and manners, possesses the *vraisemblance* which is the chief charm of such narratives, and which is considerably enhanced by its somewhat quaint and antique style.

Some of the publications of the Religious Tract Society which have just reached us are of a very superior character. They are always unexceptionable in tone, beautifully got up, and can be placed confidently in the hands of the classes for whom they are intended. The first on our list is *The Sweet Story of Old*, a book for children. The writer tells them of Him who said—"Suffer little children to come unto me," and he tells the old sweet story with much simplicity and pathos. Christian parents will be glad to have such a book for their young ones. *The Spensers; or, The Chronicles of a Country Hamlet*, is a well-written work, to show, "in some degree, what, under certain not very uncommon circumstances, may be done in an unpretending way by ambitious and untalented persons in the course of every-day life, and, in natural connexion with it, to win souls to Christ," and is really a very good tale for Sunday reading.—*Brazil: its History, People, Natural Productions, &c.*, is a book which really ought to be very popular, as it is written in a very lively style, and has a good map, and many engravings of considerable merit. The writer begins with the discovery of the land by Columbus, and brings down his story to the present time. He tells us all about its religion and social condition, its manners, customs, its natural productions, and its aborigines. A very pleasant, readable book has been made in consequence, and one which will be found alike instructive and amusing.

The French Treaty. (London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.) In a letter to the publishers of this valuable work of reference, Mr. Cobden says—"My dear Mr. Cassell—I am much obliged to you for the copy of the volume on the French Treaty. The value of such a work depends entirely on its accuracy, and I am therefore glad that you have placed this beyond a doubt by securing the services, as editor, of the intelligent Secretary of the Commissioners, to whose conscientious exactness and diligence I can bear willing testimony. The Tables and other matter appended to the new French Tariff are to me of exceeding interest and value, as they afford a datum line for measuring the future growth of the commerce between the two countries." Besides the valuable data mentioned by Mr. Cobden, this work contains the Tariff in French and English complete, and an historical sketch of the past commercial legislation of France. It is a book which ought to find a place in the library of every merchant and manufacturer.

The Amber Witch—the Most Extraordinary Case of

Witchcraft extant. (London: W. Tinsley.) This is a most remarkable book; anything more strange and exciting it were impossible to conceive. It is also published at a most appropriate time, since the highly successful opera, under the same title, and composed by Mr. W. Vincent Wallace, which is now exciting so much interest at Her Majesty's Theatre, has been constructed upon its details—details which exhibit the frightful ignorance of that period, when passion and prejudice, combined with envy and hatred, were sufficient to condemn the young and innocent, no less than the old and helpless, to most brutal torture and fearful death. The book is admirably translated, neatly printed, and will be not only interesting to the general reader, but highly useful to those who listen to Mr. W. Vincent Wallace's opera—which is about to be transferred to Drury-lane—inasmuch as it will be found to give a much more clear and satisfactory relation of the story of the "Amber Witch" than is afforded by Mr. H. F. Chorley's *libretto.*

The Dog, and how to treat Him; with his Diseases and Methods of Cure; by John B. Johnson. Second Edition. (London: Baily, Brothers.) We are not surprised to find that this little work has reached a second edition. It is evidently written by one who knows all about dogs, and is just the book to put into the hands of any one who has anything to do with such articles. Young sportsmen who wish to enjoy the luxury of shooting with a good dog, by means of Mr. Johnson, may learn the art of training their dogs to the gun by the simplest and most successful means, and in the shortest possible time.

Cassell's Popular Natural History, Vol. II. This second volume of a work of which we have already spoken in the highest terms, is devoted to Mammalia, like the first. We have the description of flesh-eating animals concluded, then we have chapters on thick-skinned animals—on ruminating animals—on toothless animals—on pouch-bearing animals, and aquatic mammals or cetacea. In interest this volume is a great advance upon the last, and the engravings are more complete and numerous. The book is got up in the most handsome manner, and, if we may judge from our own experience, is the most acceptable present a father can give his children.

THE MONTH.

HER Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, the mother of the Queen of England, died at Frogmore House, on Saturday morning, March 16, at half-past nine o'clock. Her Royal Highness was suffering from cancer previous to her death, and her health had been failing for some time past. The Queen, the Prince Consort, and the Princess Alice were present when the Duchess of Kent died. The illustrious party arrived at Frogmore House on Friday night, and remained till the sad event took place. The Princess Frederick William of Prussia left Berlin Sunday morning in consequence of the decease of the Duchess. The deceased Duchess was born on the 17th August, 1786. She was the daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Cobourg Saalfield, and sister to the present King of the Belgians. She was twice married—first to the Prince of Leiningen, who died in 1814; second, to the Duke of Kent, fourth son of George III. The Duke of Kent died on the 23rd of January, 1820, so that Her Royal Highness has survived her husband 41 years.

Foreign affairs are unusually interesting this month. The speech of Prince Napoleon in the French Senate has created a great sensation. The Prince is strongly opposed to the union of the temporal and spiritual power of the Pope, and he proposes that his Holiness should have the right side of the city of Rome, with a Papal garrison and a Papal budget, and his independence guaranteed by the Powers. In the Legislative body an amendment was moved in favour of the protection of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. In the Senate M. Billault refused to answer the question whether the French troops would ever leave Rome. The Emperor has expressed his warm admiration of the Prince's speech, which, indeed, is quite the commencement of a new era in modern French history, and which, cordially supporting as it does the Anglo-French Alliance, deserves the warm reception given to it this side the Channel.

We hear of terrible riots in Warsaw, and that several persons have lost their lives through the firing of the military. The occasion of the commotion was, as has been stated, the celebration of the battle of Grochow. The soldiers were called out, the people began to pelt them, and the military used their weapons. Six were killed and six wounded. On Friday the bodies of those who were killed were buried, one hundred thousand people were assembled, and the whole city was in mourning. The Russian governor appears to have trusted the safety of the town to the Poles, for a committee of safety, composed of the principal citizens, has been organised, and the latest intelligence states that all is quiet. The citizens of Warsaw have addressed the Czar in an energetic, but firm tone. A letter in the *Patrie* throws a new light upon the affair. It says that the anniversary of the battle of Grochow was simply a pretext. The real object of the demonstration was the resolution passed by the Agricultural Society in favour of the Polish peasants. On the 24th of February the Agricultural Society voted unanimously, in presence of M. Moukanhoff, Minister of the Interior, and in opposition to the programme of the Government, a resolution tending to constitute owners of the soil those peasants whom the official project wishes to maintain simply as farmers. The vote was received with immense enthusiasm by every class of the population.

The intelligence from India is in one point satisfactory, in another it bears the mark of distress. According to the *Bombay Times*, the tariff on piece goods and yarn is to be reduced, and the Paper Currency Bill will also be remodelled or altogether abandoned. On the other hand, the famine in the north-west provinces is creating fearful ravages. The failure of the spring crops appears certain, so it is reported; the inhabitants of Cutch and Travancore are starving, and the distress will be greater than anything that has appeared in India within living memory.

The "Essays and Reviews" are still a nine-days wonder. Lately they were condemned by all the Bishops in Convocation. The Rev. Dr. Temple having asked the Bishop of Exeter—in reference to a recent address—to be kind enough to inform him with what fundamental doctrines of the Church a certain extract from the essay on "The Education of the World," is at variance, the bishop replies in a lengthy epistle, the purport of which is, that though he does not regard Dr. Temple's essay with the same feeling of aversion as he feels for other portions of the book, yet he deems it open to "very grave remark." His Grace thinks the joint letter of the bishops much too feeble in terms, and had himself sketched a formula in which a stronger opinion was expressed. His Grace furthermore holds every one of the seven persons acting together in the book to be "alike responsible for the several acts of every individual among them in executing their avowed common purpose."

The inquest on Dr. Baly, the Queen's physician, who met such a melancholy death on the railway near Wimbledon, has terminated. The jury returned a verdict of accidental death, with a recommendation that additional break power should be applied to all passenger trains. The jury were also mindful of a matter which is often overlooked on these occasions. They mentioned, in high terms of approval, the promptitude and presence of mind displayed by the guard, engine driver, and pointsman.

The long-agitated question of the great leather firm of Laurence, Mortimore, and Schrader, was settled in the Bankruptcy Court. The certificate of Laurence was refused; that of Mortimore to be suspended for twelve months, and that of Schrader for two years.

The Yelverton case has been decided. On March 4 the learned judge concluded an able and lucid charge, which occupied seven-and-a-half hours in delivery, at 5.30 P. M., when the jury retired, and afterwards returned the following verdict:—"That there was a Scotch and also an Irish marriage, and that they believed Major Yelverton to have been a Catholic at the time." The announcement was received with deafening cheers by the immense concourse who thronged the court and its avenues. On the verdict for the plaintiff being made known thousands of persons congregated on Inn's Quay, who cheered most vehemently. The scene in court on the delivery of the verdict was beyond all description. Mrs. Yelverton was in one of the chambers of the court. The horses of the carriage waiting for her were taken from it by the crowd, and the carriage drawn by the enthusiastic multitude to the hotel where she is staying, and where she was obliged to appear on the balcony to gratify her admirers. She said:—"My noble-hearted friends, you have by your verdict this day made me an Irishwoman. You will for ever live in my heart, as I do in yours." Her being an Englishwoman had no effect in damping the ardour of the most bigoted Milesian or Ultramontanist—her having been a Sister of Charity and a convert to the Church of Rome did not check the sympathy of the most intolerant Orangeman. The speech of Mr. Serjeant Armstrong, who, in his zeal for his client, did all he could to make her seem vile in the eyes of her own sex, did not diminish the interest in her of the ladies of Dublin, whose carriages were drawn up along the quay in a long line. We do not suppose the verdict will be final. No doubt Major Yelverton will make another attempt to retain his present wife, who has borne him two children, who are placed in the most unpleasant position by this verdict; but the judgment of the public is that he is guilty of dishonourable conduct, and that he deserves no pity.

The report of the directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company states that the cable recovered and brought home by Captain Kell presents not the slightest symptom of injury or decay. The directors consider that the failure of the cable must be attributed to the hasty manner in which it was manufactured, to the strain brought on it by machinery, and to the repeated coilings and uncoilings it has undergone, rather than to any defect arising naturally in the gutta percha. Considering the valuable character of the privileges obtained by the company, and the probability of substantial support from the English government at no distant period, the directors recommend that the company be continued upon its present economical footing. The actual cost conducting its business during the past year has been only £753. It is now necessary to create a fund of about £3000, towards which the directors have contributed £900, and solicit the balance from the shareholders.

The designs for the Great Exhibition building in 1862 are now completed. The building will cover a little over 26 acres. There will be some 500,000 feet of flooring more in 1862 than in 1851. The greatest height of the proposed building will be 260 feet, and the nave will be 1200 feet long, by 85 wide, and 100 feet high. The dimensions are to be 1200 long by 700 broad, exclusive of the space set apart for the display of agricultural implements, which is in rough numbers 1000 feet long by 220 broad. Messrs. Kelk and Lucas contract to furnish the edifice for £200,000, though in reality it will cost £300,000, but the payment of the extra £100,000 is conditional on the gross profits exceeding £500,000, as they did in 1851. The buildings will be erected at Kensington, in front of the new grounds of the Horticultural Society, which they will enclose. One side of the edifice abuts upon the Cromwell-road, the main entrance on the Exhibition-road, and the third side on Prince Albert-road, the fourth or rear side faces immediately upon the grounds of the Horticultural Society. Externally the building will be, as we have said, 1200 feet by 700, though the ground-plan shows that, in some parts, the width is diminished to 500 feet. The average height will be 100 feet, nearly 60 of which will be solid brickwork. Taking one of the main sides of the building, on the Exhibition-road, as an example, it will present a lofty recessed façade, from the centre of which will rise a superb dome of glass and iron to the immense height of 250 feet, with the base of the dome of no less than 160 feet in diameter. These, for there are to be two, one at each end of the building, will be the largest domes ever built. That of St. Paul's is only 108 feet in diameter at the base, and even St. Peter's is only 139. These domes are to be reared over the intersection of the nave and transepts at right angles, and as the floors beneath both will be elevated above the level of the floors of the rest of the building, an unequalled view will be got from here through almost every part of the vast interior. One magnificent nave will be continued from this entrance in the Exhibition-road to the extreme end of the building in the grounds of the Horticultural Society, and at the termination of this the second dome will rise. The nave is, therefore, to be 1200 feet long by 85 wide and 100 high. The transepts, in which it terminates at either end, will be each 700 feet long by 85 broad and 100 high. All the roofs will be of wood coated with felt, and meeting in the centre at an angle, like the roof of Westminster-hall and most of our old cathedrals. The effect, however, from the interior will not be that of an angular roof, as the girders will be arched and coloured, and on these the eye will naturally rest. The whole design and all the plans connected with the building are the work of Captain Fowke, R.E. The time fixed for the Exhibition is the same as that in 1851—viz. from the 1st of May to 15th of October. The guarantee fund now amounts to nearly £300,000.

The committee of the Boyd Testimonial in Dublin have recommended that the sum of £100 should be devoted to the erection of a monument on the spot where Captain Boyd and his sailors lost their lives, £50 for a tablet in St. Patrick's Cathedral, and £25 for grave-stones in the Monkstown churchyard, where the sailors are buried. They also recommend the erection of a Boyd Marine Charity at Kingstown. Others who are best acquainted with the wishes of Captain Boyd's family object to the marine asylum, on the ground that it is the business of the state to erect such an institution; that it could not be permanent without a national endowment; and that, not being permanent, it would not be an appropriate memorial. They would decidedly prefer a statue in St. Patrick's Cathedral.

END OF VOLUME NINE.

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